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Ouch! Rating the State's Most Expensive Restaurants
Yecchh! What Have They Done to Cream? by Griffin Smith, jr.

Texas Monthly

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Southwest, Braniff, TI
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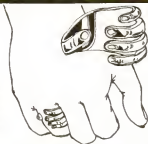
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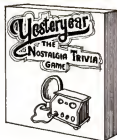
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BEHIND THE LINES

Things have been getting so confusing lately, what with trying to decide whether we are for or against the Arabs, children, the Chinese, Transcendental Meditation, the Dallas Cowboys, marijuana, and so on, that it has been refreshing to have an issue about which we could be self-righteous with such apparent clarity. No matter how complicated the world might appear, we all knew how we felt about New York. Our politicians took to the stump to campaign against it with a verve and energy we had almost forgotten. No need for the diplomatic subtleties of a Kissinger, the ethical hair-splitting of a Solomon, not over New York. No sir. New York had lived too high, too well, too long. The moral imperative was clear and inescapable. New York's excesses were an opportunity to show how little the story of the prodigal son we really swallow. Most of us side with the son who stuck around and worked himself to the bone while his runaway sibling lived it up. There was almost universal determination not to allow New York to get away with the same prodigality.

And God knows New York was prodigal. The balance sheet fairly groans with the weight of fiscal sins too numerous to detail: ambitious social programs where economy and efficiency were unknown; outrageous contracts with public employees and a gargantuan public payroll; welfare recipients in the Waldorf; irresponsible record keeping that disguised the city's financial problems; a less than hospitable attitude toward the apartments and businesses which made up the bulk of the city's tax rolls; etc. These atrocities have for decades attested to New York's commendable desire to please and its reprehensible unwillingness to consider the consequences. The bankruptcy of New York is also the bankruptcy of the recent liberal tendency to solve social problems by throwing money at them.

Without question New York should be expected to manage itself responsibly and within its means. Any solution which did not put an end to its excesses would be no solution at all. And yet the need for fiscal restraint is not the only lesson of New York's trauma. Consider, for example, the depth and vehemence of our response, our glee (let's admit it) in seeing New York punished. Why has the idea of federal aid to the city become such an emotional issue? Would we have reacted the same if, say, Minneapolis were in the same boat? Not likely. New York's fate has inflamed a confused hostility that runs deep and bitter, that cuts across class and racial lines, that knows no geographic boundaries.

Much of that hostility is a prejudice against the city's very character. Its accents are not our accents, its neighborhoods not our neighborhoods, its lifestyle not our lifestyle. New York means muggings in Central Park, garbage in the streets, and all the rest: a host of urban wolves we are determined to keep from our own doors. But the hostility is more than that—it is the historic prejudice provinces always have for their capital city. And no matter how enamored we may be of our own state, it is nevertheless a province, and we are provincials, in the very best meaning of the word. What Claude feels for Amarillo, Sour Lake for Beaumont, and Troup for Tyler, so Manchester harbors for London, Lyons for Paris, Leningrad for Moscow, and just about all Americans for New York. Like a magnet, the big cities both attract and

repel, they draw from their provinces both love and hate. Although Washington may be our political capital, in every other way New York has been America's center, and we, in terms of geography and power, its provinces; it has told us what to wear, how to act, what to think, what to buy. Like it or not, we need New York, just as England needs London, even if New York is only lately discovering that it needs us.

We need New York because it is our nation's center of excellence, the stage for the best talent in America, whether that talent be in business, the arts, communications, or finance. We also need New York because it has been our safety valve. Not only has it given our best talents their big chance, it has also taken off our hands millions of people down to their last chance. Each time some poor soul spends his last dollars on a Greyhound ticket to New York City we can cross one more human problem off our ledger books, and New York has one more person on its overburdened welfare rolls. New York is more than just any city—it is a symbol of both the best and worst in America.

It is also a symbol of how America has appeared to much of the world: too powerful, too self-satisfied, too patronizing, too rich. Perhaps the patronizing has been the worst of all. New Yorkers seem to regard themselves as the center of the world, to be blissfully unaware of all us provincials west of the Hudson. How satisfying at last it is to return the favor, to be blissfully indifferent to their problems, to tell them that for once it's we who don't care whether they live or die. There is, it seems, an almost illicit pleasure to be taken from New York's plight, a satisfying sense of justice done, a sense of dramatic wholeness at the fall of the proud. We Texans, however, have had some experience with the problems of being a symbol. Just as New York represents all that is cosmopolitan in America, so Texas stands for all that is provincial. We are the rough, flamboyant, energetic frontier, the wide open spaces, the unfettered and irrepressible cowboy and wildcatter. In the mythology of America New York and Texas are natural opposites. Perhaps no two parts of America are more stereotyped, and no two places more unloved.

And so, just as we might expect to find the very core of anti-New York feeling here among ourselves, so we should also find, in the long run, a secret sympathy. We should not deceive ourselves by thinking that Texans are beloved in America, that if we were in trouble the nation would rally to our aid. The current national economic distress has only deepened prejudice against Texas in other parts of the country; we are stereotyped as the nation's Arabs, boastful, oil-rich bumpkins reaping the benefits of our countrymen's energy-starved sufferings. It does no good to protest that we are not like that, that we are one of the most urban states in America, with urban problems and an urban future. When, after all, was the last time you believed a New Yorker who told you he felt safe in his city, or that Manhattan was a nice place to raise kids? Certainly, we should demand that New York get its house in order, but we should do so with more sympathy and understanding and a little less glee. After all, we may need them some day.

William Broyles

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THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

At Home On The Range

Bill Porterfield's feature story ["In Search of the Modern Cowboy," TM, October 1975] was just great! And I am delighted to find mention of my old friend Graves Peeler. I've known Mr. Graves and his brother, the late Mr. Alonzo, for most of my life and have the highest regard for these cattlemen.

Mr. Porterfield neglected to mention the Cowboy Homecoming held each August in Pleasanton. Amidst the usual rodeos and barbecues we honor a working cattleman as Cowboy of the Year and induct an old timer into the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

Atascosa County doesn't have great big spreads, but it does have a lot of cowboys in the Peeler tradition.

Sandra A. Brashear
Houston

Dog Days

Complete as the story was on Ben, the St. Bernard, (Man Bites Dog," TM, October 1975) there are two points which are significant enough to be clarified.

First, in the three months that Ben was in my care, he was completely free of a vomiting problem. It was only in the final week that the difficulty appeared, and this prompted me to ask that he be examined at Texas A&M.

Second, although Mr. Ramirez's attorney was quoted frequently as saying the problem was congenital, it seems unlikely. In a congenital situation, the vomiting begins when the puppy is weaned. It is my understanding that Ben was full-grown and healthy when he was adopted from the Dallas city pound.

Virginia Prejean
Dallas

Taking AIM

Concerning Research Harrigan's article, "Bury My Heart at the Souvenir Shop," [TM, October 1975] I would like to make a few observations.

Although Webster's dictionary describes "squat" as an American Indian woman, especially wife, this is not true. Squaw is a French corruption of the Iroquois word *Ostakwa* which means a female's sexual organs. I appreciate my sisters being called squaws as much as you would appreciate my calling your sister a vagina, only in a vulgar form.

To the Coshutta chief who wonders where we AIM members come from, I would suggest he look to: the Pine Ridge Reservation, where the Bureau of Indian Affairs has no money for improving a health system, which the BIA admits is inadequate, yet has enough money to employ one Anglo BIA employee for every man, woman, and child on the reservation. Or perhaps the Wounded Knee Reservation, where the recent election of a tribal chairman resulted in an official the BIA didn't approve of. The election was thrown out by the BIA, and the old chairman and his relatives were reinstated in their former positions. Or look to the Navajo reservation, where 44 per cent of the families live in one room hogans and only 27 per cent in "unimproved two room houses" (a government quote). Or to the

Upper Greasewood area of Arizona where 35 per cent of the homes have no sanitary facilities and only 41 per cent have "poorly constructed outhouses" (another government survey). Or look to the Ute Mountain Reservation where the average income for a family of 5.5 people is \$850 a year. Look to the urban ghettos of Oklahoma City, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, where over 50 per cent of the 50,000 Native American populace is on welfare thanks to the government's policy of termination.

To the anglers who listen to the press of the nation, AIM is a militant, gun-toting radical organization. To Native Americans, AIM is our NAACP, our La Raza, a group who works for the rights of the Native American populace, one who condemns the BIA's handling of all tribal governments. Who are the anglers to take a people, a nation, that has existed on this continent for 23,000 years more than the United States, and deny us the right to be U.S. citizens until the early nineteen hundreds? What kind of government can preach the rights of man, the Emancipation Proclamation, and yet allow Arizona and New Mexico to deny us the right to vote until 1948? In the early Sixties, the Navajo language was outlawed in Arizona schools, although it is the only language some children understand. What kind of Indianization program does the BIA practice in the Seventies when it allows the Navajo Reservation to invest and control only two per cent of the profits from the Black Mesa Coal Project? This is what AIM is to this Native American.

Jim Hughes
Houston

Sound Judgment

Country music commentator Chet Flippo is right most of the time in "The World's Best Basic Record Collection," [TM, October 1975] but to devote just one line to Hank Williams, Sr. is an unforgivable sin! If there were two early geniuses in country music they were Jimmie Rodgers —properly touted in the article—and Hank Williams, Sr. Those two song writers paved the highways over which most of the others, who are listed in the article, have been riding.

Tom T. Hall, not Merle Haggard, is the best story teller of the past fifteen years. Merle is the best gut-feelings singer, but nobody tells a story like Tom T.

Leslie Conrad, Jr.
Richardson

I don't see how Chet Flippo can just sit there and not mention Led Zeppelin, Frank Zappa or Neil Young.

From reading his article I can tell he has dug around, but mostly through old record stacks. Not everyone likes acid rock or good hard rock, but the least he could have done is to write a little for some of us who do.

Oh, and another thing, he must be pretty old to want to spend the rest of his days listening to Elvis or Chuck Berry. Ooooh, the pain.

Tracy Hamby
Carter Lake, Iowa

Christmas!

Everybody wants a Neiman-Marcus gift for



Cheers! An idea whose time has come . . . and come in time for you to surprise him with Christmas morning. An apron of natural brown-and-white calf or natural black-and-white calf 175.00. Of course, if he is going to have to slave over a hot bar from now through New Year's, perhaps you'd better make it an early Christmas present. You'll think of something else for the 25th! Fur Salon

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas, Downtown and NorthPark; Fort Worth;
Houston; Bal Harbour, Florida; Atlanta; St. Louis

Maybe all this fashionable, up-to-date, "electronic enhancement" has dulled Doug Ramsey's carps. The recommended jazz records are almost, if not totally, in favor of loudness over subtlety.

Any five hundred dollars I spent on records would not exclude the sounds (too rarified for the rock-deadened ear?) of jazz vocalists, jazz guitar, and jazz piano, showcased in small, closely knit, hard-swinging groups. The essence of jazz.

To ignore those electrifying moments when the flame of jazz burns at its hottest (not to mention its coolest), is like listing the world's best cars without mentioning the Bugati.

In the words of the Waxahachie Sage, Robert Benton, any album with The Best Of: The Greatest, The ——— Story, or a time span, Great ——— of the Fifties, Forties, etc., in its title, is and forever shall be ours.

Bill Bridges
San Buenaventura, California

Hey, Look Me Over

Texas Monthly is giving me a complex. First you run John Payne's article on Texas' rare book dealers ["So Rare," TM, May 1975] and my humble shop is overlooked. Then I add used paperbacks and Gregory Curtis' "Book Joins" in the October issue missed my modest endeavor. Now write about autograph dealers without visiting the shop. Lobo isn't two years old, but if TM's lack of recognition catches on, it won't make it to three.

Laurence Lingle
Lobo Book Shop
Dallas

Patio Politics

Although it's difficult to remember events of 23 years ago, I feel certain that one of your anecdotes about Nancy Palm ["Big Mamas," TM, October 1975] is fictitious.

The 1952 precinct convention, for which you say Mrs. Palm falsified the results, was held on my patio and I presided. Mrs. Palm's participation was indeed captious and she was a formidable advocate for Senator Taft.

But if she had the next day successfully stolen the precinct, "outmaneuvered the Eisenhower forces in favor of Senator Taft," I, an Ike supporter, would certainly not have been subsequently seated as a delegate from our precinct to the county convention, which I was.

John T. Hannah
Houston

Slow Down

Why do my favorite magazines let me down every so often? Even Texas Monthly. I was very disappointed with your "thoughtfully" provided information on citizens band radios and how to use them to foil police attempts to arrest speeders ["Texas Monthly Reporter," TM, September 1975].

Perhaps you and others have forgotten the original intent of reducing the highway speed to 55 miles per hour: to save on fuel and to reduce highway danger to life. Has it worked? Highway Users Federation reports that we saved three billion gallons of gasoline in the first eighteen months of the effort. It also

reports that lower speed limits have had a significant effect on traffic deaths—some studies say up to 30 per cent fewer than before. All of which says nothing about the very real benefits of simply slowing down somewhat our daily pace of life in this country.

Mrs. Kay Taebel
Arlington

Go Tell Aunt Rhodie

It seems to me there is at least one additional alternative to Aunt Rhodie's dilemma ["Opie Daisy," TM, October 1975]. If Exxon is trading at \$7, a strike price of \$9 would have been created (if Exxon had traded at \$5 two days prior). So, Rhodie could have bought back her \$60 option at \$26, resold a \$90 option, thus wiping out part of her \$18 loss, but picking up 30 points on the strike price. If she was in the hands of a broker who was concerned, she would have won. Of course, you didn't tell your gentle readers what Rhodie paid for Exxon. Maybe she only paid two dollars per share; a \$66 return before commissions would have put her in heaven.

James M. Werrell
Glendale, Ohio

The Customer's Man replies:

Aunt Rhodie should have listened to a friend of mine who said, "It's infinitely easier to trade listed options instead of stocks. With listed options all you have to figure out is whether the stock is going to go up or down."

The point is that Aunt Rhodie has no intention of ever selling her Exxon or taking a tax loss on it, either. Customers like that need options like brokers need suitability suits.

Press Time, Part II

The article in the September issue of Texas Monthly by Gary Cartwright ["Stop the Press!" TM, September 1975], makes some inaccurate statements about my father, the late Amon Carter, which are not in keeping with the quality of your publication. My brother and I feel that inaccuracies such as these have a way of becoming accepted facts when they are so widely distributed. I do not know of Mr. Cartwright's sources of information, but I would like to set the record straight apropos of the Will Rogers equestrian statue and its unveiling.

Mr. Cartwright's article states that the unveiling did not take place because my father would not allow anyone except Harry Truman to preside. The work was commissioned in 1939 and completed in 1941, but due to World War II it was Dad's feeling that any festivity would be inappropriate. The date of November 4, 1947 was chosen because it would have been Will Rogers' 68th birthday. There was never any intention of waiting for President Truman to preside.

General Eisenhower had been a close friend of my father over the years and as my memory serves me, was the primary choice for the unveiling ceremony. Margaret Truman was present at the event.

Mrs. J. Lee Johnson III
Fort Worth

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Midwest Hi-Fi
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Onion Electronics
270 Northwest Shopping Center
Onion Electronics
8215 Hillcrest Avenue
Onion Electronics
105 Preston Valley
Shopping Center
Sound Cinema
8426 Kite
Sound Cinema
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3115 Smith Street
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Texas Monthly Reporter

by Richard West

LOW TALK

Interesting story behind the appointment by Governor Dolph Briscoe of former Harris County Judge **Bill Elliott** to fill the chair of Domestic Relations Judge Peter Solito. Solito was named by Briscoe to assume the unexpired term of state District Judge Andrew Jefferson after Jefferson resigned to reenter the practice of law. Briscoe has been very appreciative of the votes and support rendered Calvin Guest, head of the State Democratic Executive Committee, by Elliott's wife, Emilie, an SDEC member representing the Eleventh Senatorial District, and demonstrated his appreciation rather kindly, don't you think? Besides, Elliott and Briscoe served in the Texas House together in the Fifties, and Elliott gave a nice barbecue at his house for Briscoe during the 1972 campaign. Houston political observers had expected Briscoe to appoint another black to one of the judicial positions, perhaps Representative Craig Washington, Judge Tom Routt of county criminal court-at-law, or attorney Alice Bonner. Jefferson, elected to a four-year term in 1974, was named co-manager of Mayor Fred Hofheinz's reelection committee shortly after resigning and certainly can be rated as one of the city's most influential black politicians. He is the resident Barbara Jordan and just as ambitious. Jefferson reportedly wants a shot at becoming mayor, or perhaps, if the Democrats win the presidency next November, an appointment as the state's first black federal judge. A bill before Congress would create five new federal seats in Texas after the 1976 election, two of which would be in Houston . . . Wynne Pictures president **David Wynne** is talking with representatives from Tucson, Green Bay, Tokyo, São Paulo, New Orleans, Mexico City, and his hometown of Dallas before producing his second multimedia production. His smash success *New Mexico 2000*, which pre-



If Congressman Casey resigns, GOP House member Kay Bailey wants to run.

miered in Santa Fe on July 4, uses eighteen projectors, still photos, original music, and narration by Richard Basehart to present New Mexico's history beginning 2000 years ago. The imaginative presentation took 60 days to make and cost slightly over \$125,000, after Wynne worked out financial problems with original investors Michael Collins (Fidelity Union Life Insurance Company) and John Stemmons, Jr. (Stemmons Properties) . . . Who will replace 17-year veteran Congressman **Bob Casey** of Houston who, at this writing, expects to be nominated by President Gerald Ford to the Federal Maritime Commission? Moderate Democrat **Bob Gammage** already says he intends to resign his state Senate seat and run when Casey is named. State Senator **Chet Brooks** wants to run and so does Pasadena Mayor **John Ray Harrison**. Both also are moderate-to-liberal Democrats and will hurt front-runner **Gammage's** chances of winning. The Republicans are losing valuable time. State Representative **Kay Bailey** is waiting for Harris County GOP Executive Director and former state Representative **Ray Barnhart** to make up his mind be-

fore she gets in the race. Latest word is **Barnhart** won't do it. Also thinking about it seriously is **Ron Paul**, a very conservative Lake Jackson gynecologist, who opposed Casey in 1974, gathering only 29 per cent of the vote . . . An experimental test census will be conducted next spring in Austin and Travis County by the Bureau of Census to help avoid undercounting minorities in the 1980 tally. Bureau officials estimate that in 1970 census takers missed three million citizens nationwide, including nearly two million blacks. Austin's population is about twelve per cent black and fourteen per cent Mexican-American . . . The San Antonio City Council has staffers looking into the possibility of setting up an X-rated entertainment zone similar to those in Boston and Baltimore. The idea was proposed after a club featuring male and female nude dancers, the Casino Strip Club, opened on the city's tourist-infested San Antonio River Walk. Also featured is a Texas first, an all-male nude band . . . **Roy Hofheinz** remains chairman of the board and majority stockholder of the financially troubled Astrodome Corporation. The corporation, which controls the



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Astrodome-Astros Stadium Corporation, the Houston Astros baseball club, and the Astroworld Hotel, reportedly owes seven lending institutions \$38 million. It was reported last summer that Hofheinz consented to sell the Astros and the lease on the Astrodome for nearly \$19 million if he could not produce the money by mid-October. However, Sidney Shlenker, one of the corporation's three directors, stated a few weeks ago that no offers are in sight and that nothing would be sold "to Hofheinz's detriment or done without his full knowledge and consent." . . . Can cities limit their growth to preserve their small-town character or to protect valuable open spaces? Yes, according to a California federal appeals court that has upheld the legality of one of the most far-reaching growth-control ordinances ever enacted by a small city. Petaluma, California, sits 40 miles north of San Francisco. Since 1960 its population has shot from 14,000 to 30,600. In 1972, city officials enacted an ordinance restricting new housing units to 500 a year after the measure was approved by a four-to-one margin in a local election. The National Association of Home Builders and the Associated Building Industry of Northern California won a lower court decision declaring the city ordinance illegal. But the Sierra Club, National League of Cities, Natural Resources Defense Council, and Environmental Defense Fund banded together for a successful appeal. In effect, the court ruled that "the concept of public welfare was far broader than the right to travel," an argument construction spokesmen used to win the lower court decision. The U.S. Supreme Court is scheduled to review the constitutionality of another growth-limiting concept, this time an Eastlake, Ohio, ordinance requiring 55 per cent voter approval for zoning changes. Fast-growing Texas cities, such as Corpus Christi, Austin, and the rural areas surrounding Harris County, would probably be the first in the state to confront the no-growth issue. . . . Rumors are stronger than ever that the gang at Dallas' KERA-TV Channel 13 **Newsroom** show are splitting for other jobs. Anchorwoman Lee Clarke reportedly is mulling over several offers but remains in Dallas. Along with anchor duties, Clarke has agreed to serve as Southwest correspondent for Jim Lehrer, her predecessor on **Newsroom** and currently director of *Impact*, a news show on Washington, D.C.'s PBS station WETA Channel 26. Reporter Bob Ray Sanders turned down a street reporter's job with Cleveland's WKYC-TV. Peter Lesser, **Newsroom's** federal courthouse reporter, already has left to resume his

law practice, and rumor is that reporter Larry Velez may be leaving soon for Washington. If Clarke moves on, betting is that the anchor position will be offered to A. C. Greene, a twice-weekly commentator, or to Ron Deviller, program director, or to someone totally new to Dallas. . . . Did you know that **Dr. Louis West**, one of the four experts appointed by the court to determine if Patty Hearst is mentally competent to stand trial, is the same Dr. West who traveled to Dallas in April 1964, to determine the sanity of accused killer **Jack Ruby**? West concluded in his April 26, 1964, psychiatric examination report that Ruby was "obviously psychotic . . . completely preoccupied with his delusions of persecution of Jews on his account" and recommended immediate psychiatric hospitalization, study, treatment, close observation, and suicidal precautions. . . . Mayor Joe Pedigo of Livingston has declared November 29 "**Ernest Tubb Day**" in honor of the country music Hall of Famer. Tubb and wife Olene will get a key to the city, eat habecue, and then Ernest and the Texas Troubadours will pick and grin for the folks. . . . New York art critic and author **Barbara Rose** has an interesting formula for making great paintings. In a recent lecture at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts in conjunction with an exhibition of 34 Helen Frankenthaler paintings, she said Frankenthaler lived within walking distance of the Metropolitan Museum, the Guggenheim Museum, and the Whitney Museum. Exposure to the great paintings therein has made Frankenthaler a painter of stature, said Rose. "That's why you can't have great painting from the sticks," she continued. "There's nothing to look at but cows." Rose continued her talk with slides comparing Frankenthaler's paintings to work by artists ranging from Tiepolo, eighteenth-century Italian rococo painter, to Picasso during his cubist period, providing a thumbnail survey of Western art history for her Houston audience. Rose declined a question-and-answer period after her lecture. . . . Isn't the **Dallas Clearing House Association** conducting a confidential study of municipal bonds and bonds of other Dallas County political entities, such as the Hospital Board and Junior College, to avoid a New York City debacle? According to Moody's Investor's Service, Dallas' general obligation and tax-supported bonds are rated Aaa while Moody's rates the water works and sanitary sewer systems revenue bonds as Aa. The other recognized organization in the field of securities research and analysis, Standard and Poor Corporation, gave an AA rating to

Dallas, not as high as their AAA designation for Houston. Ratings are based on a city's ability to repay debts, its tax-collecting record and general management practices. . . . It had to happen. In a scene shot for *All the President's Men*, the tall gentleman talking with Raquel Welch is not Robert Redford or Dustin Hoffman but East Texas Congressman **Charles Wilson**. Wilson also made another sequence filmed at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. . . . Texas A&M graduate and ex-Houston resident **Herman Gollob** has been elected to Antheneum Publisher's board of directors. He founded Harper's Magazine Press in 1969 before joining Antheneum in 1971 as editor-in-chief of trade books. He has edited many Texas writers, including Bill Moyers, Willie Morris, Donald Barthelme, and Dan Jenkins. . . . In September we predicted former Treasury Secretary **John B. Connally** might run as a favorite-son candidate in Texas and, after many denials, the "non-political" speech-making ex-governor finally admitted on CBS' *Face the Nation*, that he "might" run as a favorite son in Texas, but not as a stalking horse for Ronald Reagan or anybody else. If Connally does make the race, Reagan, not Ford, will suffer. . . . The highest paid city council in Texas? Austin's five-member \$1000-a-month tops them all followed by Houston's \$647-a-month. Houston has the highest paid mayor, \$20,000 per year, followed by Pasadena's \$16,400. . . . Guesses at what Cox Enterprises of Atlanta, Georgia, paid for the daily papers in Austin, Waco, Port Arthur, and Lufkin (Newspaper, Inc.'s chain) range from \$30 million to \$60 million. The Cox people run daily papers in Atlanta and Miami, as well as others in Springfield and Dayton, Ohio, and West Palm Beach, Florida. The only bad news was from Jack Tarver, president of Cox Enterprises, when he stated that, "no changes in personnel or policy in the Texas papers is contemplated." . . . The 34-room mansion which former Governor **Ross Sterling** built in 1927 for \$1.4 million is still for sale down at Morgan's Point near La Porte. Patterned after the White House, the beauty has more than 20,000 square-feet and 524 feet of water frontage and is the largest residential structure with waterfront footage between Brownsville and Miami Beach. Sterling, one of the founders and first president of the Humble Oil and Refining Company, sold the home in 1931. It has been on the market for over two years with an asking price of \$415,000. Recently, the Morgan's Point City Council approved an ordinance allowing commercial use of his-

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Michael Hutton's 1975 award-winning three-carat pear-shaped diamond drop.

toric sites in residential neighborhoods in an effort to close the deal. Several buyers were considering opening a restaurant and museum in the 48-year-old mansion . . . Michael McClure's funny and erotic play, *The Beard*, opens December 12 at Houston's 610 West Alabama Street Gallery. The play brings together two American legends, Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid, as combatants in the battle of sexes, outlaw and beauty queen representing the American male and female . . . Oh, thank God. The cereal stem moth, which Russian farmers will tell you enjoys destroying their wheat and rye, will not reach Texas or Georgia, so says Don Davis, entomologist with the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History. The dreaded grain eater entered the United States via the Saint Lawrence Seaway, probably through Cleveland, but isn't expected to fly this far south . . . Blood has been flowing at Houston's news-talk station, the powerful, 50,000-watt KTRH-Radio. Recently fired were eight-year station veteran and news director Jack Ford, reporters Lynn Hart, David Crain, and Ken Krinsky. Resigning to take other

jobs in the Houston area were Howard Philips, six-year employee, and Steve Gilmartin, now sports director at KEYH-Radio. New news director is Ben Baldwin. Hal Kemp, station manager, explained, "We felt our news team wasn't performing as competitively as they should." Another interesting KTRH note is that station owner John T. Jones contributed \$1000 to Mayor Fred Hofheinz's campaign for reelection. Wonder if that intimidated reporters covering the election? . . . Beginning last month, Amtrak re-routed their Inter-American from Dallas to Austin, avoiding the time-wasting Milano dogleg portion between Austin and Temple. Amtrak has upgraded a section of KATY track between Temple and Taylor, cutting an hour off the Dallas-to-Austin travel time. However, it still runs only three times weekly and still misses the Mexican Aztec Eagle at Laredo for connections to Mexico City . . . If you are interested in seeing how New York taxi tycoon Robert Scull made \$2.2 million in 70 minutes with the auction of his contemporary art collection in 1973, plus getting a peek into the fascinating

New York art scene in the late Sixties and Seventies, go see the film *America's Pop Collector* at the Fort Worth Art Museum on December 17 and 18 . . . Two of the United States' six winners at the 1975 Diamonds-International Award ceremonies, held in Paris, were from Texas. Capturing the award for innovative treatment of diamonds in jewelry design with a hanging platinum cage paved with diamonds housing a three-carat pear-shaped diamond drop was Michael Hutton of Wichita Falls. Martha Ann Gilchrist of Dallas designed a pin/pendant which resembles a golden Christmas tree ornament bordered with round and baguette diamonds . . . Austin's famed armadillo artist Jim Franklin has a 1976 calendar out featuring more than just his excellent 'dillo paintings. You can find it at University Book Store in Houston, at Whole Earth Provision Company and Garner and Smith Books in Austin, and the Witte Museum Book Shop in San Antonio . . . Columbia Pictures has been scouting Texas for locations to film their upcoming \$8 million movie, *Nickelodeon*, directed and written by Peter Bogdanovich. Bogdanovich last visited the state to direct the successful *The Last Picture Show*. Will Cybill Shepherd, Peter's constant companion and co-star of three other Bogdanovich productions, *Picture Show*, *Daisy Miller*, and *At Long Last Love*, be along? No siree. It seems Columbia executives were not pleased with the financial and critical acceptance of the couple's last outing, *Last Love*, which received unanimous catcalls and boos from critics and the public alike. So one of the stipulations the big money boys at Columbia handed down to boyfriend Peter before handing him the \$8 million was that girlfriend Shepherd would not be allowed to play the part of Kathleen, obviously written for her by Bogdanovich. *Nickelodeon* is a comedy about filmmaking in early-twentieth-century Hollywood. Orson Welles stars as a big-time producer, Ryan O'Neal as Welles' director, Burt Reynolds and a yet unnamed female lead as filmfodder's first romantic couple. Tatum O'Neal joins dad in her usual role. Filming begins in March.

DON'T BANK ON THESE

Harris County has one per cent of the 14,500 banks in the United States, 151 at last count. It also has most of the bank failures. Three have failed since 1971, two more than in any other metropolitan area in the nation. The only other Texas bank to fail since 1969 was the First State Bank of Ver-



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non in 1973. The first Houston failure was the Sharpstown State Bank in 1971, which collapsed in the wake of the Sharpstown political scandal involving high state officials. Two others have gone under this year—Franklin, which shut its doors March 24, and Astro, which closed October 17—and sources in Houston banking circles and in the Texas Banking Commission say these may not be the last bank failures for Harris County.

The reason some Houston banks are in trouble, says Mickey Sheinfeld, is loose wheeling and dealing with real estate loans. Sheinfeld is the best bankruptcy lawyer in Texas. He sits in his freshly painted office atop Houston's Two Allen Center and patiently listens to devious gambits, tales of failed greed and craven business behavior, and occasionally the stories of hapless citizens caught up in a simple twist of fate. He is the person to visit when it is finally time to settle up.

Mickey succinctly issues an irreversible edict about the bank failures. "The reason Franklin and Astro failed and other Harris County banks are weak is simple: unscrupulous real estate developers and their bank friends willing to lend them the money without proper credit checks. Franklin was a real-estate-oriented bank. It lent money to a friendly developer who had

nothing but a piece of land. The real estate market collapsed. Money got tight. The bank cranked its investment in at six per cent and interest rates shot to twelve. The cost of building and utilities went up. All at once the bank had \$50 million in loans and a \$50 million deposit base. That adds up to insolvency in my book."

The four-year-old Astro Bank closed October 17. Bill Aldredge, a departmental examiner from the state banking commissioner's office, summed it up nicely: "The bank was insolvent on account of loan losses." The loan loss exceeded the capital structure by \$10,000—\$220,000 to \$230,000. Astro Bank was organized by a group headed by Judge Roy Hofheinz and ranked 135th in size among the 151 banks in Harris County.

On October 23, Astro Bank reopened under a new name (Commonwealth of Houston), new infusion of capital (\$1 million in addition to the \$5.1 million Astro Bank deposit base acquired from the FDIC), and new management (Houstonians Walter Mischer, Jr., and Dennis Murphree are cochairmen of the board, and David Tripplehorn is the new president).

From 1968 until December 1973, the time was right to make big money in the Harris County real estate market. High rollers gathered for long

lunches at Paddy's or the Black Angus, scribbling deals on napkins, then met at the River Oaks Country Club bar after tennis to determine which bank had easy money that day, and shook on it at the Aero's hockey game the same night. The magic lending key was not the bank itself but the president or controlling stockholder, a friend who would agree to take a chance on Snoring Acres. During this bullish five-year period, the most frequently visited banks for real estate financing were Medical Center, Homestead, Northeast, Fidelity Bank and Trust, Union, and of course Franklin.

Two of the more spectacular real-estate-oriented bankruptcies filed in 1974 help paint the picture. Developer John Lester filed Chapter 11 on September 30, 1974, showing assets of \$6.8 million and liabilities of \$5.6 million. Lester's bankruptcy statement shows the following banks listed under "unsecured creditors without security" and his interest in the loan: Humble National (\$21,093); Franklin (\$65,903); Homestead (\$65,350); Northeast (\$47,500); Medical Center (\$50,650); Union (\$32,685); and five other area banks with his accumulated interest totaled as \$146,361.

Banker-developer Herb Handley, president of Northeast Bank in 1972, filed Chapter 11 on November 4,



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1974. Handley's stock ownership of certain Houston banks is interesting: Northeast (259,496 shares as of December 1974); Homestead (20,592 as of September 1975); Medical Center (16,197 as of January 1975); and Union (4,357 as of November 1974). Lester is listed as owning stock in Franklin (7500 shares); Northeast (6973); Homestead (6156); and Union (1279).

In January 1974, the fun stopped. Mickey Sheinfeld's business boomed. Developers scrambled to cover loans and arm-twisted bank official pals to keep the line out a little longer. Medical Center National (ranks twenty-eighth in Houston with assets of \$47.9 million) is a good case study. In December 1973, Med Center was being watched very carefully by the State Banking Commission. The ledger showed almost \$60 million in loans. But in the first few weeks of 1974 a tough, capable lawyer-CPA named Don Neuenschwander took over the presidency and today has reduced the loan amount to about \$30 million, cleaned the books up, and settled accounts. Med Center flourishes.

Franklin wasn't so lucky. When the whistle finally blew ending the you-take-my-loan-I'll-take-yours game, Franklin had more than its share. Management problems weren't exactly

negligible. Franklin hosted four presidents in five years. It also had a portfolio of unsound real estate loans. The bank had a net charge-off of \$500,000 during 1973 and earned only \$64,000 on assets (0.3 per cent). "Another problem was the confusion caused by loans that were shuffled from one name to another," said Dale Alley, state banking review examiner.

Alley is referring to a questionable procedure used feverishly at Franklin, the creation of dummy corporations using names like "Pine," "Block," "Pallid"—fifteen in all. When a loan's maturity date came due, it was moved from Chest Corporation to Pine or to another bank with a take-out letter guaranteeing that the loan officer would take it back to Franklin at maturity date. He would pay the interest, increase the loan, and keep the cash flow steady. The regional FDIC office in Dallas is investigating.

The end for Franklin really came a year earlier in April. Franklin ended up with a \$1 million loan on a real estate development north of Houston called Windswept Downs. Bank officials consolidated the bank loan stock with the loan hoping that "Downs" value would ascend and the bank could regroup. When FDIC examiners spotted this play, the game was over. A serious try was made then and in

August to close Franklin, but in October, banks under the banner of the city's three biggest holding companies (Allied Bancshares, First City Bancorporation, and Texas Commerce Bancshares) placed \$1.6 million—\$20,000 each—in deposits with Franklin, hoping to stave off closing. But the sorry real estate loans and poor management had taken its toll. At closing time in March, five months later, Franklin had a negative capital of \$2 million.

Management problems were immense. A former Franklin official tells about state bank examinations. "The Banking Commission knew Franklin was in trouble for over three years. Each year, 1972, '73, '74, at a special board meeting, the examiner would outline the severity of the situation and clearly point out that the problems were primarily caused by bad management, not so much the economic climate. Yet never was an official reprimand issued to the directors by the state. They should have thrown out the president using their power under the state banking code, washed out the loans, and started over. But that's bad publicity for Texas banking so nothing was done. Politics as usual was the determining factor."

Examiner Alley admits that no order came from the commission to change presidents or tighten loan practices,



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Charade rest: Houston's Franklin Bank, now closed, where bad loans ended up.

but says the general economic condition and older loans would have doomed any attempts by his department to save Franklin. "From 1974 until the bank closed, our examiner was working daily with Franklin officials to save the bank. But it was too late. All the last president, Foster Taylor, could do was try and liquidate assets fast enough to pay depositors," said Alley.

Houston banks aren't the only ones in trouble. In Dallas, the National Bank of Commerce, the city's fifth largest bank, engaged in the same type of real estate wheeling and dealing that went on in Houston. The giant bank reported a net loss of \$1.4 million through the third quarter of 1975. Real estate acquired by the bank through foreclosure reached \$14 million in October, up \$7 million from December 30, 1974. Edward Nash, Jr., president and chief executive officer, expects a net loss for 1975 of more than \$2 million, down from a \$4.6 million net loss for 1974 but still staggeringly large.

The bank closings in Houston underscore once again the shortcomings of state regulation in Texas, where agencies that are supposed to be government watchdogs are more inclined to protect an industry than regulate it.

Occasionally there are blatant cases of the fox guarding the henhouse, as in the years when the State Board of Insurance was composed entirely of former insurance company officers, but more often well-intentioned agencies simply find it easier to work with the industry than against it. And so we have the Water Quality Board reluctant to take big polluters to court, the Railroad Commission avoiding harsh action against Coastal States Gas Corporation, and even tiny agencies like the Judicial Qualifications Commission sidestepping removal of indicted District Judge Oscar Carrillo. It was this attitude of go-along-to-get-along that kept the State Banking Commission from cracking down on real estate loans by forcing the removal of loan officers who were weakening their banks. It would look bad for the industry, the agency knew, and it was easier to use persuasion rather than force. Now the commission's hands are tied, for it is too late to use force. The situation in Houston is sufficiently critical that the commission must work with the weak banks to try to save them. Protecting the banking industry and protecting the public now require the same policy—but only because nobody bothered to protect the public two and three years ago.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT CRUST BOYS

Who is responsible for the cosmic cowplot loose in Fort Worth? Offhand, we cannot recall another city in which the dusty threads of Western music and rodeoing are so inextricably interwoven. It is like a union of Ernest Tubbs and Larry Mahan. Nevertheless, within weeks of each other, these two venerable Cowtown institutions involving cows and cowboy singers have shown new life: the Friday night Cowtown Jamboree and the Saturday night rodeo held at the Northside Coliseum, site of the world's first indoor rodeo back in 1918.

Parker Willson is responsible for the Jamboree. We last left Parker four months ago thigh-deep in plans to purchase, renovate, and establish the beautiful Palace Theater in downtown Fort Worth as a glittered residence for touring Broadway shows. Unfortunately, puny finances halted the project. When friend Dick Cowan approached him with a plan to resurrect the Jamboree, Parker accepted enthusiastically.

Elvis Presley, Johnny Horton, Frankie "Blackland Farmer" Miller, Johnny Dallas, Sonny James, and others played the Jamboree during the Fifties at the Northside Coliseum and downtown Majestic Theater (tickets cost 60 and 90 cents) before the Jamboree shut down in the Sixties. But Parker Willson's introduction to country music had come earlier. From 1937 to 1942, his father, Parker Willson, Sr., announced one of the state's most popular Western swing groups, The Light Crust Doughboys from Burrus Mills.

In 1931, four young Western swing musicians who worked for the flour company began an early-morning radio program from a booth in the Texas Hotel. First announcer was the general manager of Burrus Mill and Elevator Company, W. "Pappy" Lee O'Daniel, who later used the boys to get himself elected governor. One of the original four Doughboys was country music's swing master, fiddler Bob Wills.

Now Parker will follow his father's footsteps and introduce the regrouped Light Crust Doughboys every Friday night as they chirp, "Listen, everybody, from near and far. If you want to know who we are, we're the Light Crust Doughboys from Burrus Mills."

While the Cowtown Jamboree settles in at the Will Rogers Complex, a few miles north at the Northside Coliseum, Steve Murrin and his associates making up the Cowtown Coliseum Consortium are packing the dirt for barrel racing and jackpot bucking on Wednesday nights, an indoor rodeo every Sat-

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Light Crust Doughboys 30 years ago. Son of emcee Parker Willson, far right, will introduce new Doughboy group at Fort Worth's Cowtown Jamboree.

urday night, and cleaning up for the wrestling matches on Monday night.

With true Texan buoyancy, Murrin has spent the better part of two years convincing the city council to lease his group the coliseum instead of following their original plans to continue the lease with Mrs. Elizabeth Moore. Monday night 'rasslin at Northside originated 33 years ago under the direction of Mrs. Moore's father, the late R. T. McElyea. The city lease with Moore's company, Ken Moore Enterprises, was expected to be extended, but Murrin out-politicked the 'rasslers. Murrin and partners Whistle Ryon and Harry Friedman were awarded the five-year lease after city council members rescinded an earlier vote.

Murrin is interested in more than the 67-year-old coliseum. He owns at least four other buildings in the stockyard area centered near North Main and Exchange Avenue and vows to guard against any alteration of the historical buildings surrounding the coliseum and stockyard complex. A million dollars in Community Development Funds has helped renovate the coliseum, and matched with Murrin's preservation efforts, has made the once-shabby Northside an exciting place to visit once again.

STORY OF A CEILING FAN-ATIC

Some of the most interesting people we meet are obsessed. Something along the way has captured their imagination to the point that it becomes *The Way, The Light*—in short, an obsession. A man in Houston prowls the country searching for Nazi memorabilia. Another near Round Rock has dedicated his life to preserving birds of

prey—owls, hawks, eagles, falcons. Still another in Denton spends his days making the finest flutes money can buy. None of these people care much for money, recognition, coon hunts, or other petty distractions of life that the rest of us sweat for. For them the medal, bird, or flute is what supplies the inner harmony and solace of which eastern philosophers such as Lao-tzu and Gautama Buddha speak so highly.

John Bebout's obsession is ceiling fans. In 1955, when John attended first grade at Saint Mary's Star of the Sea Catholic school in Freeport, his classroom duty was to clean and oil the 32 beautiful four-bladed Hunter ceiling fans that hung in his assigned eight rooms, four to a room. Thus began John's pursuit of ceiling fans. A different throw of the dice and he might have become Texas' greatest collector of chalk and erasers.

So from earliest youth, John Bebout has worshipped, privately and publicly, ceiling fans. His attractive home in Houston, tucked in a quiet neighborhood near Westheimer and Westlayan, sports two small 36-inch fans in the sun room, one 52-inch in the kitchen, one each in the living room, bedroom (above a handsome solid brass bed made from square tubing), and guest room, and a valuable six-bladed 36-inch in the bathroom. Twenty more hang in the garage, collectors' items with brass plating and expensive rosewood blades, and still another 100 sit in a rented storeroom near his fan repair shop.

The best thing about talking to the obsessed is their knowledge of the subject. No licking of the lips and bemoaning. You ask the question and a human fire hydrant sprays out facts. John will tell you like he would the

time of day that Fulton Fan and Motor Company, Fulton, New York, made the first one in 1880. It ran on a water motor because alternating current didn't come along until six years later. Fulton's fan experts soon discovered that a 330-rpm, induction-type motor worked best. It still does.

The big fan companies 75 years ago were Century, Diehl, Dayton, Westinghouse, General Electric, Emerson, and Hunter; and they turned out hand-crafted beauties with two, four, five, and six blades, usually made from cypress, pine, oak, mahogany, and, for the discriminating, rosewood. Today, only Hunter continues to make wooden blades. Other companies such as Phil Rich Fan Manufacturing, where Bebout works as sales manager, make a simulated wooden blade made from vinyl-coated aluminum. Fans are measured blade tip to blade tip, the 52-inch weighing 60 pounds, the 36-inch, 30 pounds.

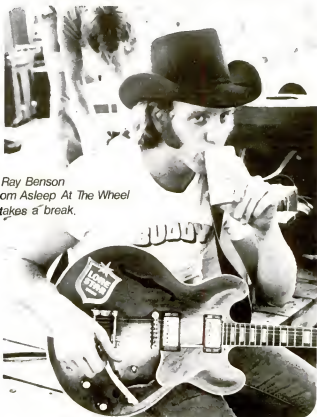
Ninety-five per cent are four-bladed, with the blades pitched between eleven and fifteen degrees. Air delivery is not proportional to the number of blades: a four-bladed pitched at fourteen degrees delivers the same amount of air as a six-bladed pitched at eleven degrees. A five- or six-bladed fan is more valuable than the more common four-bladed one.

While utility bills send everyone else into fits of convulsive agony, John Bebout reminds you he has had the answer all along. It costs twelve cents a day to run a ceiling fan for 24 hours, compared to three dollars a day for an air conditioner. Running a ceiling fan in a room reduces the room's temperature by seven degrees simply by recirculating existing air. In winter, a ceiling fan actually *warms* a room by recirculating the heat collected near



John Bebout's obsession is fan-tastical.

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the ceiling. The other nice thing is that a fan can illuminate. Antique or new light fixtures are attached to ceiling fans and John will sell those too.

Until the early Thirties, ceiling fans were not so much popular as they were the only game in town. Rooms were roomy and fans not only looked good but cooled efficiently. Then two things happened. Home builders reduced the height of rooms from an average of eleven feet to eight feet. And in the early Fifties, air conditioning joined television and bowling alleys as America's latest fad. Fans began disappearing the next day.

In the best obsessed tradition, John spends all his free time looking for ceiling fans. He found a treasure with four oak blades and an adjustable switch that turns the blades up or down in Houston's old Western Union building. The date on the plate reads November 12, 1898. A beautiful 55-year-old Emerson with tapered blades came from the Baptist church in Rosebud. He captured thirty fans from the Majestic Theatre and another, dated 1900, from a house of ill fame on Galveston's Post Office Street.

Behou's restored 36-inch fans begin at \$150; the 52-inch run from \$225 to \$1000, depending on ornamentation and light fixtures. Working out of his home, he cleans, repairs, installs, and guarantees. But they are getting scarce. "In the last three years, ceiling fans have become the hot item," said John. "I have found only ten during the last six months, but I know they are out there. I believe there are at least a thousand in downtown Houston alone, stored away or forgotten in older buildings, and I am going to find them."

WHY ARE THESE MEN RUNNING?

Some disembodied voice promising fame and fortune in Washington, D.C., has prompted a quintet of Dallas politicians to lapse into varying degrees of heat regarding a possible ascendancy to higher office. Don't ask why. Everyone knows what little power a freshman congressman possesses, that the ambitious young upstart, envisioning himself galloping toward the presidency, more often than not finds that he has ridden into a box canyon. Yet still they covet.

What caused this blatant fracturing of the Tenth Commandment by the Dallas pols is the possibility of Republican Congressman Alan Steelman abandoning his Fifth Congressional District in southeast Dallas County to challenge Senator Lloyd Bentsen in next year's general election. At this writing, Steelman has not yet formally



Congressman hopeful, James Mattox

challenged Bentsen, which adds another dash of absurdity to the whole brew.

With a tenacity verging on monomania, three of the five—ex-state Senator Mike McKool, state Representative Jim Mattox, and County Commissioner David Pickett—are rushing about town with flushed cheeks, dilated nostrils, and shining eyes, urging friends, labor leaders, money bags, and power brokers not to pledge allegiance until they divulge their particular prospectus for victory. The fourth, Mayor Wes Wise, is not only denying he will run, but coyly refusing to admit whether he will embrace the Democratic or Republican party if His Fickleness decides to make the race. Although Wise has voted Democratic in past elections, he lists himself as "Independent." The fifth likely entrant is John Bass, a young lawyer associated with county Democratic chairman Manuel DeBusk. And if Steelman challenges Bentsen, the Republicans will offer Nancy Judy, conservative Dallas School Board member.

As certain as the sunrise, as inevitable as noon. Scott Fitzgerald's line



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applies to Mike McKool, who ran for office more than a dozen times between 1949 and his election in 1968 to the state Senate. Already he has run and lost three congressional races. The net effect in the early years of campaigning and failing was to become known over the county and, thus, build an extremely profitable condemnation law practice. Witness the handsome McKool Building on North Central Expressway. He is a millionaire, avid tennis player, liberal on the issues, and runs a one-man campaign organization that somehow manages to cover the county like the morning dew with Elect Mike McKool signs.

The 56-year-old attorney spent \$120,000 in a losing try against incumbent Steelman last November, losing by a whisker. He is not an experienced money raiser—most of the \$120 thou was his own—but next year he will have to learn. New campaign spending laws restrict personal contributions to a slim \$25,000.

"Mike has a Napoleonic complex and his one desire is to go to Washington. When you are a millionaire, you can buy almost anything, so now he wants to buy Steelman's seat. What the people should realize is that it takes years for a congressman to gain seniority and power and by that time Mike will be pushing 70." These kind words come from fellow liberal Jim Mattox, the only announced candidate who threw his hat in the ring on October 20. One of the few statehouse members distinguished by hard work and brains, Mattox realizes that it's now or almost never for him. State Senator Ron Clower has made noises about running in 1978. Besides, Mattox feels good about his 76 per cent reelection victory last November and feels he can win.

However, Mattox may be displaying the politician's matchless talent for sucking optimistic honey from non-existent flowers. He will need to raise a sizable war chest for advertising to become at least an every-other-household word. Even the Black Muslims and the local Nazis know Mike McKool. But the big problem will be how to be different. Both men vote moderate-to-liberal, although McKool preaches more to the lower classes. Both share the same friends and advisers: labor leaders like Gene Freeland (AFL-CIO), Dick Piland (Teamsters), Garland Ham (UAW), Gene Mance (CWA), and Dave Keeler (building trades); black leaders like former legislator Reverend Zan Holmes and Dr. Emmett Conrad (Dallas School Board member); legislators like Eddie Bernice Johnson and Paul Ragsdale. Both McKool and Mattox men-

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tion as "my friend and mentor" Dan Weiser, mathematician and redistricting genius responsible for the Fifth Congressional District's shape. Mattox plainly will have to distinguish himself from McKool.

David Pickett is an ambitious conservative commissioner's court member who really would like to be district attorney. He served as assistant DA in Dallas, prosecuting with enthusiasm and vehemence the controversial Lee Park flag burning case in 1970. Flag patches sewn on jeans was another area of his prosecutor's expertise. But even the late J. Edgar Hoover couldn't outpoll incumbent DA Henry Wade, so Pickett is eyeing the coveted congressional seat. Pickett's departure from the court would further isolate fellow conservative Democratic Commissioner Roy Orr, a one-time Dallas County power before his political godfather, ex-County Judge W. L. "Lew" Sterrett, lost to Republican John Whittington last November.

Mayor Wes Wise is the champion of Everyman. Neither conservative nor liberal, Republican nor Democratic, Wise simply wins. He is a perfect bellwether for the city's politics. His middle-of-the-road posture aptly corresponds to the district itself, which holds strong blocs of both conservative and blue-collar voters. It sweeps the south and east of Dallas County, including Garland, Mesquite, Pleasant Grove, Balch Springs, Seagoville, south Dallas, Casa View, then takes in Oak Lawn, downtown Dallas, and a sliver of Irving west across the Trinity River. Minorities number about 25 per cent of the population.

Whatever his secret ambitions, Wise does not plan to resign as mayor of the country's eighth largest city this year. Recently, he crowed that his leadership was needed to help pass the city's important \$149.9 million bond issue to be voted on December 9.

Meanwhile, McKool will play for time before making the inevitable announcement. Mattox will make speeches, collect money, and dream of how to be different. Pickett will continue to test the water, asking friends of McKool and Mattox not to commit too soon, while causing perspiration to ooze from the scalp of his friend, Commissioner Roy Orr. And watching them all with some amusement will be Steelman, who makes no secret of his disillusionment with the slow-moving ways of Congress and the obstacles it places in the way of younger members. Indeed, a major factor pushing him toward a challenge of Bentsen is his distaste for returning to the very office that five fellow Dallasites have their hearts set on. ♣

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LOSER TAKE ALL

Lloyd Bentsen plans to win the Democratic nomination by looking like he's losing.

Lloyd Bentsen sat at the small, delicate French provincial desk in his Senate office, reading glasses tilted low on his Scandinavian nose, absorbed in paperwork. It was a curious desk for official Washington, where everything from buildings to speeches is normally quite expansive, not to say grandiose, but it seemed to express the Senator's personality. Costly and precious and quietly elegant, it gave an impression of austere, somewhat unapproachable dignity, and everything on it was very neat and orderly; it was not a desk one put one's feet upon.

Through the windows behind it, the Capitol appeared as a dreary, drizzly monochrome, gray marble limned in milky gray fog—a surprisingly gloomy Thursday afternoon. The Reporter, owning neither raincoat nor umbrella, found it rather depressing, which probably accounted for the tone of his first question: "Why is it, Senator, that whenever I tell someone I'm doing a story on the Bentsen campaign they all say, 'Oh, you mean he's still running?'"

There is a common suspicion in Washington that the Bentsen for President campaign is on its last legs. The operating deficit for the first nine months of this year came to nearly half a million dollars, what one adviser terms "a financial hemorrhage," and net cash-on-hand dropped to under \$200,000 by October. His campaign manager, a respected New Jersey pro named Ben Palumbo, resigned in August, reportedly over strategy disagreements. With almost two full years and over a million dollars invested so far, Bentsen draws no better than three per cent in party preference polls, and half the electorate still hasn't heard of him. Two weeks earlier, in late September, Bentsen had closed his New York City headquarters, which had been open less than a month—thus tacitly signaling his forfeiture of the important New York primary.

"Oh, I don't think it's as bad as that," answered Bentsen with a weak grin. He isn't at all taken aback by the question; it isn't, in fact, very original. Only the day before Bentsen had lunched with Jack Germond, chief political correspondent for the *Washington Star*, in an effort to answer it. Wrote Germond, who was impressed but not convinced:



The Bentsen strategy is not going for broke, but going for brokering.

"Bentsen is trimming his sails in the interests of realism, a rare commodity among presidential aspirants."

"I think you have to play the cards you've been dealt," said Bentsen. "I'm just trying to be realistic. I'm not well known enough to compete in all the primaries, and I don't have two or three million dollars for New York—and I'm not sure I'd want to spend it there if I had it."

The political expression of this tight card playing is what Bentsen refers to as a "limited campaign"—contesting only in eight or ten states that look promising; avoiding the expensive and bloody primaries in the big industrial states, especially the early ones; and making as few enemies as possible en route to what he is convinced will be a deadlocked convention in search of a compromise candidate. Needless to add, he hopes to emerge as that candidate.

Sketched more fully into scenario form, an exercise his staff delights in, it would look something like this:

The campaign for the 1976 Democratic nomination is launched on February 24, when a half-dozen Democrats frantically scuttle each other in New Hampshire's send-off primary. Jimmy Carter leads the ballot with an absurdly low 21 per cent of the vote. A week

later, this non-result is repeated in Massachusetts, except for the telling difference that George Wallace runs very well in South Boston and the depressed mill towns to the west. He encores in Florida, sweeping the entire state save for a single Miami congressional district salvaged by Scoop Jackson. Favorite son Adlai Stevenson III captures the first major primary in Illinois, but attention is focused on Chicago where Wallace duels Mayor Daley's minions to a dead heat. March ends with the withdrawal of North Carolina's favorite son, former governor Terry Sanford, after Wallace trounces him in his home state primary even worse than in 1972.

Bentsen earns his first national coverage by winning half the Virginia caucuses on April 3. Three days later, Mo Udall gains an impressive victory in the Wisconsin primary, but is overshadowed by the same day's returns from New York where, once again, the Democratic chorus line serves merely as a backdrop for George Wallace's surprising inroads into the heart of electoral liberalism, in bankrupt New York City. Scoop Jackson, who invested over \$2 million in New York—the maximum permissible expenditure and the bulk of his cash reserve—finishes a dismal fourth; his campaign is widely rumored

to be floundering, but Jackson angrily proclaims his determination to continue. The candidates proceed to scurry around the country cadging delegates from various state caucuses and conventions, and Bentsen grabs little handfuls in Oklahoma and Missouri. April closes in Pennsylvania, where a federal criminal investigation of favorite son Governor Milt Shapp leaves the state wide open for Wallace, Bentsen, and Birch Bayh, who split it up fairly evenly.

The first phase of the campaign has now ended—the first of three in the Bentsen scenario, the waiting phase—and the Eastern press machine is growing extremely anxious. A thousand delegates, fully a third of the total, have thus far been selected, and George Wallace has nearly half of them. No other Democrat has even a hundred. The *Washington Post* carries nervous editorials on “the Wallace threat” and morbidly ponders the collapse of the Democratic Party. Scoop Jackson, who had entered the campaign with a larger cash bankroll than any other candidate, is now broke, having fruitlessly spent another \$1.5 million in Pennsylvania, and he is forced to quit, much like Hubert Humphrey in 1960. Much of Jackson’s moderate-to-conservative support begins drifting toward Bentsen, including many financial backers who are now free to invest in another candidate.

Phase Two kicks off May 1 in Texas as Bentsen easily carries all but two senatorial districts which go to Wallace by slim margins. The Eastern press, pre-sold the fiction that Wallace posed a major threat in Texas, is ecstatic. BENTSEN HALTS WALLACE IN TEXAS reads the front-page story in the *New York Times*. The significance of this event is soon underscored on May 4, when Wallace simultaneously captures his own Alabama poll, defeats native (but not favorite) son Jimmy Carter in Georgia, and stunningly upsets Birch Bayh in the Indiana primary. Carter subsequently withdraws, but Bayh, relying on his friends among organized labor and hoping to survive until California, decides to press on.

Two days later, Bentsen plays his hole card in Tennessee, wrestling Wallace to a standoff on terrain where the Alabamian had been invincible just four years earlier. Following so closely after Wallace’s triple play in Alabama, Georgia, and Indiana, the Tennessee returns propel Bentsen into the national awareness for the first time. Eric Sevareni calls him “the one candidate who has demonstrated an ability to withstand the bellicose assaults of the bantam governor of Alabama.” The luster is sufficient to last through the following month as another dozen and a half state primaries and conventions are acted out to contradictory and indecisive ends. Bentsen does well in some: Arkansas,



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Wyoming, Nebraska, and Montana. Udall does well in others: Connecticut, Utah, and Oregon. Sargent Shriver achieves an upset in Maryland as Frank Church, a late entry, pulls off a smash debut in West Virginia. Others do well, or less well, in assorted outbacks of political geography. George Wallace walks away with the Michigan primary.

Phase three, for all practical purposes, lasts just one day, June 8, when some 500 delegates are chosen in primaries in California, Ohio, and New Jersey. Bentsen, who has hoarded enough money for a strong finish, outspends everyone else two-to-one and wins New Jersey while placing well in Southern California. Bayh and Udall carry other sections of California; Wallace carries Orange County and Bakersfield and everything in Ohio that John Glenn couldn't hold as a favorite son.

In July, the Democrats assemble in Madison Square Garden, having spent over \$60 million on their nominating process, and they are no less confused than they were in New Hampshire. George Wallace has a few more than a thousand delegates, fatally short of the 1505 needed for nomination, with no prospects for securing the remainder—but nonetheless a commanding lead. No other candidate has half so many. From Hyannis Port, Ted Kennedy quietly sends word refusing to let his name be placed in nomination, and party liberals block attempts by organized labor to resurrect Hubert Humphrey. The first ballot divides among a preposterous thirteen candidates, and Bentsen draws 400 votes.

In the back rooms of the Garden, everyone settles in for a night of short knives and fast deals. Alliances are formed or fractured with all the speed of medieval pacts, and with no more rationality. Of the various cohesive groups holding veto power over the nominee—organized labor, blacks, Wallaceites, the party potentates—none reject Bentsen. He is respected without being particularly liked, is a uniquely agreeable "second choice" for many. On the third ballot, Mayor Daley cannily throws his support to him, and George Meany pulls the rug on Birch Bayh by endorsing the Texan. After secretly agreeing to accept a northern liberal as a running mate, Bentsen solidifies his support and gains nomination on the fifth ballot.

That, then, is the more or less standard version of the Bentsen scenario. Different members of his entourage tell it a little differently, embroidering here and there to suit personal taste, but the essential facets are always the same: the three-phase campaign, the fratricidal primaries, the Wallace threat, the scattered results, the broad acceptance, and the brokered convention. George Bristol, Bentsen's campaign treasurer, states flat-

Sir Georg Solti doesn't star in "Great Performances." He watches it!



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December 10. Leonard Bernstein and the Vienna Philharmonic in a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 4.

December 17. Karl Böhm and the Vienna Philharmonic perform Mozart's Symphonies Nos. 34 and 40.

December 24. André Previn conducts the London Symphony Orchestra, with Arthur Rubinstein, in Chopin's Concerto No. 2, followed by Rubinstein alone in works by Schubert, Brahms and Chopin.

December 31. Herbert von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic in a performance of Beethoven's

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ly, "If we come into the convention with 450 votes we'll win it."

The big drawback of scenarios, of course, is that they are little more than plausible fantasies which can easily be countered with equally plausible imaginings. Every other candidate naturally has his own favorite scenario, as do all the staffers, reporters, investors, lobbyists, bystanders, and flunkies, who congregate around Washington because they're fascinated with power. Creating a scenario, after all, like any good fantasy, is more fun and less work than actually having to deal with reality.

The measure of a political campaign, though, is the degree to which reality is manipulated to advance the scenario. For each candidate the end is the same but the means are different: Wallace has invested most of his war chest in direct mailings, Jackson is hoarding his money in the bank, and Bentsen has decided to concentrate on organization, opening few campaign offices but hiring full-time staff in scores of remote but key cities like Erie, Pennsylvania. Former top strategist Palumbo wanted to mount a full campaign effort, particularly in New York, but failed to persuade Bentsen; he has been replaced by Bob Healy, a 30-year-old Pennsylvania PhD candidate and former Hubert Humphrey staffer. In various states crucial to their scenario—Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Southern California—the Bentsen team has managed some credible success. His Virginia campaign committee is the most all-encompassing since the old Byrd machine, including every significant Democratic official and two-thirds of the county chairmen, and in Tennessee he's had coordinators in every district since early spring. In states less crucial to his scenario he has cut back his efforts. But no Democratic contender can afford to ignore totally the huge voting blocs—particularly labor and minorities—in the big industrial states.

Bentsen's good standing with labor (read: George Meany) was underscored when he was one of the four contenders—Humphrey, Jackson, and Bayh were the others—invited to address the September AFL-CIO convention in San Francisco. Old favorite Humphrey carried the day, of course, but Jackson was a complete bust and Bentsen thinks he came off rather well.

He has not been so successful with the party's ideological left wing. He purposely skipped a series of New Democratic Coalition conferences (as did Jackson) to which all presidential candidates were invited. And he was shocked by the rude reception given him by the National Organization for Women (NOW) in Boston. Bentsen has a strong voting record on feminist issues and is Senate sponsor of Barbara

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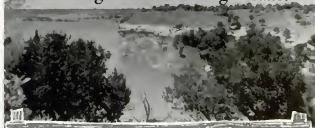
Jordan's tough rape bill, but NOW accused him (and male liberals) of doing it all for cynical reasons. Old enemy Sissy Farenthold even went on Boston television to blast him. The experience left Bentsen with a bad taste in his mouth for ideological liberals and more committed than ever to his cautious campaign strategy of avoiding primaries in the big liberal states. He expects to enter election year, as he himself says, "with enough money to be one of the top two or three candidates." In a year when all the rules have been changed, that may prove to be a critical advantage.

But the truly critical factors, in Bentsen's as in everyone's scenarios, are the vagaries of democracy that lie beyond the manipulative reach of campaign committees. Perhaps "lightning will strike," as the phrase goes in Washington, and someone—Udall or Jackson or Bayh, or even Fred Harris—will catch the national fancy and emerge from the early primaries, the ones Bentsen is avoiding, with unstoppable momentum. Perhaps George Wallace's health will fail or Governor Shapp will be redeemed by the several grand juries currently checking him out. Perhaps Scoop Jackson isn't really a fool, or Carter won't lose in Georgia, or Kennedy won't remain altogether out of the picture. Perhaps the delegates will decide they'd rather have Frank Church, whose scenario is similar to Bentsen's, or else Muskie or Humphrey again. There are hundreds of plausible perhapses that can wreck the Bentsen scenario—and complete somebody else's.

"If that happens," says Loyd Hackler, formerly Bentsen's administrative assistant, still a close friend and one of Washington's savviest lobbyists, "if that happens, he just folds up his tent and goes home. He hasn't made anybody mad, he's become a national figure, and the experience has made him a helluva lot better U.S. Senator. That's the worst that can happen."

And the best that could happen, of course, would be for all the perhapses to fall into place. Bentsen's strategy rests upon what he regards as "a realistic assessment of where we stand and what we realistically think we can accomplish from here on out." He knows it's still a long shot, but he's convinced it's well aimed. If he's right, though, then both his assessment and his strategy are not only realistic, but pessimistic as well—for his scenario presumes a convention of chaos and frenzy, growing out of a campaign laced with anger, confusion, demagoguery, exorbitant expense, and ultimate futility; and that could only occur in a nation truly at sea, one divided and fearful. And perhaps that is a realistic picture of us—but that is the most frightening perhaps of all. ♦

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Beginnings in rhythm and blues or "race music," as it was often called well into the Fifties, account for the roomy sound and breezy urgency that the best jazz tenormen from the Southwest have in common. Out of the blues came that relaxed phrasing, the generous placement of blue notes, a rugged, earthy, rhythmic feeling, and a speech-inflected instrumental style that can be traced directly to the great vocal blues tradition of the Southwest. The tenor saxophone is one of the most voice-like of all instruments, and some of its players who developed in the hothouse blues atmosphere of the original territory bands and their successors became masters of direct communication.

None communicated more directly than Herschel Evans of Denton. Evans recorded in 1928 with Troy Floyd's San Antonio band, worked later with other territory bands, such as those of Terrence Holder, Bennie Moten, Alphonse Trent, and Lionel Hampton, and became an idol of tenormen everywhere during his tenure with Count Basie from 1936 to 1939. Jo Jones, the prototypical swing drummer who propelled the Basie band in those days, says flatly that Evans was the greatest jazz musician he ever played with.

"I never knew a musician who could lift a band like Herschel Evans," Jones recalls. "You could feel it on the bandstand, the guys would be floating like we were being levitated or something."

Evans' noted ability to elevate is breathtakingly demonstrated on an air



check (recording of a radio broadcast) called "Shout and Feel It," and on the celebrated "Life Goes to a Party," in which he churns, twists, and develops an almost devastating forward motion in just a few bars. Both pieces are on a Basie collection called *Super Chief* (see page 36 for details). Evans collapsed at the Crystal Ballroom in Hartford during an engagement with Basie in 1939, and died shortly after. He was 30. His legacy of records is regrettably small.

Buddy Tate, a tall, sad-eyed native of Sherman, replaced his friend Evans in the Basie band. Tate, a star only slightly less luminous in the Basie firmament than Evans and Lester Young, feels 36 years later that he did his finest blowing in that legendary swing powerhouse. He says one of his best solos was on *Super Chief*. There are several other Tate solos in the retrospective Basie collection, among them a lovely, rolling half-chorus on "Love Jumped Out." They disclose a completely formed style

influenced by Evans, Young, and Coleman Hawkins and laced with that Texas tang.

Tate, now 60, is still going strong, his mature work at least as attractive as his classic Basie solos. His approach these days has, if anything, more rhythmic bite and toughness than he displayed in the Thirties. Worth singling out are his solos in the new recording by the scandalously underappreciated singer Helen Humes, yet another Basie graduate. Among Tate's accompanists on his own *Buddy Tate and His Buddies* is Gus Johnson of Tyler, after Jo Jones the ideal Basie drummer.

A Texas tenor who preceded Tate and Evans in the northward migration of Southwest jazzmen was Budd Johnson, born in Dallas in 1910. Johnson is a protean figure who has not only kept up with all the changes in jazz over more than four decades but has also influenced most of them. At fourteen he went on the road as a drummer; three years later he was working in Kansas City as a saxophonist. He recorded with George Lee in 1929. He and pianist Teddy Wilson (born in Austin in 1912) led a small group in Chicago and both joined Louis Armstrong there in 1933. That year, Johnson began attracting attention as a composer and arranger. He wrote for Armstrong, then for Earl Hines, all the while developing into a major soloist. When Hines' band became an incubator for the bebop revolution of the early Forties, Johnson was there, absorbing the startling ideas of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. He also wrote or played for Billy Eckstine, Boyd Raeburn, and Woody Herman, the other pivotal bands in the swing-to-bop transition, and was unquestionably a primary catalyst in the revolution. Budd is credited with organizing in 1944 the first bop record session. It included Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Max Roach, Oscar Pettiford, Don Byas, Clyde Hart, and other pioneers of the idiom. Originally recorded for Apollo, this invaluable music is available on the French label Mode. For the session, Johnson played baritone sax. He is equally adept on clarinet, soprano and alto saxophones, and, of course, tenor.

For the past couple of years, Johnson has been a guiding light of the New York Jazz Repertory Company, writing more imaginatively than ever and fre-

Doug Ramsey writes frequently for music publications and is a member of the Downbeat International Critics Poll panel.

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quently blowing men less than half his age off the Carnegie Hall stage. This summer he sparked the NYJRC band that toured the Soviet Union with a program of the music of Bix Beiderbecke.

Jimmy Giuffrè of Dallas was a considerable influence in the West Coast movement of the Fifties, went on to a period of frustrating experimentation with free jazz, and now seems to have found a fruitful middle ground. His recent *Music for People, Birds, Butterflies & Mosquitoes* has Giuffrè on tenor, flute, and clarinet in a remarkable display of pure musicianship. His tenor work retains the warmth and earthiness that made his "The Train and the River" so attractive and popular when it appeared in the Fifties. Giuffrè's Atlantic, Pacific Jazz, and Verve albums have disappeared from the catalogs, but not from cut-out shelves in the hipper record stores or from record auctions. They are worth the search.

Jimmy Ford of Houston was one of the most highly regarded of the young white bop tenor players of the late Forties, working with such heavyweights as Tadd Dameron and Fats Navarro. But Ford's roots, like Giuffrè's, were in the black blues of the R&B circuit, and in the few recordings he has made, that lineage is apparent in his full tone and languorous phrasing. After an erratic career, Ford disappeared from music in

the Fifties, then joined Maynard Ferguson for three years, and again returned to Texas. He was heard this year with Arnett Cobb at the Corpus Christi Jazz Festival.

Cobb, who has the raunchiest sound and most uninhibited style of all the Texas tenors, was born in Houston in 1918. He replaced Illinois Jacquet in Lionel Hampton's band in 1942, had a near hit in a remake of "Flyin' Home" with Hampton in 1944, then left to organize his own big band. But illness ruined his plans, and after a comeback in 1951 he was set back again by serious injuries from an auto accident. Since then, he has largely concentrated his considerable musical energies in a series of bands in Houston. Cobb is serving on the governor's advisory council on the arts.

Harold Land of Houston first came to national prominence sharing the front line of the Max Roach-Clifford Brown Quintet with trumpeter Brown in the early Fifties. He was then and through the early Seventies hard driving and inventive but at the same time warm and melodic, an altogether exceptional tenor player. In recent years, Land has remained a forceful soloist but lost some of his lyricism as he incorporated the influence of free jazz into his music.

Booker Ervin, who was born in Denison, died in 1970 at the age of 40. He was a musician's musician and a

special favorite of his fellow tenormen. His conception was epic, and although he painted his solos in almost Brahmsian outlines he was capable of the most intricate phrasing and a blistering concentration of energy. Ervin contributed memorable solos to the fiery band led by Charles Mingus in the late Fifties and early Sixties. His own series of nine quartet and quintet albums on Prestige is a stunning legacy.

Curtis Ousley, born in 1935, was making his way as an alto saxophonist at sixteen, leading one of the hottest R&B bands in Fort Worth and earning \$250 a week—"more," he delighted in pointing out, "than the principal of the high school." Shortly after leaving school and principal behind, Ousley changed his instrument to tenor saxophone and his name to King Curtis, moved to New York, and began cranking out a chain of hits. His was the staccato, cornball, tenor solo on the Coasters' "Yakety Yak," an utterance that spawned at least several hundred Curtis imitators. But Curtis was also a capable jazzman and an accomplished all-round musician who in his final years was Aretha Franklin's conductor and orchestrator at the same time he was at the peak of his own career. In September 1971 he was stabbed to death on the steps of his New York townhouse.

David "Fathead" Newman, the 41-year-old Dallas tenorman featured for nearly two decades with Ray Charles, has struck out on his own as a leader and is enjoying some popular success. One of the most basic and soulful of jazzmen, Newman's R&B background stands him in good stead on his new album, *Newmanism*. He can be heard on his own previous LPs on Atlantic, on the majority of Charles' albums, and with Herbie Mann.

Ten years younger than Newman, Houston's Billy Harper is rapidly building a reputation as one of the toughest and most creative of the Texas tenors. In the past few years Harper has worked with Gil Evans, Art Blakey, and Max Roach, pillars of modern jazz. He, in turn, has been a pillar of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra, generally regarded in jazz circles as the leading big band of the Seventies. Evans, a seminal jazz writer, has honored Harper by making several of the young Texan's charts staples in the Evans book. Harper's lean, angular, searching solos are prominent on Evans' albums and in recordings with Jones and Lewis. His own album as leader is *Capra Black*.

For a time in 1966, Harper worked as a sideman for James Clay, a Dallas tenor saxophonist and flutist who in the late Fifties seemed to have arrived at the jumping off point to national fame. But after making a splash in Los Angeles, Clay returned to Dallas, was

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drafted, and since the Army, has confined his playing to that city. There is little of Clay on record and most of that is on a Red Mitchell Quartet album. He has a big fat Texas sound and was considered rather avant-garde among the California musicians he worked with. Mitchell was quoted in those days as saying he thought Clay could end up laying the foundation for a new step in jazz.

Whoever laid the foundation, another Texan took that step, our Fort Worth friend Ornette Coleman of "that thing, that honk you can get to people with." Coleman's thing got to a lot of people. He recorded for Contemporary in early 1958 and again a year later, and the shock waves from those albums are still rocking boats in the music world. To ears attuned to the free jazz of today, Coleman's initial efforts seem downright melodic. But his refusal to be fettered with standard harmonies and time concepts resulted in what to most listeners and many musicians of the day sounded like chaos. But radical as Coleman's music may have been, unprejudiced listening reveals it was firmly grounded not only in the bop it sought to escape, but also in Ornette's Texas heritage. In the *Ornette on Tenor* album his wide, deep tone recalls Tate, Evans, and Cobb, and Coleman summons up blues phrases that have been kicking around in Southwest territory

hands since at least as early as the mid-Twenties. It's a shame he plays tenor so infrequently.

Dewey Redman, childhood friend of Coleman, has developed into one of the most adaptable and expressive tenor players in New York. He is well represented on records with Coleman and with pianist Keith Jarrett.

Coleman and Redman were influenced by a legendary Fort Worth tenorman named Red Conner, who died in the Fifties. Fascinating as they would be, no records by Conner have been found. John Hardee, on the other hand, recorded briefly in New York and received considerable acclaim before he returned in the late Forties to Houston and a teaching career. His style, steaming and nonstop but somehow relaxed in the peculiarly Texas manner, had roots in Herschel Evans and Chu Berry. The only available recording of Hardee, "River Edge Rock," is in a Blue Note anthology called *Swing Hi-Swing Lo* and nearly steals the collection from such giants as Ben Webster, Barney Bigard, and Buck Clayton. The bassist with Hardee on the piece is Gene Ramey of Austin, one of the most durable and adaptable of jazzmen. Ramey, through his association with Charlie Parker in the Jay McShann band of 1939-40, was attendant at the birth pangs of bop. He is active and in demand today.

Wilton Felder is the tenor saxophonist with The Crusaders, who left Houston for Los Angeles fifteen years ago and scored almost immediate success as the Jazz Crusaders. The word "jazz" was recently dropped from their name as a concession to record company executives fearful of discouraging the denizens of the pop-rock market. The Crusaders' music has been diluted by such commercial demands, but Felder remains a resourceful player whose solos have a rangy, pleasingly dry quality in terms of tone. His best work is to be heard on the group's early Pacific jazz albums.

In the mid-Seventies, the source of Texas tenormen or tenorwomen is as likely to be the laboratory groups of the university and college jazz programs as the R&B and territory bands. Young Texans fresh out of school have taken chairs in the reed sections of many bands, including those of Woody Herman and Stan Kenton. No giants have yet emerged but, who knows, another Herschel Evans may be preparing to fly.

JAZZ DISCOGRAPHY

James Clay

With Red Mitchell, *Contemporary* S 7538
Arnett Cobb

Very Saxy, Prestige 7790
With Lionel Hampton, *Steppin' Out*, Decca DL 79244

Ornette Coleman

Something Else, Contemporary S 7551
Tomorrow Is the Question, Contemporary S 7569

Ornette on Tenor, Atlantic 1394
Best Of, Atlantic SD 1558

King Curtis

At Montreux with Champion Jack Dupree, Atlantic 1637

Jazz Groove, Prestige 24039
Best Of, ATCO S-33-266

Booker Ervin

Cookin', Savoy 12154
The Blues Book, Prestige 7340
Exaltation, Prestige 7844
The Freedom Book, Prestige 7295
Groovin' High, Prestige 7417
Heavy, Prestige 7499
Setting the Pace, Prestige 7455
The Song Book, Prestige 7318
The Space Book, Prestige 7386
Trance, Prestige 7462
With Charles Mingus, *The Art of . . .*, Atlantic SD 2-302; *Better Git It in Your Soul*, Columbia G 30628

Herschel Evans

Super Chief, Count Basie, Columbia G 31224
Wilton Felder
The Jazz Crusaders, Blue Note LA 170-G2
Jimmy Ford
With Maynard Ferguson, *A Message from Birdland*, Roulette Birdland R 52027



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Jimmy Giuffrè

Music For People, Birds . . . Choice S 1001

John Hardee

Swing Hi-Swing Lo, Blue Note B-6507

Billy Harper

Capra Black, Strata East 19739

With Gil Evans, *Svengali*, Atlantic SD

1643; *Jimi Hendrix*, RCA COP 1-0667

With Jones-Lewis, *Consummation*, Blue

Note 84346; *Potpourri*, Phila-International KZ 33152

With Art Blakey, *Live*, Trip TLP 5034

Budd Johnson

Coleman Hawkins, Mode CMDINT 9863

Blues a La Mode, MJR 8119

Montreux '71, MJR 8111

Budd Johnson and the Four Brass Giants,

Riverside 9343 (out of print, worth looking for)

With Louis Armstrong, RCA VPM 6044

With Earl Hines, RCA LPV 512, Decca

DL 79221, Epic EE 22021, RCA LSP

3380, Decca DL 75048, MJR 101

Harold Land

Grooveyard, Contemporary S7550

The Fox, Contemporary S7619

Choma, Mainstream 344

Damisi, Mainstream 367

With Curtis Counce, *Landslide*, Contem-

porary S7526; *Carl's Blues*, Contem-

porary S7574; *Councelation*, Contem-

porary S7539

With Roach & Brown, *TRIP* TLP 5520,

5530, 5540

David Newman

Newmanism, Atlantic SD 1662

Best Of, Atlantic S-1590

Dewey Redman

Ear of the Behearer, Impulse 9250

Look for the Black Star, Arista Freedom

1011

With Keith Jarrett, *Treasure Island*, Im-

pulse 9274

With Ornette Coleman, *Science Fiction*,

Columbia KC 31061

Buddy Tate

Super Chief, Count Basie, Columbia G

31224

Buddy Tate and His Buddies, Chiaroscuro

CR 120

The Texas Twister, MJR 8128

Swinging Like Tate, MJR 8127

The Talk of the Town, Helen Humes,

Columbia PC33488

Jumpin' on the West Coast, Black Lion

BL-172

Most of the records discussed here are available. That does not mean that the rack jobbers who service dealers have supplied them to your local department store. Good record shops with jazz sections will have some of them. Some record dealers will go to the trouble of special ordering. Your persuasiveness may be the deciding factor. MJR, Choice, and Strata East are mail order companies. MJR: Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, NY 10021. Choice: 245 Tilly Place, Sea Cliff, NY 11579. Strata East: 463 West Street, New York, NY 10014. Contemporary, bless their hearts, maintains a complete catalog dating back to the early Fifties: 8481 Melrose Place, Los Angeles, CA 90069. ♦

A TASTE OF MONEY

At Texas' most expensive restaurants, the sauces may be savory, but you'll need a strong stomach for the check.

New York City has a new restaurant named The Palace where *prix fixe* dinners for two cost \$100. Wine is extra. When you look at it this way, dinner for two at \$50 in Texas' finest restaurants begins to seem almost reasonable. That price is the minimum you have to pay to sample the state's finest cuisine.

At the three best and most lavish restaurants in the state—Oz and the Pyramid, both in Dallas, and Tony's, in Houston—dining has been elevated from nourishment to event (in one case almost to theater), so that what you pay for is not simply splendid food and excellent service but opulent surroundings and the momentary illusion of living like an aristocrat. Like drinking fine wine, dining in these restaurants is an occasion to be savored and lingered over, since, unless you are blessed with an unlimited expense account, it is not an indulgence you can frequently afford.

What sets the Pyramid above the rest is the total sense of luxury—superfluous gestures, appointments, and service. The captain spreads a large linen napkin in your lap the moment you are seated. A complimentary *sorbet* (shaved ice perfumed with brandy or wine) is served to clear the palate before the entree. The lemon halves for your

tea or other food are tied in fine cheesecloth to keep the seeds in when they are squeezed. Individual servings of butter are molded in the form of flowers, and steaming scented cloths rolled in large seashells are brought in lieu of finger bowls. The list of amenities goes on and on: sugar-glazed strawberries and bite-sized chocolate truffles are served at the conclusion of the meal (reminiscent of such yummy gratuities at France's renowned Restaurant de la Pyramide). The waiter twirls the after-dinner cigar in flaming paper until it catches, then dips the end in *Courvoisier* before presenting it; and telephones may be brought to the table if requested. At times the show is excessive—a singing wine steward dressed as a gaucho, for example—yet there is no denying that the extras, the attentive service, and, above all, the prices are the quintessence of self-indulgent dining.

And yet with—or in spite of—all the extravagance, the food is superb. In particular, the quality of the ingredients stands out. Even in dishes requiring complex preparation, the emphasis is on the essential character of the food. I recommend everything at the Pyramid, though I mention my favorites, such as the lobster bisque, which is fragrant, delicate, and rich. Other favorites are the shrimp Rothschild (shrimp

au gratin in a perfectly formed toasted bread basket) or *cassolette* of sole (a fillet poached in a cream sauce with white grapes). And though there is no *pâté* on the menu, an excellent *pâté maison* has been available every time I've asked.

The Specialty of the Chef is fillet of sole *en croûte*: puff pastry encasing a rolled fillet of sole filled with purée of fresh mushrooms and tender morsels of shrimp and lobster. To serve it, the captain slits the flaky case and pours in first a lemon butter sauce, then a delicate lobster sauce. The broiled pompano flamed with Pernod and served with fennel reveals another subtle blending of flavors. The roasted quail in a mouth-watering brown sauce with white grapes is great theater: the captain deftly carves every bit of meat off the tiny breast bones and invites you to pick up the legs and wings with your fingers, reassuring you that finger bowls will follow. Steak tartare with caviar is also beautifully served; the captain wheels over a cart laden with small bowls of ingredients and prepares the final mixture to your exact specification or whim. "Madame, do you like a little anchovy? Madame, do you like it picante? Madame..."

With the entrees comes a basket full of gloriously light soufflé potatoes,



The plushiest and poshest restaurants in the state (from left to right): Dallas' Pyramid and Oz, and Houston's Tony's.



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which should be eaten immediately while they are hot and crisp, and—the single flaw of Pyramid cuisine—a serving of canned green beans. Why, with all the other fresh food, does the chef serve canned green beans? For dessert the individual Grand Marnier soufflé is deliciously subtle and light—provided you can pass up the mousse, the floating island, the tarts, and cakes on the extensive pastry cart.

The Pyramid is open for lunch Monday through Friday only, with an abbreviated menu, including such dishes as eggs Benedict, avocado stuffed with crab meat, a few tempting salads and sandwiches, and a handful of hot entrees. It's usually very quiet at lunch.

Though the Pyramid menu is not as extensive as Tony's or as brilliantly imaginative as that of Oz, it is a fine presentation of classical cuisine, and the prices show it. A four-course dinner for two—appetizer, entree, salad and dessert, and a modestly priced wine (here, modest means \$12 to \$15)—costs about \$50. Yet for those who don't exercise caution, the bill can easily shoot past \$80.

The Pyramid dining room is contemporary restaurant design at its most thoughtful and luxurious. There is no ceiling as such, but rather a great inverted pyramid of gold glass squares lighted from the inside. The walls are plush bronze-colored suede, which makes the acoustics excellent, and the chairs—soft with high, straight backs that in effect create a private booth around the upper tier of tables—combine function and appearance.

Oz opened just over a year ago amid tremendous fanfare. We heard all about the large sums of money spent to transform the Betty Crocker Tree House restaurant into a prophecy of twenty-first century chic. We heard about its ambitions to be both gourmet restaurant and European disco extraordinaire. We heard about the harpist who would provide dinner music, the specially created waiters' outfits, and the silver-jacketed menus. We heard too about the French chef hired away from Ernie's in San Francisco and the crème de la crème of Dallas' restaurant captains and waiters who had been attracted to the new culinary mecca. Furthermore, we heard that planes would be converging daily on Dallas with fresh ingredients from all over the world to stock the Oz larder for its French menu, which would change with the season.

Naturally, after all this, satisfaction could hardly equal expectation. In spite of the masterful terrine of duck, the delicately poached chicken with *morilles* (sweet, wild mushrooms from France, rarely, if ever, seen on menus on this continent), and a glorious poached

turbot with sauce *paloise* (hollandaise with fresh mint), my first experience was jarring. The chrome and mirrored decor assaulted the eye, the service was razzmatazz, and the dining area was—and is—simply too loud. The neon/Art Deco effect triumphs in the disco, yet in the restaurant it cannot overcome certain fundamental design flaws, most pronounced in the large expanse of plate-glass window obviously intended to let in sunshine for the Betty Crocker luncheon crowds.

Since that first occasion, I have learned, yogi-like, to transcend the atmosphere and commotion in order to deliver myself up to the business at hand—savoring the exquisite food. The more I dine at Oz, the more respect I have for the culinary ambitions and achievements of the creator, manager, and chef. Furthermore, as time passes, I am glad to say, the service is becoming better orchestrated—and calmer.

Like the Pyramid, it is possible to have, for about \$50, a superb four-course dinner for two with a modestly priced bottle of wine (here, too, modest means around \$12, though Oz also offers, in the French tradition, two very satisfactory house wines served *en carafe* for \$8). Yet it's easy to abandon caution when you read the menu. How can you be prudent when you know you can begin with an aromatic omelette stuffed with snails, a plump tomato filled with salmon mousse, *gratinée* of Brie (a velvety cream soup of mushrooms and leeks subtly infused with the king of French cheeses), a luscious cream of avocado soup, served cold in its own avocado shell, or, my favorite dish on any season's menu, poached *quenelles* of sole in sauce Nantua—cloud-like dumplings of sole and eggs, served swimming in a sauce richly pink with crawfish. (This dish has been eliminated from the winter menu, but the *maître d'* assures me it will reappear next summer.)

For entrees, the striped bass cooked with fennel and served with Pernod sauce will transport you right to the French Riviera; and the turbot, the saddle of lamb, and the pheasant are all perfect. I've tried nearly everything and vouch for the mastery. Oz must be commended, too, for the excellent vegetable dishes which accompany the entrees—for example, artichoke hearts with mushrooms, or a scallop of eggplant topped with eggplant soufflé, or *ratatouille*, or purée of potatoes and cauliflower, or simple glazed carrots. All are wonderful. The only shortcomings on the Oz menu are the desserts, although to a certain degree this is a matter of preference. Whereas Oz is proud of their light and airy chocolate mousse, I prefer it dark and heavy. I recommend the baked Alaska simply for the show, but none of the listed

THE BARGAIN TABLE

Take a cue from Jackie Onassis, who reportedly lunches on a bit of caviar, asparagus tips, and a glass of champagne. She doesn't have to worry about the cost, but you may. Here's how to sample the state's best cuisine for \$10 or less a meal (one person), plus tax.

At the Pyramid, have the Pyramid salad (\$2.50), the shrimp Rothschild (\$4.50), and a glass of wine (\$2.25). Total: \$9.25.

At Oz, order the gourmet salad (\$3), the *gratinée* of Brie (\$2), and a glass of wine (\$1). Total: \$6.

When dining in the evenings at Tony's, order the capon Smitane with a dinner salad (\$6.75) plus a glass of wine (\$1.75). Total: \$8.50. Better yet go at noon and have a complete lunch consisting of the soup of the day (\$1), red snapper Noisette with a green salad and rice or potatoes (\$5.95), caramel custard (\$1), and wine (\$1.75). Total: \$9.70.

offerings is up to the imagination of the rest of the menu.

The cordial tradition of the chef mingling occasionally with the guests is preserved at Oz, where Jean LaFont emerges from the kitchen more than

any other chef I've ever seen. One evening, taken by the *quenelles*, I asked our captain to tell the chef if (I said if, but I meant when) he were coming out, I'd like to give him my compliments. Lickety-split, there he was, standing by me in his tall white hat and apron. He received our compliments with smiles, then returned the gesture ten-fold by offering to prepare a *sabayon* for our dessert, compliments of the house. After an appropriate wait the captain brought out two large, long-stemmed goblets filled with the delicate egg concoction, lightly touched with sweet wine and loaded with sliced fresh strawberries. It is unfortunate that this dessert is too demanding for the menu, for it surpasses all those listed.

Located in a dry area, Oz is necessarily a private club (annual memberships are \$50; three-night memberships, \$5). One extra for members is their Oz To Go service, with a sensible menu consisting mainly of dishes that travel well, like roast duckling, saddle of lamb, *bouillabaisse*, and beef Wellington. On one occasion when I ordered two fresh fish entrees—salmon and trout—each in its own very delicate sauce, everything, including the sauces, was perfectly intact when I served it two hours later.

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with the indulgence comes an anachronistic attitude toward the roles of host and guests, and by extension, toward women. Both the Pyramid and Oz have two separate menus, one with prices for the host, and one without for each guest. Time after time at both restaurants I have called to reserve a table with special instructions that I will be the host, the gentleman with me my guest, and that I would like him to have the menu without prices. On one occasion at Oz I thought they had it down, considering all the whispering from receptionist to maitre d' to captain. But, as usual, I got the menu without prices. Service, too, can be inexplicably male-oriented, as in the case of the bemused captain at Tony's who did not know who should taste the wine after I had ordered our selection or who should be given the bill after I had requested it. You would think that restaurants which make their reputations by catering to a guest's every whim could follow through on such simple and obvious requests.

Tony's has been described as the Rolls Royce of Houston restaurants for its glamour, sophistication, and expense. Compared with the strained modernity of the Pyramid and Oz, Tony's is a welcome respite for those who prefer warm, traditional decor in the best of taste. Also, compared with the prices of the others, Tony's is practically a steal. At the Pyramid, for example, quail Bacchus is \$12.50 for two birds; at Tony's, quail au Madère is \$9.50 for three. In terms of the menu, wine list, service, and surroundings, Tony's is the best in Houston.

Plush and comfortable, the place has many fine touches. At the reception desk you can feast your eyes on a sumptuous display of fine wines, flawless white mushrooms, fresh raspberries and strawberries in season, a frame of *prosciutto*, a platter of Nova Scotia salmon, and a tray of French cheeses (though the Brie I had for dessert one night was, unfortunately, over the hill). Fresh cut flowers accent all the tables, and the walls are hung with handsome and beautifully lighted abstract paintings. Other amenities are the nightly specials not on the menu, depending on what is fresh and available (one night a savory appetizer of fresh oysters and lump crab meat topped with rich Mornay); the generous use of truffles and mushrooms; a subterranean wine cellar, stocked, Tony says, with over 40,000 bottles; and the French proverbs on the menu, of which my favorite is "One does not age at the table."

Tony's is a large restaurant, three or four times the size of the Pyramid or Oz, and the menu is equally extensive, even at lunch. Whereas the Pyramid and Oz list fifteen entrees, Tony's lists thirty-four, the difference mainly in the

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	Tony's	Oz	Pyramid
Prosciutto & melon	\$2.50	\$4.00	\$4.50
Smoked salmon ¹	3.00	4.50	6.50
Roast duckling	14.50	20.00	22.00
Green salad ²		5.00	5.00
Dessert souffle	7.00	9.00	6.00
Tax	1.35	2.12	2.20
St. Emilion ³	15.00	18.00	26.00
Tip	8.00	10.00	12.00
Total	\$51.35	\$72.62 ⁴	\$84.20

* Prices are for a meal for two.

¹ Pyramid end Oz list Irish salmon; Tony's lists Nova Scotia salmon. Pyramid includes a glass of eauvrit.

² No price is listed under Tony's because salad comes with entree.

³ Pyramid and Oz list the same Chateau Magdeline 1970; Tony's lists Chateau Pavie 1970, which is of equal quality.

⁴ The \$5 three-day membership makes the final tab at Oz \$77.62.

multiplicity of veal and fish dishes. Accolades are in order for the *pâté maison* (rich with goose liver and truffles); exquisitely fresh salads, particularly the mushroom vinaigrette and the tomato *émancé*; the whitest, most tender veal I've ever eaten (a star for the *piccata* with truffles and mushrooms); and the unbelievably tall soufflés (my favorite is the chocolate—dark and rich, dusted with confectioner's sugar and served with a light *crème anglaise*). Yet criticism is equally in order for the overcooked trout, the soufflé potatoes fried in overused grease, and the poorly prepared rack of lamb.

Although the service at Tony's is attentive, the presentation of food is disappointing, for only a few dishes are set forth with real panache. One, the whole trout Veronique, is wheeled to the table in its poacher for approval before it is carved, served, and sauced. The same is true for the rack of lamb *persillée* and the Chateaubriand *bouquetière*. Otherwise the entrees are brought out of the kitchen already on the plates, under lids, the orders stacked one atop the other like servings at a hospital—not the best form for such a fine restaurant. Yet despite these lapses, an evening at Tony's is a pleasant and memorable experience, even if the overall quality of its food is surpassed by Oz and the Pyramid.

A last word about Oz. No one, especially those who have made the pilgrimage to France's best tables, can deny that Oz, with its flair and imagination, its innovative menu, its eye to seasonal specialties, and its masterful kitchen, is the most exciting restaurant in the state. ♦



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OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR BOOK

James Jones, that master of combat fiction, has written a documentary classic on the World War II foot soldier.

WWII: A Chronicle of Soldiering
by James Jones; graphic direction by
Art Weithas
Grosset & Dunlap, \$25

Publishers, like movie producers, have long known how to put together marketable packages. Since the public seems obsessed by celebrities, the idea is to turn loose a literary celebrity on a show biz personality, star athlete, or famous event, let him ramble flatulently, sprinkle the text liberally with glossy graphics, and sit back and watch the royalties roll in. The formula appears to have incalculable potential. What Norman Mailer did with Marilyn Monroe—mainly indulge in an orgy of speculation and insinuation—others have done with the Fonda family, Joe Namath, the Rolling Stones, the Mafia, and Muhammad Ali. So why not try every possible combination? Even now someone somewhere must be fantasizing that Muhammad Ali could write a poem about Ali McGraw and call it "Ali on Ali." Or vice versa.

When *WWII: A Chronicle of Soldiering* arrived, I feared it was another scissors-and-paste package, a non-book, the kind you send a distant relative for Christmas, knowing it will start off on the coffee table and end up as a doorstop. But I was dead wrong. Having read and respected James Jones' fiction, especially *From Here to Eternity* and *The Thin Red Line*, I should have recalled his gritty integrity, his commitment to recording without adornment or melodrama what he observed and experienced during the war, and, above all else, his empathy with the common foot soldier.

While any other novelist might have accepted the assignment to write the text for a book of World War II graphic art, most of them would have been tempted to sail off on hot air, offering a windy and superficial overview. But Jones zeroes in on the foxholes, cockpits, and gunnery stations where men struggled and died to carry out the grand strategy. In a sense, Jones' entire career has been notable for this attempt to give voice to the emotions and ambitions, the wrenching defeats and exhilarating victories, of millions of anonymous soldiers who couldn't speak for them-



selves. As he remarks in *WWII*, "... history is in fact written by the upper classes for the upper classes. And if that is so, then the whole history of my generation's World War II has been written, not wrongly so much, but in a way that gave precedence to the viewpoints of strategists, tacticians and theorists, but gave little more than lip service to the viewpoint of the hairy, swiftly aging, fighting lower class soldier." Jones has helped correct this imbalance.

After the widespread reaction against Viet Nam, it may surprise some people to learn that, although WW II has come to be seen as a "good war" with clear-cut issues, the young men of that era were no more eager than their counterparts in the Sixties to have their brains blown out. In fact, there was outright resentment among them, prompted in part by their realization that while they crawled through the mud, "... others were calculating ... how they might make fortunes from the upcoming social and industrial change-over from peace to war. Or wrangling jobs or commissions from their senators and representatives which would keep them out of combat and put them where the high living would be taking place."

But they went to war nevertheless, and after some early reverses in North Africa and the Pacific, American sol-

diers fought with increasing efficiency and ferocity. The mystery, as Jones points out, is what makes such men risk their lives. Pride, group pressure, and patriotism, though important motives, cannot entirely account for this willingness to accept inhuman sacrifices and the constant assaults on flesh and psyche.

And if there are any doubts about what these sacrifices and traumas were, Jones renders them in graphic detail, not to shock the faint-hearted or to satisfy the sadist, but simply to show the price that was paid day after day. "One sailor told of seeing a bomb land beside a buddy who was just starting to climb an exterior ship's ladder. When the fumes cleared, he saw the concussion had blown the buddy completely through the ladder and into neatly rectangular chunks the size of ladder openings."

While most war art is almost by definition bloodless propaganda, many of the pictures in *WWII* support Jones' uncompromising vision of carnage and horror. The graphics and the text complement each other, combining to bring the battles palpably and sometimes appallingly alive, particularly in the case of a series of paintings by Texas artist Tom Lea.

Finally, Jones is forced to speculate,

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Unlike other coffee table books, *WWII: A Chronicle of Soldiering* will still be read years from now because James Jones has told the truth and told

it well, bringing attention not only to the harsh realities of war, but also to his own stature as a writer.

A Street in Marrakech
by Elizabeth Warnock Fernea
Doubleday, \$8.95

For nearly twenty years now Elizabeth Warnock Fernea has accompanied her husband, Robert, an anthropologist at the University of Texas, on his field trips to the Moslem world. In order to assist him with his work, win acceptance in the communities where they have lived, and overcome a sense of personal isolation, Mrs. Fernea has learned Arabic, patiently endured countless

physical and psychological difficulties, and even gone into purdah when it seemed appropriate.

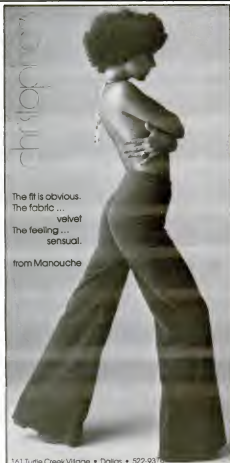
Based on these experiences, she has written three books—*Guests of the Sheikh*, a chronicle of life in a small Iraqi village, *A View of the Nile*, her record of years spent in Cairo and Nubia, and, most recently, *A Street in Marrakech*, the story of her stay in the medina of one of Morocco's imperial cities. Like all her work, the new book offers interesting and often quite valuable insights into the condition of Moslem women. Far from being passive or submissive, most of them seem to exert a powerful influence within the family and, indirectly, throughout the society. This is not to say that their lot is an easy one or that they have been "liberated" in the way Western women understand the word, but their situation, as Mrs. Fernea indicates, has to be viewed in the correct social, economic, and religious context.

And to gain this perspective, as Mrs. Fernea learned, requires patience, luck, and resourcefulness. Despite her knowledge of languages and her background in Arab affairs, she found that the Moroccan women preferred to remain distant, safely screened off by veils and walls. Conditioned by their colonial experience to distrust foreigners and trained by tradition to center their lives on the extended family, they had no inclination to strike up the kind of casual friendship which has become one of the hallmarks of American rootlessness.

The Ferneas, like other foreigners, were left to fend for themselves, and much of *A Street in Marrakech* concerns their efforts to cope with indifference and occasional hostility, while at the same time trying to stay open and receptive to the people. They adapted to the strange place and even stranger food, accepted the discomforts of an unheated house, finally managed to enroll their children in a French school, and gradually learned to contend with the crowds which jostled and taunted them in the streets.

Then almost as soon as they succeeded in becoming as tough and independent as the Moroccans, they began to find friends and receive invitations to dinners, weddings, and religious festivals. The gates never did open altogether for the American family—they knew better than to expect that—but Mrs. Fernea made the best of her opportunities and passes on to the reader a wealth of information about the country, the people, and their customs.

Considering the difficulties she encountered, one hates to carp, but at times the structure and technique of *A Street in Marrakech* undercut Mrs. Fernea's hard-won material. Though the book is basically a hybrid, a cross between ethnography and travel literature,



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she attempts to tell her story in a more or less novelistic fashion, using scenes, characters, and long stretches of dialogue to make her points. This might have been effective had the author demonstrated a firmer grasp of fictional devices, but her talent appears to be for conventional exposition; when she turns her back on it, the result can be unfortunate. Because Mrs. Fernea's ear isn't as skillful as her eye, the dialogue in particular sounds stilted and contrived:

"Oh, that's beautiful, Bob!" breathed Alta. "What is it?"

"The Koutoubia, oldest and most famous of all the buildings in the city."

"How old?" asked David.

"Built when the city was built, in the twelfth century."

"Eight hundred years! Wow!" exclaimed Laila.

Dramatic scenes present more problems, for Mrs. Fernea lacks a novelist's sense of selectivity. While the action tends to sprawl and repeat itself, crucial ideas and events lose their impact.

Far better are those occasions when Mrs. Fernea conveys her observations directly and succinctly. "Aisha had told me that the bride would go in procession to her groom about midnight, when the marriage would be consummated in the groom's house. A loud drumming and ululation erupted onto Rue Trésor as the last guests spilled out of Hassan's house, and I caught glimpses of the procession from my window. At four-thirty another smaller procession passed back; the news was being conveyed to the bride's parents that all was well, Rabia was a virgin. At breakfast time a third procession brought the bride's blood-stained bloomers back to be washed ceremonially by the bride's mother. No one undressed for the consummation of the marriage; it was considered indecorous, to make love while nude."

It is in passages like this—and fortunately they are frequent in *A Street in Marrakech*—that one catches Elizabeth Fernea at her best. Unlike the still-born novelistic sections, the accuracy and simplicity of her insights can bring the entire city and its people alive.

Recommended Reading:

Fiction and Poetry by Texas Women: New and Experimental Literature, both edited by James White. Two new books from the Texas Center for Writers Press, Midland, Texas. Price of each, cloth \$9.95, paper \$5.95.

Collected Stories of William Goyen, by William Goyen. Doubleday, \$7.95.

Nicholson at Large, by Ward Just. An uneven but often interesting novel about Washington, D.C., by a noted journalist. Atlantic/Little, Brown, \$8.95. ♦



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KEEPING UP WITH JONES

With the *Bradleyville Trilogy*, Dallas actor Preston Jones has taken his place as a major American playwright.

The news is out: Texas has a playwright. Preston Jones' *Bradleyville Trilogy*, first produced last year at the Dallas Theater Center, where Jones is a resident company member, is scheduled for Broadway in the spring after a trial run at Washington's Kennedy Center. One play of the *Trilogy*, *The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolias*, is also this year's offering of the American Playwrights Theatre, which assures its production by repertory and college theaters all over the country; even the Theater Center's rival for Texas theatrical leadership, Houston's Alley Theatre, plans to mount the work this season. Negotiations for publication and movie rights are in progress. And as if all that weren't enough to show that Jones' reputation is to be reckoned with, a new play, *A Place on the Magdalena Flats*, will have its world premiere at the Theater Center in January.

Though Texas has had its share of novelists, Jones seems to be the first playwright to build a national reputation from here. Indeed, in past years this would hardly have been possible. Until very recently theatrical reputations in this country were made in one place: Broadway, New York, New York. Even now it takes an extraordinary circumstance, like being picked up by the American Playwrights Theatre for a play to achieve wide production without a New York success. There can be no denying that how the Big Apple receives the *Trilogy* will still be important for Jones. But that he has begun to build a national reputation on a Dallas base is nonetheless remarkable; that he plans a future firmly planted there is news as happy as it is unprecedented.

Jones' roots in the Dallas Theater Center run deep, since he has been one of its most useful actors for almost fourteen years. He met his wife Mary Sue on stage there. Since she is the Theater Center's assistant director as well as an accomplished actress and designer, the couple's ties to the institution and to Dallas are doubly strong. Though his new obligations to his writing career prevent him from acting as much as before (his Rockefeller Fellowship frees him to work on new plays), Jones found time to star with his wife in this season's Theater Center opener, Eduardo de



Dallas' versatile actor-playwright, Preston Jones (left), on stage with Nick Dalley.

Filippo's *Saturday, Sunday, Monday*.

Jones is a fine actor, with a relaxation that takes over the stage as though he owned it; he always gets the roles Henry Fonda would do in the movies. But, as good as stage experience is for a playwright (one wishes that more of them had it), it is not often that an actor pushing 40 becomes an important writer. Credit for the nourishing atmosphere that made this flowering possible must go to Theater Center Managing Director Paul Baker's policy of fostering many kinds of creativity in the members of the company. Four of this year's seven major Theater Center productions, for instance, are original plays by company members; more original scripts will be produced on the smaller Down Center Stage. Except for Washington's Arena Stage, no American regional theater can compete with the Theater Center in the number and quality of original plays done, and it is thus fitting that Dallas should be the first to discover an important playwright.

Jones says that writing had always been in the back of his mind (his master's thesis from Trinity University was a play he now disowns), but he admits that he probably would never have done the *Trilogy* if he had not been at the Theater Center. He has other resources to draw on besides his theatrical experience—his boyhood and youth are important to the creation of his plays—but the intimate knowledge

of how a play works and how a theater works are unparalleled assets. Jones' ability to carry on his other duties around the theater while writing his plays shows how accustomed he is to the whole business; he says that much of *The Oldest Living Graduate*, the third play of the *Trilogy*, was written while he manned the box office.

There's a kind of tension between Jones' offstage role as the good ol' boy from the Southwest and this sophisticated big-city actor and writer who plays him. I suspect Jones likes to build up the side of himself that resembles the West Texas characters in his plays when he's faced with out-of-staters who can't quite believe somebody so far from New York can read and write, let alone think up plays. He claims, though, that it was only an accident that a publicity photo much used in the first days of his success as a writer showed him in a big Stetson hat; he was just in costume for the character he played in the Theater Center production of *Knights of the White Magnolias*.

Contrast the picture of the man in a Stetson and dressed in denim with the reality of a writer with the best agent in the country (Audrey Wood) who has arranged for one of the most important producers (Robert Whitehead) to have one of the most important directors (Alan Schneider) introduce the writer's work to Broadway. The politics behind such an arrangement are formidable.

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Jones leaves them to his agent, says that that's what he pays her for. Similarly he is staying out of the way of preparations for the New York production. He's available for rewrites if they need him, is in fact always tinkering with the scripts, wouldn't miss the New York premiere for the world. But meanwhile he's got important things to do, like writing plays.

The new one, *Magdalena Flats*, is set on a ranch in New Mexico, not in Munford County, Texas, which Jones imagined as the location of Bradleyville and which would not be far from Big Spring if it were real. Jones' branching out into new territory is a bit of a disappointment for *Trilogy* fans who thought he had staked out a permanent, exclusive spot something like Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha. Far from springing from a conscious plan to establish a little world for the rest of his work, though, *The Bradleyville Trilogy* just grew. First there was one play, then another, and then Jones asked himself, "Why not a third?"

This seemingly casual independence of the plays' origins in spite of a common setting and shared characters is all the more remarkable in view of the success of the experiment—putting all three together in a single evening—that the Theater Center tried in the end of the *Trilogy's* December 1974 run. *Knights of the White Magnolia*, a com-

pact comedy in which the last chapter of a KKK-like social fraternity breaks up because of changing times, was played in one long unit in between acts of the *Oldest Living Graduate*, which presents the last days of Colonel J. C. Kincaid, the salty and cantankerous comic hero of *Knights*. *The Oldest Living Graduate* was in turn sandwiched into *Lu Ann Hampton Laverly Oberlander*, which traces the life and loves of the title character from 1953 to 1973. By the time twenty years of the history of Bradleyville's inhabitants had gone by, the *Trilogy* had taken on a density and depth only hinted at in the plays viewed separately. The nearly seven hours of the whole *Trilogy* vividly bring to life Jones' theme, his meditation on the effects of time on a place and its people, on the rural West Texas life that progress has left behind.

Jones says that there is no chance of such evenings in New York, except perhaps as an opening-night gala. Union wages and the perils of midtown Manhattan will prevent Broadway from seeing the *Trilogy* all at a sitting, and instead the individual plays will be rotated as they were for most of their Dallas run. It is folly to predict New York's reaction to any play, especially these so far removed from its own provincial preoccupations. But it is fun to speculate what might happen if the plays receive the acclaim they deserve.

Jones plans to continue using the Theater Center as his workshop. In his contracts he reserves the Center's right to produce any of his plays first. Picture a future in which the first productions of new plays by an important American playwright are not opened in New York, not tried out in New Haven, but are to be seen as a matter of course in Dallas. Imagine a playwright whose reputation cuts him off neither from the part of the world he knows best nor from continued practical involvement in the theater. These are pleasant visions, and Jones has already served notice on the world that it is not going to trap him into patterns that might keep him from fulfilling them. He's keeping his ties to the past and to his theater, and he's not about to get into any ruts, either. He has even let it be known he is not necessarily tied to the rural environment he has evoked so well in his first three plays. One new one he's got in mind is a comedy set right in Dallas itself.

Meanwhile Preston Jones has begun by giving us qualities we couldn't find before in American drama. It's not just the way the plays come to be and their place of origin that are different, but the plays themselves. Most American playwrights have used Strindberg for a model, or Ibsen: American plays have tended to be self-consciously experimental in form when they haven't been tightly didactic, thesis-ridden, or involuntarily neurotic. Following more in the tradition of Chekhov, *The Bradleyville Trilogy* achieves a lyrical realism, stretched out along a lazy span of time and leavened with comedy. Like its author, it achieves the rare feat of looking relaxed on stage. A realistic setting, old-fashioned characters viewed in the round and shaped with love: these would seem the most traditional elements of American theater. But who, if you think of it, has given them to us before? In our novels, yes, we have plenty instances of fully achieved realism. But our theater has always been too busy with other things, like keeping up with the latest European fads and fashions, to give us these basic pleasures. There has never really been a great American realist playwright. Not even a competent one, in the manner of our regional novelists, has entered the general repertory.

The Bradleyville Trilogy just might begin to fill this great vacuum. Jones' battle of New York begins with one particularly good omen. There are less than a half dozen playwrights in the history of our theater who can claim, at the end of a career, three plays of substance that work on the stage. Preston Jones, at the beginning of his, already has the three. With luck, and with perseverance in his resolve to stay home working, he may have many more to his credit. ♦

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BETTER WED THAN DEAD

Some modest applause for a beleaguered institution.

Although I regularly write our college-aged daughter to take her time and not to think she must get married, she and our other children are not disillusioned about marriage. Like their friends, they believe in the institution if not in the way their parents practice it. They plan to carry the load of matrimony with a grace and style they find lacking in us; they do not question that what they plan to carry might better be dumped along the way.

This daughter and her male friend are quite dismayed by a couple we know who are long-time colleagues and lovers but who maintain separate apartments. "But why don't they get married? You don't have the same commitment." My teenaged son looks disapprovingly at stories in the papers about swinging couples: "I believe in monogamy," he says. "That's the only way to really get close to each other."

In my own family we are traditionally believers in marriage. I was married on the same date in June as my grandmother and my mother, the third generation to share this common anniversary. Year after year we all calculate how long each of us has been together. When my parents cut the golden cake for their fiftieth year, my husband and I will wield the silver knife for our twenty-fifth.

In the books I have written the heroes believe in marriage, too—all of them have participated in at least one. But, like their real-life counterparts, most fictional husbands and wives try to juggle their prescribed roles, hoping that the load will get easier when, for example, he gets that business partnership or she gets all her little ones in school. Most of them do not question that marriage is constituted by their house, their possessions, and their rising goals for themselves and their children.

Each of the women in my fictional marriages, like females in our era, went from her father's name and home to her husband's, just as each of the men went from being the achiever his parents required of him to being the professional man the community expected. Both came to a legal union of two persons without knowing who they were as individuals. Both have taken on the roles which they were taught meant marriage.

Shelby Hearon's most recent novel is Hannah's House.



This role taking was brought home to me by my daughter when I rented an office space. She observed the oasis I had created for myself: monochromatic, full of texture but no Art, rows of books on boards and cement blocks, a mason jar of shells.

"You are not like I thought at all. This looks like a science lab. The things in the house I thought were you—who are they for?"

And I couldn't really say who they were for, the paintings and rug and bright guest towels and soaps and house plants. My husband? But did I have any idea what sort of room he would create if he lived alone? Not really. It seemed likely that the house we lived in looked as it did because of our somewhat haphazard attempt to copy what we thought home ought to look like. We have a china pattern that my roommate suggested, some sterling like my mother's, a refinished chest from our army days when all the wives were into Early American, the favorite shade of blue of an artist friend.

By contrast, I studied the rooms of my children—hers looking like a cross between a Mexican market and an art gallery, and his, between a reference library and a computer center—and tried to imagine what sort of house might evolve from two such distinct

persons living together.

I thought if I were starting over now, I would take only those things which are clearly me: a black-and-white picture called *Jr. Cross* and the *Cadillac*, an ink drawing of an anteater, a stack of books underlined and with the pages bent, each of which has been at one time or another all things to me, a typewriter, the mason jar of shells. Then, if I moved in with a man (like my husband perhaps) who brought with him a Design Research bed, a Charles Russell cowboy, maps of the Lewis and Clark expedition, a framed picture of him and his first girl at a Stan Kenton dance, and a basset hound, there would be some matter of logistics. We would have to decide where to put the jar of shells and the sock-bop photo. If I added a Navajo rug for his basset to sleep on and he added a Marcel Breuer chair for me to sit in, then, at best, we might achieve a new statement of ourselves in our new surroundings. But, if not, we would at least be certain that we were each visible.

This problem of not knowing who we are is primary among married people of my generation. Several times when I have spoken to a small group, such as a book club, I have gone around the room and asked each woman to tell us who she is without mentioning her husband

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or children, and to tell where she wants to be in ten years without mentioning either. Some awful silences have resulted. With a similar group of men, I could ask each to tell me who he is and where he wants to be in ten years without mentioning his profession, and there would be the same loss for words. Few men know who they are apart from their wage-earning jobs, just as few women do apart from their care-taking functions.

I would hope that our children would orient their personality while they are still single. On my son's college application he was careful to distinguish job from identity in the blanks asking for educational goals. Rather than confusing the two, he put down those things he might want to do as a means to achieve or finance those things that he wanted to be.

The one time that members of our family do come together as separate people is for the month of June in Aspen. For that space of time I am not wife and mother. We are peers for that brief span because no one goes to an office or to a school or stays home. No one says, "I don't have a clean shirt," as *Whale-of-a-Wash* is the same six blocks from all of us, or "What's for supper?" as those who want to eat are glad enough to shop the market and carry the sacks.

But it is not only that the condominium requires little care and we all share it or that we all provide what we can do best (the teenagers carry heavier backpacks than we do; we buy more of the groceries), it is also and mainly that each person's time is her own or his own. We are, for that month, all being what we want to be. In Aspen I can write from six in the morning to six at night or midnight if I like, with no more interruption than a knock on the door to ask, "Are you hiking out tomorrow?" or "Do you want to come up and have a beer with us?"

This way of living creates a terrific reentry problem when we come home. At the outskirts of town I become a wife and mother in the eyes of the community and the family, and, once in the house again, we parents become authority figures and the high school and college adults slip again into the status of dependents: roles none of us particularly like but none of us seem able to avoid.

Except in Colorado, I have been unable to order my life by my own priorities, not the culture's. However, when my husband and I have begun preparing ourselves for when the children are gone, our pattern of living seems to be a direct extension of our student days. Much as we used to study at adjoining tables in the university libraries, taking time out before going home for "a kiss and a Coke," as the phrase was, now we

work at desks upstairs some evenings in adjoining rooms until it is time for a drink and bed.

Although a step for us, this experimenting is probably wasted on the children. They will doubtless remember the hazy view of marriage they got when they were young, in the days when I still had a washing machine at home and their father oiled the lawn mower and there were art, ballet, music, and tennis lessons, carpools, and committees.

My worry is that, when their time comes, they will not protest that past view, that they will assume society's expectations and carry its load just as we did. Only in their case there will be additional burdens to those imposed on us: not only will they have to share an active social and sexual and cultural and communal life, and rear and educate and motivate their children, and furnish and fill and maintain their homes, but, the women will also be expected to perform in the job marketplace, as their mothers were not, and the men to put in many hours of parenting, which their fathers did not.

My worry is that all of this on the shoulders of those soon to be going into marriage will provide them with answers no better than ours to the ultimate question: *Given its limitations, why marriage?*

My personal answer is that the strength of marriage is in the relation-

ship it provides. I mean by this the sense of continuing commitment to one person with whom you have wrestled through those stages of both your lives in which you have at least attempted to find your adult identities, find your life's work, and achieve that intimacy which reveals all of you and accepts all of the other person. The strength of such a relationship is that you do not have to present a disguised front: you are known, you can relax into your imperfections, you do not have to invent yourself again each day as you do with strangers. This means, on the other hand, that you are not *allowed* to invent yourself again each day, for you must live with the past errors and past promises of such a long-term union.

The word relationship also means for me the whole network of kinship which surrounds a marriage: the birthdays you remember, the wrinkled cheeks you kiss, the ill tempers you make allowances for, in those who become, after a time, a part of your life.

To cut out these others is to cut out a large part of yourself. How can you both not be kin to the three-year-old nephew who looks up from his cereal to welcome you in the trust that you will always be returning? How can I not be related always to the ancient great-aunt, now in a rest home, who waits for the sound of my voice bearing the news which cheers her day? ♦



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SMALLER THAN LIFE

Sidney Lumet again takes a true story and shrinks it for the screen. Joseph Losey raises the hackneyed to the sublime.

To understand why I can't stuff *Dog Day Afternoon* into your Christmas stocking, you have to understand how I feel about Sidney Lumet, the film's director. Now Lumet is a small director and there are those who love him, but I am, as you may be guessing, not among them. Mostly because I don't see Lumet as a director these days. To me, he's a metaphor for a phenomenon in Hollywood which I call the theory of Upward Failure.

Upward Failure describes the ability, not unique to Hollywood at all, which enables schemers of marginal talent to fail at larger and larger projects while others are denied the opportunity to succeed (or fail) at all. Lumet is the king of these characters in Hollywood; just drop Upward Failure into a conversation and notice how his name pops up first on almost everyone's list each and every time. This is not merely because Lumet has managed to botch most things he has touched in recent years and still come up certifiably employable; Lumet, you must understand, brings a lifetime of preparation to his role.

He began acting on Broadway as a mere tyke. As a director, he gave us just enough post-adolescent brilliance—notably *Twelve Angry Men* and *The Pawnbroker*—so that we must always think of him as a junior Orson Welles, gemlike but unpredictable, a talent equally capable of the most eye-boggling punt return and the most sophomoric fumble. Add social connections that just don't stop—Lumet is married to Lena Horne's daughter and is a leading light on the Elaine's-Easthampton show-hiz axis—and you begin to get the idea. To his credit, Lumet can bring almost any movie in on a shoestring budget, right on time and with all due respect accorded to his stars. This pleases the money men, who are happy to roll the dice with Sidney just one more time. This pleases the studio executives, who already spend too much time as it is worrying if Director X can really handle Big Star Y for six crucial weeks of shooting.

In recent years, Lumet has mauled three pictures in a row. He cared so little about *Levin' Molly*—from Larry McMurtry's glorious Texas novel, *Leaving Cheyenne*—that he cast Tony Perkins as a small-town boy and had



John Cazale (left) and Al Pacino are convincing as a pair of would-be criminals who botch their bank robbery. But can their considerable talents save *Dog*?

him stomp around the plains in black lace shoes more suitable for Philadelphia (see *Leavin' McMurry*, TM, March 1974). *Serpico* made a fortune and would seem to be a great Lumet triumph, but the quickest way to rid yourself of that illusion is to dip into the savage Peter Maas book which inspired the movie and see who and what suffered. Most flagrant among the commercialized victims was David Durk (played by Tony Roberts), *Serpico*'s real-life lieutenant, a complex character who was *Serpico*'s ally, not the fictive toady Lumet portrayed. Far from being an intricate tapestry of corruption and complicity, *Serpico* was rendered as mass entertainment, then packaged as The

Truth. In other hands, the material that Lumet made into a commercial vehicle might have become much, much more. As a reward, though, Lumet was handed *Murder on the Orient Express*, with twelve international stars and the advantage of Agatha Christie's pre-sold audience. Lumet's claustrophobic direction gave us, instead, a dozen undistinguished performances powering a very creaky vehicle.

And now Lumet has been reunited with his most successful star, *Serpico*'s Al Pacino, and his most successful producer, Pacino's manager, Marty Bregman. Forcing another front-page story into Lumet's quasi-artistic documentary mold should, by all calculations,



Sidney Lumet: incredible shrinking man

yield at least another *Serpico*. Thanks to Upward Failure, it doesn't.

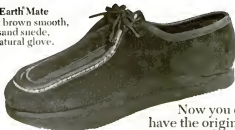
The genesis of *Dog Day Afternoon* is an extraordinary *Life* magazine article by Thomas Moore and P. F. Kluge from distant 1972, a microscopic examination of a most unusual Brooklyn bank robbery. For within minutes, John Woltowicz, alias Littlejohn Basso, had botched the job. And while thousands of onlookers, reporters, and police gathered outside, this gay activist and married heterosexual father of two held bank employees hostage while he gave phone interviews and negotiated with the mayor's office. To the general delight of his newly acquired media audience, he announced that the motive for the robbery was enough money to buy a sex change operation for his gay wife, Ernie, whom he'd married in a special ceremony.

This is the stuff of great stories—and movies. Take the pathos of Littlejohn's personality. Add: his wife, an overweight nagger, begging him to give up; Ernie's appearance on the scene in a hospital gown, direct from his/her most recent suicide attempt. And hostages. And a half-assed plan to get a jet ready to take the whole gang, hostages and bandits alike, to Algeria.

Unfortunately for screenwriter Frank Pierson and director Lumet, you can't sustain a movie on the facts of a case, no matter how compelling. Then, caricaturing the principals works against the audience's desire to identify with someone. *Dog Day Afternoon* combines the literal and the lampoon in one classic Lumet environment: the claustrophobia

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of a bank. In one of the most awkward screenplays in recent memory, Lumet and Pierson lay out the story like so much salami, relying on Pacino's expressiveness to accomplish what motivation and characterization usually supply.

Dozens of questions spring to mind—and might be answered by another structuring of the story. Why does Littlejohn, a happy family man, turn gay activist? Why the pathological fantasies about bank robbery? Why do the hostages side with their potential killer rather than with the police? Only Pacino's brilliance and fine back-up performances by Charles Durning and John Cazale (remember Fredo in *The Godfather*?) keep us from being overwhelmed by the one-note treatment these questions get from Lumet.

To compound the insult, screenwriter Pierson has commented that what we see on the big screen is "due to a hell of a lot of imagination. My imagination. My research and interviews with almost everyone involved." Well, not quite. With Pierson, as with Lumet, one does well to return to the source. In this case, a visit to the bound volumes of *Life* will tell you as much about a curious and tragic bank robber as Sidney Lumet and his screenwriter have served up this season.

Not without trepidation, I trundled up the coast to sample some of the 26

mostly foreign films at the San Francisco Film Festival. These events are usually more absurd than Hollywood premieres; the pomposity that Hollywood reserves for itself pales beside the *haute politesse* of the film festival audience. Not so, refreshingly, in San Francisco, where crisp apples are sold along with California wines, the patrons aren't snobs but fans, and the overall effect is a pleasant wallow in international culture-mania.

Best of the fest is Joseph Losey's *The Romantic Englishwoman*. For Losey can do more with an English car, some foggy countryside, and a pair of headlights than Lumet can accomplish with an army of Pacinos. Team Losey with Harold Pinter and get style, wit, subtlety, and just about anything else a film buff could ask for—as *The Go-Between*, *Accident*, and *The Servant* should prove beyond all dispute. Team Losey with the marvelously eccentric playwright Tom Stoppard—author of *Jumpers* and *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*—and you get, as we see from *The Romantic Englishwoman*, a sardonic, literate comedy which elevates the story of the frustrated housewife to the near-sublime.

This is a director with vision. Losey has taken the edge off Glenda Jackson and rendered her actually sensual (skeptics should see the movie just for this remarkable achievement). He's

married her to a Michael Caine who bears no resemblance to that ill-used star of English spy pictures; here Caine, a novelist and screenwriter (of all things) is successful, pompous, manipulative. Losey makes his actors stretch until what has been revealed in these performances is the tender side of Jackson and the conflicted interior of Caine. And he has added Helmut Berger, more epicene and offensive than ever before, this time playing a sadistic gigolo.

Okay, it looks like high-class tripe. And even in Texas, who needs to hear how boring wealth can be, how dreary it is with only the gazebo and the Rolls to comfort you. And Glenda Jackson, even after yoga, would still have cheekbones you could open letters with. How can Stoppard and Losey overcome the disadvantages that are built into this project? For answers, try: great writing, directorial verve, and the puzzle that traps any audience when the people on the screen are believable.

So it works for Glenda to leave her husband, son, and manor for a vacation in Baden-Baden and instead of a rest discover Helmut Berger. And when Berger pursues her on a visit to England through the stock device of admiring her husband's writing, that works, too. Losey doesn't avoid clichés: naturally Caine is suffering writer's block on a screenplay about a love triangle, and inevitably he decides to play human chess with Berger and Jackson.

In the resolution of that ironic and multileveled story—and no, I won't save you the trouble of finding a theater where *The Romantic Englishwoman* is playing by spilling that information—there's more than the satisfaction of watching a plot of gentle complexity being worked out. Losey's eye and ear are infallible. He catches the fog at night, the sound of carriages in Austrian woods, the detail of a maitre d' flubbing a last name once but never twice. There's so much richness here! "Women," Glenda Jackson says in a glum moment, "are an occupied country." However you feel about that question, let yourself be occupied by *The Romantic Englishwoman*, a consummate moviegoer's movie.

She rolls over the craggy deserted island, a bloody victim of political and sexual subjugation, her aristocratic blonde looks bloodied by the frenzied macho man who is her sole companion. Not a sand crab stirs. The Mediterranean sun is relentless. There is no hope of rescue. "Kiss my hand before you dare to talk to me," the Sicilian lunatic tells her—just before he cracks the blonde again across the chops.

But no one complains, not the blonde or the beast, in Lina Wertmüller's *Swept Away* by an Unusual

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Destiny in the Blue Sea of August. The stars—Mariangela Melato and Giancarlo Giannini—are familiar to those who have seen Wertmüller's previous *Love and Anarchy* and *Seduction of Mimi*. Here we find them again in another one-joke, two-character farce, but, sadly, this time the joke falls flat, despite Wertmüller's impeccable sense of comic timing, nonstop directorial bravura, and marvelous performances. Worse: *Swept Away*'s failure is especially bothersome because the director is a woman.

Don't scream. I'm not going to dance a feminist jig. But consider: when a woman directs a movie in which a patrician bitch militant is slapped around by a Sicilian communist peasant, pundits rush for their dictionaries to come up with new and better superlatives than "hilarious," "witty," "the ultimate sexual parody"; yet if a man had served up this sexist mess—the mind boggles at how the crowd at Mr. would react. I say, humbug to Wertmüller. I realize that if the audience reaction at the San Francisco Film Festival is any indication, mine could be the minority opinion. Still, sexist stereotypes work both ways, and comedy, to be effective, should rise above a director's gender. *Swept Away* doesn't. If Richard Brooks or Sam Peckinpah had their names on these hundred minutes, their effigies would even now be cracking.

But Brooks and Peckinpah haven't

and Wertmüller has. Do we sit back, laugh, and regress as if we were watching the latest installment of *Marriage, Italian Style*? Or has the old Freudian chestnut, "there are no jokes," become all too depressingly true?

I wish I knew the answer. I laughed with the rest when the bitch got it in the face, but I winced too. Still, if I sound ponderous, let me quickly say there are genuine humorous moments aplenty in *Swept Away*. The sound of Melato's voice, a veritable human callopie, brings a smile every time. The dialogue between the two stars flows with more brio and wit than three Italian volcanoes, heating up a tale which is *Robinson Crusoe* added to *Lord of the Flies* with a generous dollop of D. H. Lawrence stirred in. Always, Wertmüller's aesthetics operate in high gear. With Melato's arched eyebrow or Giannini's luminous beach-ball eyes, she can almost make me forget the reservations I have about *Swept Away*, can almost make us forget that this is no more than the oldest male-female fantasy in Western literature and film. "Every woman adores a fascist, a kick in the face, a brute," Sylvia Plath wrote. Lina Wertmüller doesn't disagree.

Hold a Colt .45 to my throat and ask me to name my favorite European director and odds are I'll confess it's Louis Malle. How can you top the gloriously

romantic *Murmur of the Heart*, or the bleak *Phantom India*, or the poignant *Lacombe, Lucien*? Whatever he does, Malle always breaks new ground, fearless in his inconsistency, bound by no blind impulse toward commerciality. So when Malle took the stage at the San Francisco Festival and introduced *Black Moon* with, "This is not a film you'll feel very much at ease with if you try to understand it; if you do, it'll be exhausting," I, for one, drew in a breath. Wow! Suddenly I understood how Parisians must have felt 40 years ago hearing Jean Vigo before the premiere of *L'Atalante*. Could it be that Louis Malle would take us cynical post-avant-gardists on uncharted waters of the good sea camera obscura? If anyone could chart that course, it would be Malle, the diminutive Frenchman with the cinematic imagination the size of a galaxy.

Sadly, those waters still await a navigator. For what we find in *Black Moon* is a Malle-apropism, a picaresque sashay down symbolist lane. Eloise at Orwell's *Animal Farm*, if you will. Cathryn Harrison, Rex's granddaughter and Malle's focus, skitters quite nicely across a nether-nether landscape in the not-so-distant future where men and women routinely massacre one another. Not that this is a simple Wertmüllerian parable. Malle has also dotted the film with flowers and unicorns, mad old women popping up randomly, snakes that slide out of bureau drawers, clocks that fly from windows, talking rats, and a regular surrealist litany of effects. Our Eloise meets a mute gardener—Joe Dallesandro of Warhol fame—who warbles Verdi while roosters peck at corpses. Graves appear by legerdmain. Naked children run after a half-crazed sow.

I wish I could find *Black Moon* inventive or new, or even elusive or confusing. But any minimal contact with early Buñuel or the later Cocteau will render this film accessible. What Malle brings to what is, in our time, a fable for very sophisticated children, is enormous control of the medium; he has engaged Bergman's cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, to recreate the lush and special countryside near the home where he lives between films. His casting is equally choice: Cathryn Harrison is fresh-faced and effective in a role that skirts disaster, and the late Thérèse Giehse (the grandmother of *Lacombe, Lucien*) gives, in her last role, an overwhelmingly frightening performance as the mysterious witch who seems to be at the center of the film's madness.

Malle said in San Francisco, "Everybody says this film is different from anything I've ever done before . . . but they say that about everything I do. It's a *feim*, that's all." D'accord. I say, bring on the next one, Monsieur Malle. ♦

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LEAPS AND BONDS

Defying inflation and conventional economic wisdom, bonds are making a strong comeback.

What do the savings and loans and the stock market have in common right now? Both are worried about "disintermediation"—the flight of invested funds from one investment to another, in search of higher yields.

Last September, when the government announced that it would offer two-year, \$10,000 notes yielding some 8.44 per cent interest, the president of a Texas savings and loan slapped his forehead and said, "Wow, that's going to hurt." He was well aware that more than one depositor with \$10,000 in his passbook account would be withdrawing that money to put it into those government notes, or invest it somewhere else where it would earn more than the 5.25 per cent passbooks were paying.

Stockbrokers were equally anxious that their customers not get wind of the attractive yields on government notes. The way investors have been buffeted by the market in recent years, many were willing to sell a few shares, eat their losses, and take advantage of the bonds' high yields. During September, the *Wall Street Journal* pointed out that the market was probably suffering from the high yields available not only in government securities, but also in high-rated corporate bonds (9.3 per cent) and good municipals (7 per cent).

If stock buyers do opt for the more tranquil waters of the bond market, they will be doing the same thing their institutional counterparts have been doing recently. Figures from the Federal Reserve indicate, for instance, that private pension funds preferred fixed-income investments by a two-to-one ratio over equities during the second quarter of this year. As recently as 1972, these same funds were selling their bond holdings in order to buy more stocks.

Insurance companies have also been buying bonds at the expense of stocks, but the most surprising figures released by the Federal Reserve were those pertaining to "households." This category is composed of personal trusts, non-profit organizations, and individual investors, and it was a net seller of \$9.2 billion worth of stocks during the first quarter of this year. In that quarter, the group was a net buyer of \$16.8 billion worth of bonds.

Why are bonds more popular than



ever before? For the same reason they became unpopular several years ago: inflation.

Back in the mid-Sixties, the institutional gunslingers who gained control over more and more money in pension funds and mutual funds turned from bonds to stock as a way to beat inflation, which was then a modest 2.5 to 3.5 per cent each year. Their reasoning was simple: if you put your money in bonds yielding 5 per cent, paid half of the interest in taxes, and lost the other half to inflation, you were not going to make money in bonds.

Companies that were funding pension plans for their employees were also drawn to stocks. If—as seemed possible in those heady days—the compound growth rate of their stocks could be lifted to 10 or 15 per cent, the pension plans would be virtually self-supporting or would require only small contributions from the company. When the market turned around, some of these companies were left in perilous positions. At the end of 1974, for instance, Chrysler had unfunded vested liability—the amount needed to pay benefits to employees for the time they had already served—of \$1.2 billion. This figure represents more than 45 per cent of Chrysler's common stock equity.

Many companies learned their lesson and have decided to give up the blue-sky

possibility of equities in favor of the nearly sure thing of bonds. "Inflation has been a hell of a hedge against the stock market," one pension fund manager remarked. A steady nine per cent yield in high-quality corporate bonds doesn't seem too bad, when investors see the Dow Jones Industrial Average selling at a lower level than it did ten years ago. (This shift to bonds not only spells trouble for the stock market, but also portends difficulty in selling new equity offerings at a time when both government and business are emphasizing the need for more capital formation.)

As more and more professionally managed investments have turned to bonds, the money managers have demanded that inflation become a factor in fixing bond yields. Investors began to dictate the terms of bond issues. Back in 1970, when American Telephone and Telegraph issued bonds yielding 8.75 per cent, bonds began reflecting inflation. Since then long-term bond yields have bounced between 8 and 10 per cent, far higher than their historic levels.

Individual investors who might be considering moving some money from savings accounts into bonds should consider a few basic facts before taking the plunge. The first choice, between investing in a tax-free municipal bond or a taxable corporate bond, is a fairly straightforward one. An investor need only figure out which investment will leave him the most dollars after he pays his taxes. If he knows his tax bracket, the calculation is easy to make. (For example, if an investor is in the 30 per cent tax bracket, a taxable bond paying 10 per cent will leave him with as much money as a tax-free bond paying 7 per cent.)

One big plus for bonds over savings accounts is that most bonds trade with accrued interest. Even though interest is formally paid only twice each year, the owner earns the interest for each day he owns the bond. This feature contrasts favorably with many savings vehicles, where the saver loses all or part of his interest if he withdraws his money early.

Even though bonds are generally less risky than stocks, investors must carefully consider the safety of the investment—the ability of the issuer to make the interest and principal payments. A

Illustrated by Mike Durbin

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bond is, in effect, a covenant: the issuer promises to repay the money at a specific date in the future and to pay a certain amount of interest every year. The relationship between a bondholder and a bond issuer is that of creditor and borrower.

The rating services—Moody's and Standard and Poor's—provide guidelines for investors with their rankings of ability to pay, which are, from best to worst, AAA, AA, A, Baa, Ba, B, and C. There are slight differences between the two services in the lettering they use, but in general individual investors should consider anything ranked below A by either service a speculative investment. Unfortunately, the ratings often change only after the damage has been done—as was the case with New York City's bonds—and may be too slow to guide the investor. Common sense can help: a company which produces a stable, basic product like breakfast cereal, for example, is likely to be safer than one whose product is subject to cyclical swings, such as mobile homes.

Before an investor wets his feet in the bond market, he must also consider the marketability and liquidity of his investment. Bonds are money-market instruments; their price is a function of the prevailing interest rate. If interest rates go up, the market price of a bond comes down. When interest rates fall, the price of a bond goes up. In these ups and downs bonds resemble stocks; but unlike stocks, where there are market makers to insure a liquid market, an investor who wants to sell his bonds must often hunt for a buyer before the deal can be consummated. The market for bonds is often so thin that a new phrase—no fair market—has entered the bond broker's lexicon. It means that there are no reasonable bids for a bond except at truly distressed prices. The seller is advised to pass.

Before a small investor withdraws savings account money in order to buy bonds, he must count the cost of what he is getting and what he is giving up. Five thousand dollars may bring only six per cent in a one-year certificate of deposit, but it is ultimately liquid, and its safety is insured. Swapping that amount for a corporate bond with long maturity, even one that yields nine per cent, exposes the investor to a lack of liquidity, a market risk, and, if worse came to worst, the loss of his investment if the company went under. This is a lot to hazard in return for the extra \$150 the investor would make on the bond each year (not including the commissions he must pay).

But for the investor who is determined to make the switch, one factor is clearly in his favor. With yields on bonds so close to their all-time highs, the price is definitely right. ♦

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A BAD DAY FOR DOLPHINS

by Stephen Harrigan

This is Bubbles. She's going to entertain the school children of Texas — whether she wants to or not.

I really believe," says Ken Beggs, "that dolphins in captivity are a lot more intelligent than dolphins in the wild. I mean what do they have to do out there? Eat, sleep, and mate. That's all. They don't have any problems to solve or anything."

It is Beggs' job, then, to make problems for dolphins. As the director of training at Galveston's Sea-Arama Marineworld, it is his responsibility to make something serviceable and seemly from all that random intelligence going to waste right now out there in Copano Bay.

He looks the way an animal trainer is supposed to look—tan and lean, with a languid, grudging way of dispensing information, as though the mystique of his profession is threatened with dilution by every commonplace question that is asked of him: "Isn't it true that dolphins are incredibly intelligent?" "How exactly do you go about catching one?"

Beggs endures it, replying patiently to the reporters as he gazes up and down the length of the big banquet table in search of a distraction. It was clearly not his idea to invite the press down to Rockport to observe him and his crew abduct four more trainees for the Sea-Arama Porpoise Show; but he is, after all, an expert, and he might as well talk. So he tells us, in a slightly bored way that is nicely contrapuntal with the near-grisly details of his story, how the jaws of the late Mamuk the Killer Whale once snapped (in jest? in earnest?) a few inches from his torso.

A neurophysiologist seated next to me is drawing a schema of a dolphin's sonar receptor on his place mat. The commentary he provides for this sketch is soon lost, though, in a plethora of



Weary Bubbles' fixed smile belies the truth of the situation: she is a captive.

simultaneous conversation from the other guests, observations about a snow-white and slow-witted beluga whale, about a shark that was swallowed by a jewfish, about the postoperative recovery of a seal, about the feasibility of getting laid in Rockport.

The neurophysiologist, who has been invited along by Sea-Arama for his erudition and experience with dolphins, is named Ken Dormer. He may be about 30, but he has a furtive, innocent face that has never lost the sheen of its precocity. He raises his ice-tea glass now in a toast directed to Ed Moore, the shambling, gregarious general manager of Sea-Arama who is yucking it up far away at the other end of the table.

"Here's to a successful hunt, Ed," Dormer says.

Moore smiles, lifts his own glass, and generates a toast that travels sporadically down the length of the table, mercifully playing out before it reaches me and I am forced to decide whether I will drink to this enterprise or not.

I have some reservations, yes, but I am not in a position to be righteous about them. These people are merely bringing to fruition the dream I had when I was fourteen and treading water in Corpus Christi Bay, holding a homemade padded lasso and more or less expecting a dolphin to come up and put his head into it. It was, granted, a rather wistful attempt, but I believed I was behaving in accordance with certain standards my prey would expect to be met. I had it meticulously planned: a friend of my father had agreed to loan

"Dolphins in captivity are more intelligent than in the wild," the trainer said. "What do they have to do out there?"

me a blocked-off canal from his failed resort development; Marineland of the Pacific had provided a Dr. Harrigan with reams of behavioral data on cetaceans, and I had all but memorized John Lilly's classic *Man and Dolphin*.

All the peripheral details were taken care of, all the groundwork laid on which my status as a "dolphinologist" would flourish or flounder, but there was a gaping hole in the center of my plan: I had acquired from somewhere the conviction that capture must occur only at the dolphin's option.

No dolphin chose that day to take me up on my offer, though several did seem to consider it, swimming close enough for me to realize, with some exhilara-

tion to sputter "porpoise," an unlovely word that is also a semantic time bomb, since once it is entered into conversation or print it is only a matter of time before it is punned on the word "purpose."

In any case, you know the creature. Think of *Flipper*, *The Day of the Dolphin*, think of the animals who jump through hoops and play baseball and sing "Down by the Riverside" at places like Sea-Arama. There are scores of species of dolphins and/or porpoises, but *Tursiops* is the most famous and the most common and prosperous in coastal waters.

Because dolphins are mammals, they come under the jurisdiction of the

like Beggs who are accustomed to reading the moods of their charges. If the dolphin does not adapt, if it pines away and grows listless like a lonesome kid at summer camp, they will release it into Galveston Bay, 300 miles from where it was kidnapped. If it dies, well . . .

But let's talk about pleasant things. This is, after all, a jovial gathering, and, to be fair, it is doubtful that dolphins would have ever become a protected species had not oceanaria like Sea-Arama slipped them into the public awareness by demonstrating how they could earn their keep (and the keep of their keepers as well) by performing anthropomorphic antics. The public was only too eager to protect a creature that was cute and benign and had no nasty habits, a creature that could become, with proper coaching, a good citizen.

But they are so much more. One of my most inviolate childhood memories is of standing on the deck of a boat and seeing a dark shape arching below me from the water. Before my more corrosive instincts took over and I breathlessly told myself "I want one!" I had a clear, calm vision of a creature that seemed raveled from the deepest longings of my own daydreams. I never for a moment believed it could be a fish.

The knowledge that came later—that their brains were proportionately larger and as complex as a human brain, that they seemed to have an intricate language capable of expressing abstract concepts, that they enjoyed inventing variations on their oceanarium tricks—these were for me a series of anticlimaxes that could not explain or amplify a strong subjective belief that dolphins had evolved through, or skirted entirely, the human dimension. They were something else, they were genuine aliens.

After dinner our gathering retires to the hospitality suite of the Sea Gun and separates into little orientation seminars. Ed Moore describes the capture technique. Two catch boats, each the size of a small ski boat and each carrying 500 feet of weighted net, will maneuver into the path of an oncoming pod of dolphins, tie the ends of the nets together, and take off full throttle in opposite directions, encircling the pod and dropping the net as they do so. The dolphins' sonar will describe a wall descending in front of them: their immediate reaction will be to search its perimeter for a way out, but the time they lose in doing so will allow the boats to close the circle. The dolphins, their sonar reporting complete entrapment, will panic and hit the nets, entangling



Spangler, with aid of reporter, details hunt. Moore describes capture techniques.



tion, that I was a genuine object of curiosity for them and not a threat. It was enough—it was more than enough—just to be in the water with them, to watch them raise their heads just above the surface, evaluate me for a moment, and swim out toward the Gulf.

Now here I am, at the restaurant of the Sea Gun Motel, waiting patiently for my complimentary fisherman's platter and talking to trainers, publicists, administrators, VIPs, veterinarians, groupies, reporters, photographers, and scientists about a small-toothed whale, about *Tursiops truncatus* (how I used to love dropping that name!), better known as the Atlantic bottle-nosed dolphin, and better still as the porpoise.

Dolphin or porpoise—the great debate has lost some of its passion in our era of reconciliation, but I find myself flinching a little still when Ken Dornier passes over the airy and gracious "dol-

phin" to sputter "porpoise," a remarkable piece of legislation passed in 1972 that actually protects most species of cetaceans before they become endangered. This law makes it unlawful to capture or kill a dolphin in U.S. waters without a special permit from the National Marine Fisheries Commission. Sea-Arama is in possession of four such permits, and they hope to cash them all in during the next several days. Their operation back in Galveston needs some new blood: sixteen dolphins died several years ago during a hepatitis epidemic, and Mamuk, the park's headliner, succumbed to a virus infection some months later.

Once they catch a dolphin, Sea-Arama will have a 30-day free home trial before their certificate from the NMFC expires. During that time the dolphin will be watched closely, monitored by a resident vet and by trainers

themselves so thoroughly that if the crew does not get into the water and immediately hold their spiracles above the surface, the dolphins will drown.

Is this not sort of haphazard?

"We've never had an accident where we've lost an animal in the water," Moore says. "That's why we have so many guys in the water. We'd hate like hell to kill one.

"But like I say, we might kill one tomorrow. It's the chance you take."

He briefs us on the kinds of dolphins—lactating females and calves under six feet—the government prohibits them to take.

"You know, you get one of those little baby dolphins up in the boat—hell, they're just super cute. But we can't keep them."

The legislation causes Sea-Arama a great deal of paperwork, but Moore and his staff claim they are in favor of the law, if only because it forces them to concentrate their attention on the animals which have that Indefinable Something, and are therefore just right for Sea-Arama.

"Believe it or not," Moore says, "all of these animals have personalities."

It is hard to say what Moore means by "personality," but it is a good bet it is a concept not far removed from "cuteness." All dolphins are cute—they have that fawning look and that intractable smile that give them the perhaps unfortunate appearance of always having a good time—but it is up to Sea-Arama's talent scouts to refine that appearance into illusion.

"So the porpoise doesn't fight when he's captured?" a reporter is asking Helen Spangler, the publicist who put the press trip together.

"A little," she answers, shaking her hand from side to side, "they thrash a little."

By midnight the gathering has begun to disperse in anticipation of an announced departure time of 7 the next morning. The VIPs, the members of the Sea-Arama board of directors who have been invited along to catch a glimpse of the workings of the organization in which their money is invested, are the first to leave, followed by Beggs and his staff, reputedly in search of nightlife.

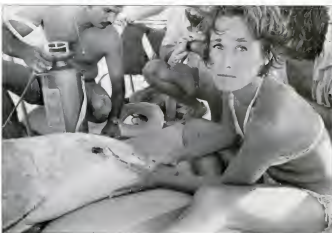
I think of how a dolphin sleeps, swimming in a defensive circle with the outside eye vigilantly open, rising periodically to the surface for breath, like a sleepwalker.

"I want to call the first one we catch Bubbles," says Jack Dismukes, vice-president of the board.

"Bad idea," Ken Beggs says. "They've already got four pilot whales on the west coast named Bubbles. If we catch a boy I'd like to name it Lance."

"I'd like to name it Hirkemer," someone else suggests.

"I still like Bubbles," Dismukes says.



A netted, wrestled, subdued Bubbles and a wary Suse Shane ponder the future.

The next morning the expedition stands around on the Sea Gun boat docks while the press photographers and the Sea-Arama board members take pictures of one another. We're behind schedule, but whether it is due to a collective letbargy or the fact that the press boat is sinking is hard to pinpoint. The sky is overcast, and the shallow bay is motionless and murky, the kind of water in which the appearance of a dolphin's fin has the ring of a supernatural visitation. A few VIPs wander out from their rooms and watch impassively as the press boat is bailed out.

The capture crew moves through the crowd servicing the catch boats and checking the nets, carrying the burden of their office with appropriate gravity. Trainer Ken Beggs will pilot one of the catch boats, and Terry Moore, the direc-

hunt is just knowing your bay," he says as he unrolls a fishing map and points to a tiny half-moon of water tucked into the backside of St. Joseph Island. This is Carlos Bay, our hunting ground.

In another hour we are underway. The catch boats, each manned by a crew of three, lead the way out the channel, followed by the transport boat which will carry the dolphin back to shore, which in turn is followed by the press boat (a new one has been commandeered). The press boat is the kind of thing people have in mind when they describe something as "Fellini-esque." It plods along, the features of its inhabitants outlined in zinc oxide, looking like it may sink at any moment from the sheer weight of cameras alone. From a distance it gives off a constant, low-grade clicking sound, the sound of pop-tops and shutters.

I have been fortunate and have

use of dolphins in places like Sea-Arama.

She looks about warily. "I don't like it much," she says.

By 10:30 the fleet is in Carlos Bay. The press boat pulls up to us for more beer while the catch boats skirt across the shoreline. But soon they're back, having spotted only one small group of dolphins, all of whose members looked too big.

McLester decides to head back to Copano Bay and try around the channel.

"We'll either catch some here or right over yonder." He glances at the press boat. "Can't make this thing look too easy."

Half an hour later the catch boats are tied up on the shore of a small island on the edge of the channel, ready for an ambush. Ken Beggs stands on the bow of his boat and skims his binoculars across a line of reefs. A few fins break the water about a quarter mile away, but they're not headed in our direction and the transport boat draws too much water to make it across the reefs to meet them.

So we follow the channel for a while. No luck. The boat carrying McLester pulls up once more and the Great White Hunter shakes his head. There is talk of breaking for lunch. Then an ancient, stunted barge strung with crab nets and stacked with crates glides by our stern. It is piloted by a man in goggles who is so encrusted with the briny residue of his trade that he looks like he has been submerged for decades.

"They's a lot of porpoises over yonder," he calls out, "playin' an' all."

We follow his advice and head back out to Carlos Bay, where we soon encounter the pod the crabber must have been talking about. The catch boats have joined their nets and are cruising side by side, trying to slip unobtrusively in front of the five or six fins that are breaking the surface with less and less frequency. The dolphins know they're being stalked, and the Sea-Arama crew even believes that the dolphins have passed the word to one another about which boats to watch out for.

For twenty minutes the catch boats maneuver around the pod, then they abruptly lose it. But almost immediately they spot and take after two solitary fins heading toward the channel.

"Could be a little love session going on there," Ed Moore speculates.

"Poor little ol' porpoises," Dismukes says as the boats draw into position. "They don't know what they're in for."

Suse Shane's face tightens. "Right about now I start feeling it in my gut."

Suddenly the motors of the catch boats throw out a high whine and the boats plane out in opposite directions. I feel a surge of panic and guilt: it is suddenly so easy to imagine the terror



The captors carefully lower their prize into the custom-fitted dolphin hamper.

tor of Sea-Arama's ski show, who looks like Lee Van Cleef reincarnated as a surfer, is in charge of the other one. Neither seem to be in particularly good humor, being two hours late to get underway and saddled with a dock-full of photojournalists whose picture taking is becoming increasingly indiscriminate.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Helen Spangler announces, "here he is—the great white hunter: Buddy McLester!"

We flock quickly to this diversion, expecting something on the order of Bogart in *To Have and Have Not*. We find instead a genial man of about 47 wearing a long-billed baseball hat that juts forth like the beak of a heron. McLester is Sea-Arama's guide to the Rockport bays and lagoons, a former charter boat operator and presently the constable of precinct three in Aransas County.

"The main ingredient in a successful

wangled a place on the transport boat, which is larger and perhaps a shade less surreal. On board are Ed Moore, wearing a baby blue panama hat with a bandana for a chin strap, Ken Gray, the veterinarian who is responsible for the dolphins' health once they are caught, several board members, Ken Dormer, and an A&M graduate student named Suse Shane, who has been spending the summer observing dolphins in the wild near Port Aransas, and who may or may not be the official government observer for this hunt. She's performed that role in the past, but she's not sure if it's expected of her today.

She, too, looks her part: rather short sun-bleached hair and the kind of extreme tan that can only be picked up in the line of duty. Her features are generally aligned on this trip in an attitude of fearful watchfulness that most of the crew seems to read as sentimentality.

I ask her what she thinks about the

"We want to make the children of Texas happy,' the Sea-Arama official said. 'That's our only reason for being in business.'"

the dolphins must feel as the whole tonal quality of their environment rises to a nasty pitch and a curtain begins to descend around them.

But the set fails. The net catches in one of the props as it is fed off the boat and the two dolphins swim out the gap.

There is mild consternation in the transport boat. Shane and I and the rest of the dissidents share a sigh of relief, but we're celebrating a hollow reprieve. These two may have gotten away but there are plenty more out there.

The boats head back to Rockport for lunch. On the way a large group of dolphins crosses our wake and swims back toward Carlos Bay.

"There they are!" Ed Moore yells, taunted beyond his endurance. "Look at 'em! Oh you bastards! Come on, Baby Doll! Look at 'em! Oh, my achin' back!"

We spend several hours in the hospitality suite eating bologna sandwiches while the catch boat's prop is repaired. A few of the board members drift off to sleep; a few others go home. Buddy McLester, in response to a question someone has asked him about dolphin mortality rates, reminisces about past hunts.

"A while back we set on some and honest to God I didn't know this one porpoise had a calf with her."

The calf drowned. There was no one to hold it up.

"That hurts you," Jack Dismukes adds. "Ten years ago the same thing happened. We hauled the net up and didn't even know one had drowned till we got it in."

"I just hate to see an animal get hurt. I caught a rat the other day in a trap. Well, I don't know. I kinda felt sorry for that ol' rat."

He looks glumly down at the carpet. "We want to make the children of Texas happy. That's our only reason for being in business."

The boats pull out again late in the afternoon. A hundred feet from shore a lone dolphin soars out of the water and seems to hover above our wake for a long time before reentering it. Further out in the bay a frigate bird sitting on a piling shuffles its wings and takes flight across our bow as though deliberately dispensing an omen.

Suse Shane tells me about a new method of dry-ice branding that she is considering using on her wild dolphins for identification purposes.

"I'm going to do it to myself first," she says, "to see if it's really painless like they say it is. I feel like I should

take the responsibility for what I'll be doing to them."

Ken Dormer shouts that the catch boats are onto something. I look out to where he is pointing and see the boats pull away from each other almost as soon as I catch sight of them.

"Oh shit," Shane whispers.

It is all very precise. The boats close the circle, the dark fins head for opposite parts of the net, where they hit simultaneously, flail briefly, and sink. The crew from the catch boats jump into the shallow water and half-swim, half-walk to the places the dolphins went down.

"I think this one's a keeper," one of the crew says as he lifts a dolphin to

stare met, not by the plaintive, heart-broken look I would have expected, but by an expression so hard and unreadable yet so totally communicative that I physically recoil to the other side of the boat. I suppose I've been unconsciously psyching myself up for just this sort of epiphany, but that kind of rational speculation cannot mitigate its effect: it takes a few seconds of looking in the other direction for me to regain my composure.

The dolphin is a female. Bubbles.

"Hold this, will you?" veterinarian Ken Gray asks, handing me the end of a tape measure. I hold it over the end of her beak, where there is a small cut from her confrontation with the net. I



Hunt crew gathers to celebrate fruitful mission and to record bagged mammal.

the surface. He holds the animal the way a swimming instructor holds a pupil who is afraid of the water. The dolphin strains against him with a tenacity that seems merely experimental. The animal's real energies are focused on producing the distress calls—a constant *wheet-wheet*—that the other dolphin, surfaced now and locked in the grip of two humans, is answering.

For twenty minutes the transport boat maneuvers into a position suitable for lifting the "keeper" over the transom. The press boat idles constantly on the edge of the action, listing a little as all its occupants take their places on the rail. Finally the transport boat seems to be in position. Four human beings lift the dolphin up and over the stern, onto a foam-rubber mat which is slid with the dolphin onto the deck of the boat.

I don't think that ever in my life I will forget looking into that creature's small, blanketed eye and finding my

look into her eye again and now see nothing more disturbing than the reflection of my body stretched across her.

"Seven feet two inches," Gray says.

Beggs and his crew have by now hauled the other dolphin up into one of the catch boats. "I don't want this animal," Beggs calls to Moore. "She looks old to me."

Moore defers with a wave of his hand and the men in the catch boat slide the second dolphin off the stern. As soon as her flukes hit the water she begins to propel herself away from the boat, submerging dorsal first and never surfacing.

Meanwhile on the transport boat Gray is spraying Bubbles with water from a garden spray can to keep her sensitive skin moist. He directs Doug Shimick, one of her captors, to lean across the dolphin's middle and hold her down when she makes her periodic

(Continued on page 147)

Mainstreams of American Culture



The White Shoe

by Gregory Curtis

Where it comes from, why it's here, and what it means.

Aristotle Onassis wore them. Bob Hope and Bing Crosby wear them. Considerable numbers of the wealthy habitués of Southampton and Palm Springs wear them. Such well-heeled feet give white shoes an aura of luxurious casualness, of golf courses, beaches, and boats, of suntanned and pampered bodies. Since this is the highest plateau white shoes attain, I assume this is the plateau that all the rest of the men who wear white shoes are trying to achieve. But the shoe has become so common with a certain class of men that, instead of retaining the air of luxury, it has taken on very unluxurious associations. It is the workaday shoe of chain store managers, real estate salesmen, Baptist preachers, and the Saturday shoe of the suburban country club set and of Gerald Ford, President of the United States. It is, in short, the badge of the middle-class male.

For the past three years the white, moc toe, patent leather slip-on has been the most popular men's style on the market. Industry journals have predicted a decline in popularity in the near future, but manufacturers haven't noticed any lessening of interest and even as you read this they are producing thousands and thousands of pairs for spring, from the \$17.99 Thom McAn to the \$69 Gucci.

Who will buy these shoes? High school students won't wear them unless they are determined to imitate their fathers; college students won't wear them unless they are hopelessly blind to the taste of their peers; men in their twenties, generally, and some men older than that won't wear them because they consider white shoes déclassé. But that one large and very specific group of men over thirty finds white shoes infatuating and, during spring and summer, can't keep their feet out of them.

Men in the shoe business are surprisingly blasé about the shoe and, to me at least, surprisingly uninformed. The present slip-on design originated in Italy—no one in the industry seems to know

exactly who was responsible or when it happened—and was copied by American manufacturers. They produced a line of patent leather slip-ons in basic colors, one of which happened to be white. They didn't think that much about it. Apparently, no one realized that deep in the secret heart of American men lurked the desire to wear white shoes.

In the final analysis it was the technology of plastics rather than the aesthetics of design that enabled American men to realize that secret dream. In the past patent leathers began to crack after a certain amount of wear and they were, whether white or not, very hard to clean. Today's patent leathers are laminated by passing them under a "flow coater" where a substance called urethane falls onto the leather like a waterfall. The urethane coating makes the shoe practically immune to the elements, prevents the leather from cracking, and is easy to clean with soap and a damp cloth. Urethane made it possible for the white patent leather to become an everyday street shoe. And it arrived in the marketplace at the very moment that multitudes of men were ready to accept it.

Shoe styles are determined by clothing styles, not vice versa. During the last ten years, men's styles have changed considerably, the main changes being the use of synthetic fabrics—polyesters—and the acceptance of a variety of bright colors and patterns not only in shirts but also in suits. These colors—burgundy, coral, green, shades of blue, lavender, and others—were, in polyester suits at least, frequently trimmed with white thread or combined with white in checks or plaids. Even when the suits were solid colors or a combination that did not include white, conventional wisdom decreed that white went with every other color. Very quickly white shoes became accepted with any shade or pattern of polyester. A man could buy three suits, or ten suits for that matter, and a thousand pair of slacks—and one pair of shoes to go with

them all. He could buy one white belt, too, and solve that sartorial problem the same way. Once the shoe had gained such a secure foothold in the market—this was around 1972—it never lost it. The trend toward more casual dress on occasions which once demanded coat and tie, the popularity of the leisure suit, the increased use of plaid pants with solid jackets, and, who knows, perhaps the longer, hotter summers which are also melting the polar ice cap, all have combined to maintain the shoe's popularity.

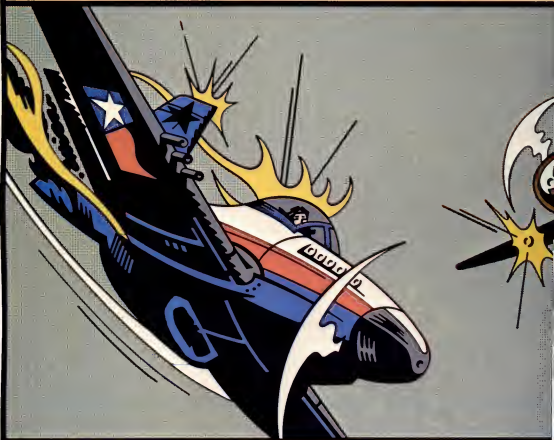
This popularity persists in spite of the phrase "white shoes, white belt" replacing "blue suit, brown shoes" to describe a kind of man whose taste is beyond salvation. Still, there is a great difference between the two. Blue suit, brown shoes is a sin of omission, of ignorance, of attempting to follow accepted convention but not knowing how. White shoes are a sin of commission, of choosing that particular style above all others. They are a sin because, worn with any other color but white, white shoes not only make a man's feet look bigger but also draw attention to the feet rather than to the face or body. "White shoes," said one prominent fashion editor, "look like highway stripes in motion." Frank Gifford, ABC television's sports commentator who is listed as one of the world's ten best-dressed men, says simply, "They're terrible." Why do so many people wear them? "I guess there are just a lot of people with bad taste out there."

In fact no one likes white shoes except the people who wear them, and the people who resent white shoes resent them for the very reasons the wearers like them. The shoes are flashy, spiffy, shiny, full of pep, and impossible to ignore. Wearing them declares, loudly, allegiance to a particular class and set of attitudes just as long hair on men did for a different time and for a different set of assumptions. They are the shoes of a man who is inevitably middle class,

(Continued on page 145)

"The GREAT A

WILL TI'S "WHIZ KIDS" FIZZLE?! WILL SEXY SOUTHW



by JAMES FALLOW'S

Russell Thayer held the world between his outstretched hands. "This, over here, is Hawaii," he said, jiggling his right hand, "and this," jiggling his left, "is Dallas. We fly a 747 between them, the only 747 we've got. To make a 747 pay off, you have to have a long haul with a lot of people on

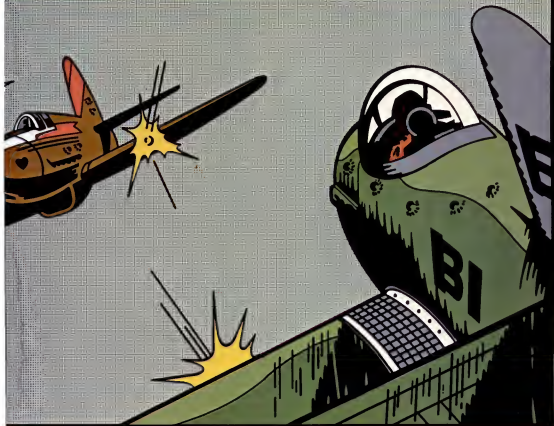
board. Now, it turns out that the distance between Dallas and Honolulu is exactly right. If it were any shorter, you couldn't fly it as efficiently. And if it were any longer, you couldn't turn it around for the daily round trip."

Thayer lowered his hands and leaned across the desk. "I decided that the islands were in the right place, and I didn't move 'em an inch."

Russell Thayer laughed, a hearty, warm-natured laugh that rumbled up out of his football player's body. He was

AIRLINE WAR

ST CONQUER ALL?! WILL BRANIFF LOSE ITS ROUTES?!



sitting in his office on the ninth floor of the Braniff Tower on the west side of Dallas. Around the airlines industry, Thayer is known as a genius, as the man who has helped turn Braniff into one of the most efficient money makers the business has ever seen. Five days a week he works in Dallas as Braniff's executive vice-president for Corporate and Market Planning. The other two days—this is the beauty of working for an airline—he spends at home in Princeton, New Jersey. Word is that he hates Texas.

One floor above Thayer, Harding Lawrence—with studied informality—came from behind his desk and gestured his visitor to the coffee table at the opposite end of the room. Perched on the table was a model of the supersonic Concorde jet, painted in bright Braniff colors. At Lawrence's elbow was a matching model of the Boeing 747.

When he became chairman and chief executive officer of Braniff ten years ago, Lawrence was often described as "dashing" and "romantic." Now, his silver hair and deeply

creased face make him look ten years older than 55; his appearance hovers on the line between "distinguished" and "tired." A smile on his face, Lawrence offered his visitor an expensive cigar, then began chewing on an unlighted one himself as he talked about his airline.

"We have our creeds, our objectives. We know what we stand for. Our job is to promote the foreign and domestic commerce of the United States, the national defense, the postal service—and to do that in the public interest. You might say, in the *consumer's* interest. The airline industry is the most consumer-oriented business I know."

As Lawrence spoke, a red and orange jet from Southwest Airlines, perfectly framed in the picture window behind him, settled in for a landing at Love Field. In addition to pursuing its high-flown goals, Braniff has spent almost five years trying to prevent this very occurrence. For its efforts, the company has been indicted by a federal grand jury for antitrust violations in trying to kill Southwest.

Serious as such a charge is, it is not the most serious challenge facing Lawrence and his airline. In Washington, an accusation of unprecedented gravity is now pending before the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB). Based on revelations of a sizeable Braniff slush fund (generated through "off the books" sale of tickets and used to bribe ticket agents in South America), the complaint threatens Braniff's right to operate any route, foreign or domestic, as long as "present management retains operational control." "Present management," as everyone understands, means Harding L. Lawrence.

Ln Houston, Francisco Lorenzo was turning on the charm. Four years ago, when he had just turned 30, Lorenzo came down from the Northeast, trailing his Harvard Business School pedigree, to take control of Texas International Airlines. TI was in deep, deep trouble at the time; the year before Lorenzo became president, the airline lost more than \$6 million. Now TI is in deep trouble again. During the first half of 1975, after TI's disastrous, five-month-long strike, the company was losing money even faster than it had in 1971. Like Braniff, TI is under federal indictment for antitrust activities against Southwest. Nonetheless, Lorenzo was the very picture of urbane good will as he listened to a question based on the latest appalling hypothesis about Texas International: that it had outlasted its reason for existence.

"Of course we don't agree with that," he said, attempting to suggest with his smile that no reasonable man possibly could agree. "We came to a company that was flat on its back, twenty million in the hole. It was in trouble not because it had bad routes, not because its employees weren't dedicated, but because management had made some bad mistakes. We've turned that around now. Until the strike, we were making money. We've paid off more than half of that twenty million. We are making long strides forward."

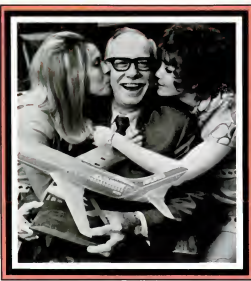
Lorenzo was ready for another question; whether, as many people suspect, he had taken over TI as a business pirate's booty, to be sold quickly at a profit.

"Texas International is not for sale. It has not been for sale. It will not be for sale," Lorenzo continues to smile, with apparently genuine graciousness.

"Are there any circumstances under which it might be for sale?"

"When we get to the bankruptcy courts."

Lamar Muse was a symphony in pink. On his bald spot and on the cheeks which framed his white mustache, his skin was as pink as a newborn baby's. His aviator's glasses were tinted pink. He wore a pink-striped tie, and a shirt of pink checks. His jacket was a plaid—gray and pink. He radiated, like a pastel sun, as he sat munching on a cheeseburger in Austin's Polonaise restaurant.



Lamar Muse demonstrating Southwest's Spirit of Love.

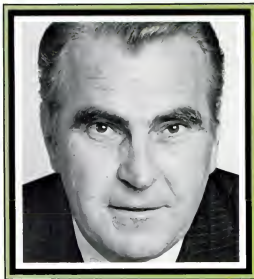
"There's a story I love to tell, about a man who ran a hamburger stand, whose children wanted to open up a fancy restaurant. He took them aside and told them, 'Boys, remember this: feed the rich, and grow poor; feed the poor, and grow rich.' That's really what we've done. We've made airline travel available to the average person."

Muse is president of Southwest Airlines, whose flights between Houston, Dallas, San Antonio, and the Rio Grande Valley cost 25 per cent, 40 per cent, 50 per cent less than do comparable ones on Braniff and TI. Muse, however, has spent at least as much time fighting the two other Texas airlines as in running his own. ("Mr. Muse hasn't been here in weeks," the Southwest office said at one point this fall. "He's been too busy with the suits.") Southwest has been tied up in virtually continuous litigation by its rivals, ever since it filed for its first routes in 1968.

"You know," Muse said between bites, "Harding Lawrence is probably the best chief executive officer of a trunk line in the United States. But he just got a hard-on about Southwest Airlines. It didn't make any difference to him whether it made economic sense to fight Southwest. He was just going to do us in. He had told hundreds of people in Dallas that we weren't going to make it, and he wasn't going to be proven wrong. He let his emotions get control of him."

Muse paused, and called the waitress over for a dish of butter-pecan ice cream. "The funny thing is," he continued, "every one of his tricks backfired on him. If he had just let us alone from the very beginning, we'd probably have gone under by now."

The dilemmas of Lawrence and Lorenzo have their own special drama, but it took the entry of Muse and Southwest to create the Great Texas Airline War. Like other grand episodes of commercial conflict, this one has all the requisite elements—jealousy, intrigue, back stabbing, high stakes, and occasional honor. The personal futures of several of the participants hang shakily in the balance, and a corporate future or two as well. This war is also a preview of the future for the American airlines. During the coming year, the airlines, along with their benign regulators in Washington, are in for a major assault. Waving banners of "competition" and "de-regulation," their opponents will be storming the barricades



Braniff's Harding Lawrence (left) and Edward Acker led the airline to record profits and difficulties with the law.

of Braniff, American, United, and a dozen other carriers, as well as the CAB which nestles protectively over them; the assailants will ask that the industry be broken up the way the oil trust was at the end of the nineteenth century (for all the good that has done). And, as the national struggle wears on, every one of the potential outcomes will already be on display in Texas. Price competition, the decline of the "feeder" lines, shake-ups in long-entrenched management—you'll see it all first, right here.

As much as anything else, the struggle between the three Texas airlines is a contrast of styles—different styles of making money, different views of life. Lamar Muse may grumble about the \$2 million Southwest has shelled out in its legal crusades since 1968 (during 1975, this came to \$35 per flight), but he clearly relishes having the bullies of the block so relentlessly picking on him. The scrap books in Southwest's office in Dallas bulge with clippings describing the latest horror visited upon them by Braniff or TI. While recounting their troubles, the people of Southwest often resemble the conspiracy nuts who hang around so many newspaper offices, fitting every random occurrence into a seamless pattern of malign intent. The difference in this case is that Southwest's paranoia seems justified: there really are people out to get them. No vindication could have been sweeter than the day last February when the federal grand jury indicted Braniff and TI for their dirty tactics against the fledgling airline. Southwest is only too eager to take off its bandages, display its bruises, and point the finger at the man with the blackjack.

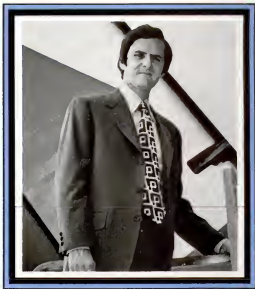
Meanwhile, everyone at Braniff feigns magisterial disdain for any other airline that might happen to be operating in the same corner of the country. The Braniff PR man, a corporate incarnation of Ron Ziegler named Jere Cox, at first affected not to understand references to an "airline war," and then, when the mystery was finally explained, said, "Oh, you must mean the controversies between Southwest and TI." The impression, up and down the Braniff organization, is of a classily dressed society lady who makes polite conversation while kneeling her neighbor in the groin.

On the other hand, Texas International's people are too preoccupied with survival to worry about appearances. Lorenzo and his friends grumble freely about the injuries they

suffer at the hands of Southwest, and about the Texas Aeronautics Commission, a demon in their dark hierarchy second only to Southwest. They prepare position papers to plead their side of the story, they slug it out in the courts, they leave absolutely no doubt about who their enemy is.

The differences in the airlines are highlighted by the personal contrast between Muse, Lawrence, and Lorenzo. Lamar Muse is as uninhibited as his airline's advertisements—the ones that refer to Southwest as "The Someone Else Up There Who Loves You," that manage to work a busy stewardess into every bit of publicity, that strove, at one point, to give the company an "Ali McGraw image." When the company's stock was introduced for trading on the American Stock Exchange in October, its chosen symbol was "LUV." Muse drives a flashy Mark IV, whose license plate reads FLY SWA. It is as difficult to imagine Harding Lawrence riding in that sort of car as it would be to see him with the white patent-leather shoes that would be the perfect complement to Muse's outfit.

If Muse is a specimen from the raw entrepreneurial end of the business spectrum, Harding Lawrence comes from the other extreme: he is the cold shark of the boardroom, charm and calculation mixed in his icy stares and fixed smiles. When Lawrence responds to a question, large sections of the answer are likely to be missing, as if he were producing a verbal Swiss cheese. When several of these answers are put together, something like deception is the result. (When asked about Braniff's two-fold reputation—as the most efficient, and the meanest, of the Texas airlines—Lawrence set off on a long spiel about Braniff's employment totals in Texas and its commitment to public service. Thirty minutes later he smiled and said, "I haven't really answered your question, have I?") Through his factotum, Jere Cox, Lawrence demurs on questions about the Latin American kick-backs, saying that it would be "inappropriate" to talk while the CAB investigation is going on. That may well be true, but it did not keep him from plastering a one-sided explanation, distorted by omission, before the Braniff stockholders in the latest annual report. Lawrence is a man who won on a fast track; not surprisingly, he is both suspicious and suspect. He is smart enough to have brought men like Russell Thayer to work for him, and smart enough to know now the kind of trouble he is in. Lamar Muse might look on the



Francisco Lorenzo (left) and Robert Carney have bid adios to the Texas Philosophy in their attempt to save TI.

"airline war" as a kind of exhilarating sport; Harding Lawrence must sense that he is now involved in a struggle for his life.

In a different world, Francisco Lorenzo might have learned to play the part of Harding Lawrence. Since he is at Texas International, however, a more straightforward role has fallen to him. There are few ellipses in his answers, few obviously canned responses. He is trying to save the airline, and disguise or chicanery will not help him in that task. He is affable without being overtly manipulative. "Many people think that because Frank is so charming, he must be a real politician," says a man who has worked with him in Houston. "But he's not. You remember Lyndon Johnson's definition of a politician—a man who could walk into a room full of strangers and know, before anyone spoke a word, who was for him and who was against him. Frank can't do that. Most of the time he thinks everyone is for him, except on bad days, when he thinks everyone is against him." Harding Lawrence would pass the politician's test easily.

The arena in which these disparate spirits contend is one of the remaining romantic pockets of the business world. The shades of Lindbergh and Earhart may have departed the airlines business, but the romance they embody lives on. An accountant who works at General Foods might think of himself as an accountant; an accountant who works at Pan Am would tell his friends that he is "in the airlines business." This pull of glamour and derring-do is felt all the way to the top of the corporate structure; most of the presidents and managers of airlines have had a life-long affair with the sky. Muse and Lawrence both got their start at the same time, as very young men, shortly after World War II. Lorenzo, twenty years their junior, was trained in finance but soon heard the seductive song of the airlines. If he had simply been interested in maximizing the return on his time and his capital, he would have sold TI long ago and sunk the money in real estate. He has not done that, because he too has been captured by the romance.

From casual glances at the business page, the industry's fortunes might also seem to be romantically unpredictable. During the Sixties the airlines were making money faster

than they could carry it to the bank, but during most of the Seventies they have had to try desperately to avoid big losses. What this apparent riskiness conceals, however, is the basic secret of the airlines business. In some industries you make money by driving your competitors out of business, or monopolizing the talent, or landing the big contract, or getting the best patents. In the airlines industry, you make money by being in business. Like broadcasting, though to a less grotesque extent, the airlines are government franchisees, whose product is almost guaranteed to sell. Management and intelligence can make a difference: bad managers have gotten many lines into trouble, and smart management, at a line like Braniff, can help it clean up on its competition. But the rules of the game are fixed far more than for most businesses. The most vicious competition—the efforts which will make the big difference in profit and loss—take place not before the customer but before the government: before the Civil Aeronautics Board, to be precise, which distributes routes to the various supplicant airlines. If you get a route from Dallas to Seattle, or Chicago to London, or Houston to Mexico City, then you should make money. It is like being given the right to operate a new TV station: the opportunity is there, yours for the taking. There is, of course, a whole subsidiary level of competition over scheduling and equipment, but the real battle is to get the route. This is why the airlines were so distraught with the CAB's "route freeze" of the last few years. While the CAB was awarding no new routes (they said they might start again last summer), airlines did what they could to squeeze extra profits out of their existing routes, but they knew they would not see any big changes. Those big changes were not under the customers' control or the managers', but under the CAB's.

Because of the CAB, the airlines business has been more stable than most others. Of the sixteen trunk lines (the cross-country carriers) chartered by the CAB in 1938 eleven are still in existence. Not one of them has gone bankrupt or out of business (five disappeared through mergers). Not one new competitor has been allowed to enter the market.

It is, of course, possible to lose money in the airlines business, even in good times. One of the quickest ways is to buy too many airplanes, or airplanes too big for your market. When the first commercial jets came rolling off the

assembly line in the late Fifties, they were a godsend to the industry. The cost of carrying a passenger from point A to point B was cut dramatically, and the speed was dramatically increased. The airlines bought planes as fast as Boeing and Convair could turn them out; to get on the delivery list ahead of your competitor was to have a significant edge.

At the end of the Sixties, another generation of miracle planes was on the way. These were the "wide body" jets, the 747s and the DC-10s. Airlines stood in line to buy these, too; soon Delta had 20, Eastern 27, Continental 15—and these were only the smaller trunks; United had 45. But these planes were different from the jets of the early Sixties. They might bring the cost per passenger down, if you were flying full planes over long hauls (such as Braniff's flight to Honolulu), but they could run the cost per passenger right through the ceiling if they were only one-fifth full, or if they flew on unrealistically short routes. There were far fewer profitable markets for the 747 than the airlines had hoped, and two or three years after they made their first appearance the jumbo jets were looked on as one of the major threats to the airlines' financial stability. Continental had to park three 747s on the sand near Roswell, New Mexico; whatever rot and deterioration they suffered there would be less expensive than keeping them in the air. (Finally, last summer, Continental managed to unload them on the Iranians, who are able to afford such things.) Braniff was virtually the only line to avoid the 747 frenzy; the company bought only one big jet, and makes a profit flying it to Hawaii.

One class of airlines, however, was created to lose money, to fly routes where the passengers aren't. These were the "feeder" lines, the "local service" carriers, which included companies like Trans-Texas, the forebear of TI. Theirs has been a riskier life than that of the trunks; of the nineteen feeder lines that have sprung into brief existence since 1945 only nine remain. The rest have fallen to the bankruptcy courts, the license-renewal office at the CAB, or to mergers and name changes. The cost of serving the little towns, the Brownwoods and the Big Springs that generate a handful of passengers each day, continues to rise, while the money that the government will cheerfully devote to this cause keeps going down. The question running through many minds, both in Washington and in offices like the TI headquarters, is how long the feeders can last, and what contortions they might have to go through in order to survive. If the Texas Airline War is any indication, the outlook is not good.

This story will eventually roll through the muck, so it might as well start out on the high road, with the good things that Harding Lawrence has done for Braniff. Although the modern era of Braniff dates from Lawrence's arrival in 1965, the airline has been in business since 1930, three years after Thomas Braniff was bitten by the airline bug. Braniff, a businessman in his forties who was getting tired of running an insurance company, bought his own private plane during the excitement following Lindbergh's voyage over the Atlantic. Braniff soon put his plane to work flying commuter runs (with his brother at the controls) between Oklahoma City and Tulsa. Even after it expanded its operations over a broader network, Braniff was not dealt in on the first big federal subsidy to airlines—the payment for making space available for airmail. Braniff did not begin partaking of this nourishing sustenance until 1934, when—after a series of complaints from Braniff and other have-not carriers and a brief, disastrous fling at having the military fly the mail—the government re-awarded the contracts, cutting a few new lines like Braniff in on the action. Four years later, the carriers that had been getting airmail payments were enshrined in the Civil Aeronautics Act as the existing trunk lines; their position has been unassailable ever since.

Braniff remained under the control of its founder until

1954, when Thomas Braniff, irony of ironies, was killed in an airplane crash. Through the next decade, both ownership and management passed from hand to hand, until the big change in 1965. That year, the three major stockholders sold out to Dallas' Troy Post, head of the Greatamerica Corporation, for some \$60 million. After a search through the ranks of the airlines business, Post recruited Harding Lawrence, then the number-two man at Continental, to come back home to Texas to be the new manager of his airline. Two years later both Braniff and Greatamerica were acquired by Ling-Temco-Vought, then in the headiest years of its conglomerating. In 1970 the Justice Department forced LTV to dump either Braniff or Jones and Laughlin Steel in an antitrust action; since the steel company was then worth twice as much as Braniff, LTV elected to get out of the airline business. Braniff was sold to a widely dispersed group of smaller investors. Through all the shuffling Harding Lawrence remained in control.

Lawrence had gotten into the industry during World War II by helping run a pilot-training school in Terrell, Texas. After the war he started at Pioneer Air Lines and zoomed up the corporate ranks at Continental when it acquired Pioneer. By the time he came to Braniff, the 44-year-old Lawrence was (in the words of the *New York Times*) "a dark-haired Texan who looks as though an agency had sent him over to play the part of a dynamic airline president." "Hardly a man alive looks more like the ideal head of an airline than Lawrence," Stanley Brown wrote in his book *Ling*. "His wavy hair, silvery at the sides, his careful attention to his modified modish dress (especially notable and colorful at the ranch), and the image his airline projects in its advertising and decor . . . all conspire to present Braniff's top manager as a jet-age personality."

That's just the part he played, too, on several fronts. The pre-Lawrence Braniff was something of a joke in the industry, its routes small, its performance poor. The most immediately visible of Lawrence's innovations was the change in the style of the airline—"The End of the Plain Plane," as the admen put it. Shortly after his arrival, Lawrence turned to a New York advertising agency, Jack Tinker and Partners, to give the airline a little pizzazz. The head of the team assigned to work with Lawrence was one Mary Wells, who helped develop the ideas that made Braniff gaudily famous—the brightly colored planes, the Pucci outfits for stewardesses, the retreat from stodginess on all fronts. The following year, Mary Wells and her associates struck out on their own to form a new advertising agency, the now famous Wells, Rich, Greene. The rest, as they say, is history: Harding Lawrence divorced the wife he had married in 1952, he and Mary Wells were married in Paris to the oohs and ahs of a planeload of American friends, and they have lived happily ever after, she working out of New York, he out of Dallas, *piéds à terre* in each city. "They're the sweethearts of American business," wrote Marilyn Bender of the *New York Times*, "the Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks of the corporate realm." Bender quoted Wells: "I am stark staring in love with my husband, and he with me." To avoid all appearances of conflict, Wells, Rich dropped the Braniff account soon after the marriage; for consolation, they picked up TWA, with billings three times as large.

Even after the departure of Wells, Rich, the stylish imprint remains. In many of his annual reports Harding Lawrence talks in astonishing detail about chic innovations—the new hors d'oeuvres called "conchitas," the "air strip" costumes which his stewardesses peeled off as the planes headed south, the introduction of drinks like the "Capuccino" (unrecognizable to any Italian), containing coffee, hot chocolate, and brandy.

Beneath the bright colors, Harding Lawrence was doing something even more important: he was making big profits; 1974, the tenth year of Lawrence's regime, was the richest

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WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO FRESH CREAM?



BY GRIFFIN SMITH, jr.
"IF YOU BELIEVE IN PROGRESS,
THIS MAY CHANGE YOUR MIND."



resh cream. The words bring back memories of grandmother topping her strawberry shortcake with a luscious dollop. Churning rich homemade ice cream on a Saturday afternoon. What could be fresher than real cream? Well, these days almost anything could.

"Things are seldom what they seem/Skim milk masquerades as cream," sang Buttercup to the Captain in *H.M.S. Pinafore*. The seemingly fresh cream you buy today isn't skim milk, but neither is it fresh. More than likely it came from an assembly line in California, or Missouri, or Sulphur Springs, Texas. (That's if you buy what is labeled as cream. If you buy one of the so-called non-dairy creamers, it may have started life in a soybean patch in the Panhandle—a possibility that Gilbert and Sullivan mercifully never had to consider.)

Progress—in the form of a process known as Ultra High Temperature (UHT) treatment—is taking traditional fresh cream off grocery shelves at a dizzying rate. Dairies are substituting the new product in the same cartons they formerly used for the real thing, merely changing the fine print to include the legally required words "ultra-pasteurized" or "sterilized." If consumers will swallow sterilized cream, the dairy industry hopes someday to apply the same treatment to milk. The goal is a liquid so totally processed that it can sit around for months without refrigeration—turning dairy products, in the words of one industry writer, into something that could be stored with "soft drinks on the same shelf in the markets." If that sounds unappetizing, consider what has happened already.

In a blue metal and beige brick building on the north side of IH 30 in Sulphur Springs, the Specialty Foods plant of the Southland Corporation houses the only UHT cream plant in Texas. Wearing a blue baseball cap, production manager Jim Morgan oversees an aseptic process in which 175-degree cream is heated to 285 degrees by steam infusion, held at that temperature for exactly four seconds, and then transferred to a flash chamber that reduces it to 175 degrees again almost instantly, thereby destroying most bacteria and rendering it practically sterile. The cream is then homogenized, cooled, and stored.

Specialty Foods prepares UHT cream for twenty different dairies, doing the whole job right down to using each one's distinctive carton. Trucks carry the finished product to ten states—as far east as Paducah, Kentucky, as far west as Colorado Springs and Albuquerque, as far north as Wichita, Kansas—in a colossal version of the milkman's morning run. Unopened, the little cartons will last six weeks or more, compared to the ten-day shelf life of fresh cream.



UHT is the pride and joy of the dairy business. If you don't believe that, visit the Texas A&M Library and leaf through the imposing collection of dairy periodicals there (*Journal of Dairy Science*, *Butter & Cheese Journal*, *Die Milchwissenschaft*, *Milch-Zeitung*, *Le Lait*, *Goat World*). You will hear its praises sung, sometimes

rhapsodically, as in this stirring tribute from the *Southern Dairy Products Journal*:

In the beginning there was raw milk and cream, and people died from disease borne by dairy products; And along came pasteurization and the children stayed healthy.

But the mothers complained because the cream soured; and they turned to false Gods.

And along came sterilized dairy products and the mothers were happy again.

Actually, if the truth be told, it was the dairy business' own accounting departments and not the mothers who did most of the complaining. Unsold products, or "returns," are a chronic liability for dairies, who have no choice except to remove them from supermarket shelves and dispose of them once they have soured. Cream has never sold as well as milk, so the industry looks on UHT sterilization as a heaven-sent way of prolonging the shelf life of a troublesome product. Once they've gotten rid of it (by placing it on a retail shelf) they don't want it back. They want you to take it. And with UHT, they have devised a way to keep it sitting there until you do take it. For six weeks, if necessary.

"It's common knowledge that cream sales in the fluid milk industry dropped because it wouldn't keep," says John Speer of the Milk Industry Foundation, a lobbying association in Washington. Thanks to UHT, "dairy sales are climbing back and cutting into the vegetable fat business"—the Cool Whips, the Cereal Blends, and the other false gods of whom the poet spoke. In the past three years, dairies have stamped to the doorsteps of the UHT cream processors. The idea that they have done so to keep mothers happy is largely a convenient fiction, since once UHT cream is opened it goes sour about as quickly as the fresh kind. The difference is in its shelf life *before* it is opened; and except for the rare mother who stockpiles her refrigerator with unopened cream for weeks in advance, the real beneficiary of UHT is the dairy distributor.

There really is no mystery about what is wrong with sterilized, ultra-pasteurized cream. It tastes funny, and it's hard to whip. Dairy people are coy about the first point, but they concede the second. If you listen closely, you may even hear them making a virtue of its whipliness. "It's actually better than fresh cream," suggested one proponent of UHT, "because if you whip the old kind long enough it might turn to butter." One imagines grandmother weeping softly in the corner: "Oh, mercy! What will I do with this butter?" If you whip the sterilized product long enough, by contrast, it might turn to whipped cream.

Of the nation's leading food critics, only Boston's Julia Child confessed to us that she had come to terms with the stuff. "I may say that when I first heard of it, I was absolutely horrified. I said, 'What are they doing to us, giving us super-sterilized cream, and wah, wah wah!' And then I got some and used it and I find it whips up perfectly well. . . . I always put a tray of ice cubes in a bowl and cover them with water, and then stick a stainless steel bowl in that, and always whip it over ice. I think you'll have no trouble if you do that. I find also that it turns perfectly well into *crème fraîche*. The only thing is, it doesn't have much taste if you use it alone over strawberries; but in that case I think the thing to do is stir in some confectioners' sugar and a little rum or vanilla, to give it a little added taste."

On the other hand, Craig Claiborne, food critic of the *New York Times*, told us he hated it. "It is just disastrous to try to get that stuff to whip. If you get it to whip at all, you have to chill your beater, your bowl, and the whole works. It's abhorrent, absolutely, that they're foisting this thing off on the American public."

Claiborne is equally charmed by its flavor. "It tastes like condensed milk," he says. "Any place you use it, any recipe, it's going to alter the flavor. It won't be like fresh. Thank God I live in an area [East Hampton, Long Island] where there's a dairy farm close by so I don't have to buy the stuff."

Most, but not all, food authorities share Claiborne's view. James Beard does not cook with UHT cream, nor does he use it in his teaching classes. Helen Corbitt, food consultant for Neiman-Marcus and author of numerous cookbooks, says, "I personally don't use it if I can help it. . . . I find that it does not whip as well, and if I put it into sauces that call for heating the cream I don't get the same kind of consistency."

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Star Struck

by Gregory Curtis

Modern astronomers watch the universe on instruments Galileo never imagined, but their reasons for watching remain the same.



I walked outside and stopped as suddenly as if I'd hit a wall. It was absolutely dark. I knew there was a paved road in front of me and a hill immediately beyond the road. Slightly to my left would be the steep metal staircase that led up the hill to the observatory dome. The dome, at least as tall as a ten-story building, was painted a brilliant white and I had expected to see it glowing on top of the hill like some official monument. But I couldn't see the dome at all, or the hill, or the stairs, or the road, or my hand, even when I held it so close to my eyes I could feel my breath on my palm.

Determined nevertheless to make my way up to the dome, I crept forward step by step, intending to walk straight ahead until I reached the hill; then work to the left slowly until I found the steps. I managed to do that and by the time I had gotten half way up the steps, guiding my way by the handrail, my eyes had become somewhat accustomed to the night and I could see the dome near the head of the stairs, a huge, pale form surrounded by darkness. I climbed the rest of the stairs and, having done that,

felt secure enough to pause for a moment before going into the observatory.

It was early September and most of Texas was still suffering through heavy, humid nights. McDonald Observatory, however, sits at the top of Mount Locke, a 6800-foot peak in the Davis Mountains. By now, about 10 p.m., it was turning slightly cold. Arms crossed over my chest, I hugged my jacket closer to me and looked out over the long valley that begins at the foot of the mountain and extends twenty or thirty miles to another range of mountains. There was not a single light anywhere, not even a solitary ranch house or wayward automobile. El Paso, the nearest city, was 160 miles to the northwest; the nearest settlement was Fort Davis, fifteen miles away; but its lights, what there were of them, were hidden behind one of the minor hills that make up the valley floor. This isolation, away from the glare of neon and headlights and streetlamps which can obscure the stars, was one reason this site was chosen for the observatory 43 years ago. Fortunately for the astronomers the country is still as empty and remote as it was



GALILEO
observer of the
UNIVERSE
CIRCA 1975

JC

then. The mountain is high enough to be above much of the earth's atmosphere yet low enough not to be bothered with snow and ice. Also this region has very little rainfall, so that astronomers can count on more than 200 clear nights a year.

I looked up at the sky. City dwellers, of course, always forget how many stars it's possible to see in the country, but that night the heavens had called out the reserves to put on a special show. The stars were so thick and bright they seemed the natural order of things and the darkness between them the exception. I had recently read that, on the average, stars are 30 trillion miles apart. Thinking about that distance while seeing these thousands and thousands of stars—they were like huge handfuls of tiny dice tossed out on a black felt table—I found myself once again in awe of a concept that astronomy books always dwell on and that always leaves me a little uncomfortable: The Vastness of the Universe.

Astronomers peer into that Vastness wondering what it is and how it came to be. The Vastness is, of course, indifferent to all that; but mankind is not. Every major astronomical discovery seems to emphasize our lack of importance in the whole scheme of things.

Four hundred years ago Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo showed that the earth was not at the center of the universe but revolved around the sun. Fifty years ago Harlow Shapley and R. J. Trumpler proved that our solar system is not even at the center of our own galaxy, the Milky Way, but in one of the galaxy's obscure, dimly lit spiral arms. And there are millions, billions of other galaxies. We are not the title of the universal book, after all, but a footnote on one of its back pages. We do have, however, the ability and the need to decipher at least some of the pages. That deciphering began with ancient stargazers millenniums ago and here at McDonald it is still going on.

Awed now and a little chilly, I walked through the dome's back door into a well-equipped machine shop. A machinist was cutting a part for an electrical assembly that a group of scientists desperately needed for the telescope upstairs. I pointed to the flashlight standing face down on his workbench and said, "I wish somebody had warned me to bring one of those."

"This isn't my own flashlight," the machinist said. "They're kept in a drawer down there in the kitchen. Look upstairs. There's usually a few extra around." Later I would discover that

caches of flashlights were hidden in various places in every building on the mountain. None of the roads and footpaths on the mountain are lighted. It wouldn't make sense to come this far to escape civilization's lights only to spoil everything with your own. Astronomers, when they walk at night, carry a flashlight which they point straight down. The light measuring instruments of modern telescopes are so sensitive that a flashlight beam across the sight might register as some distant stellar explosion.

I walked across the machine shop to an elevator and pressed the button for five. The first three floors had offices, laboratories, a small visitor center, a large computer room, and the machine shop I'd just walked through. The elevator didn't have a button marked four. That floor, a labyrinth of staircases and oddly shaped rooms, was filled with electronic equipment which is linked to the telescope to analyze light from the stars. When the elevator reached what would be the fourth floor its light went out automatically and remained out during the brief ascent to the fifth floor, another guard against unwanted light spoiling observation.

Tonight, however, that precaution wasn't really necessary since all the lights inside the dome were lit. A small

Oh Dear, What Can The Matter Be?

U.T. astronomers try to find what's out there.

The science of astronomy is based on the principle that anything as big as the universe must have something interesting going on out there somewhere. Once astronomers find whatever it is they're looking for, they have to figure out exactly what it is, what it's made of, and how it works. Since Galileo, they've found enough to keep them busy for three centuries; yet the universe remains almost as great a mystery as it was 300 years ago. Here are some of the projects University of Texas astronomers hope will provide a few answers:

How High the Moon?

Astronomers have long known that the moon is a quarter-million miles from earth, give or take a few thousand feet. Now they want a more exact measurement—say, within two inches. That is the objective of a study McDonald astronomers are conducting by bouncing a laser beam off mirrors astronauts placed on the moon. Using the 107-inch reflector telescope for a transmitter and an electronic clock accurate to a billionth of a second, the astronomers are gathering

data which eventually will be collated with measurements made by laser stations in Hawaii, Australia, and France. The findings will shed new light on the internal structure of the moon and should also pinpoint continental drift on earth—leading, perhaps, to improved earthquake predictions. Most important, however, the laser measurements may solve a much-debated question of physics: is the intrinsic strength of gravity constant, or does it change with the age of the universe? If the lunar orbit increases by about one-half-inch per year, this might indicate a variation in gravitational strength that could greatly influence both physics and aerospace technology in the twenty-first century.

Radio Active

Long, spiny banks of antennas near Mitchell Mesa in godforsaken Presidio County scan the skies 24 hours a day searching for radio sources in outer space. The Texas radio sky survey measures precise and accurate positions of these radio sources and will eventually produce the first comprehensive radio source map. The project aids astronomers in their study of faint, distant objects that lie at the outskirts of the observable universe and is also an important research tool for scientists working on the evolution of stars, galaxies, and the universe itself.

Planet Ahead

Although our own solar system comprises only an infinitesimal fraction of the universe, it remains the primary concern of some astronomers. McDonald sci-

entists are analyzing and comparing planetary atmospheres through the use of high-resolution spectroscopy, a process which photographs reflected light separated into colors. Not only will this research aid in the preparation and design of future planetary probes, but also it will yield valuable information about the earth's own atmosphere and how to manage it.

Stellar Links

Rapid changes in stars are among the most dramatic events in the universe. McDonald's stellar astronomers are the principal group in the world using high-speed photometry to study flares, pulsation, and rotation of stars. Through the use of spectroscopy, they are making detailed analyses of the chemical composition of cooler stars.

Sky High

There's no precipitation in outer space, but neither is it dry. Astronomers have long known about dust clouds in space. Just as dust in the earth's atmosphere reddens the sunlight, these dust clouds redden the starlight that passes through them. Using photometry with optical telescopes along with radio reception at the Millimeter Wave Observatory on Mount Locke, UT astronomers have discovered that many of these dust clouds are composed of organic molecules—including huge masses, trillions of trillions of tons, of ethanol. And ethanol, friends, is pure unadulterated booze.

A Star Is Born

New stars form inside collapsing opaque clouds of gas, where they remain

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group of astronomers, engineers, technicians, and computer programmers were frantically working on the elaborate new instrument for which the machinist was cutting parts. They had attached it to the side of the telescope where it resembled and was in roughly the same proportions as a floated tick on the long, thin body of a dachshund. The instrument was supposed to be ready for use tonight.

I walked over to Liz Bozian, a graduate student in astronomy whose current project depended on the new instrument. "Are they getting close?" I asked her.

"Closer," she said. She was wearing a dark blue Yale sweatshirt and blue jeans. She stood with her hands in her front pockets and her elbows locked.

"When, do you think?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Some-time tonight. We've got to use it after it starts working so we're going to be up all night anyway. Think you can make it?"

"I don't know," I said.

Liz laughed. For some reason it had never occurred to me that astronomers have to stay up all night.

I had arrived at the observatory early that afternoon after an uneventful plane ride from Austin to Marfa. On the same plane were Liz and a short, very dark man with black hair plastered down on his head. I found out later he was a world-renowned expert in optics who traveled from observatory to observatory installing or repairing telescopes. He kept very much to himself during his stay, a shy man made even shyer because he was self-conscious about his thick French accent. During the next five days I would see him only at meals, where he seldom talked, or very late at night in the observatory library. There he would sit in dim light surrounded by notebooks filled with measurements and computations, his pocket calculator close at hand, his black hair now matted and shooting at odd angles from his head, as he tried to figure what minute adjustments should be made in the observatory's telescopes.

After our plane landed at Marfa, a car from the observatory drove the three of us through Fort Davis and on to the observatory, a trip of 35 miles. There are five different telescopes at McDonald, four optical and one radio. From the road, several miles from the base of the mountain, I could see the brilliant white domes of the telescopes around the peak of the mountain. They looked like thick, stout bottles of roll-on deodorant with a zipper sewn from the top to the bottom edge of the ball. The radio telescope was off to one side and slightly lower than the others, but the four optical telescopes were bunched together and looked like a family. Two very large telescopes, one somewhat big-



McDonald Observatory's family of telescopes clustered on top of Mount Locke.

ger than the other, waited at the top of the mountain like watchful parents, while a little farther down the mountain their two smaller offspring stood in the sunlight.

At the top of the mountain we were let out at a long, narrow building officially called the Transient Quarters but colloquially known as the TQ. Liz had brought with her several boxes of file cards and a thick stack of computer readouts in blue covers. She left them in the pile with the rest of our luggage until a man of about 35 with a round, red face came in. After only perfunctory greetings, the two of them sat down at a table, she fetched her file cards, and they began to discuss the work they wanted to do that night. The man was wearing a burgundy sweater, wheat-colored jeans, white socks, and sneakers. I would see him every day for the next five days and these were the only clothes he ever wore. He worked consistently during that time and frequently stayed up all night, but somehow his outfit never got dirty or even wrinkled, his sneakers stayed almost as white as when they were bought, and the white shirt beneath his sweater never came untucked, even in back.

Naturally such ethereal immunity to dirt and sweat would turn me against someone just on principle. But in this man's case that dapper sweater and those ever-clean jeans became a symbol to me of the best parts of his character.

His name was Paul Rybski and he was the head scientist of the Faint Object Area Photometry and Spectroscopy Project, the group which was attaching that complicated instrument to the telescope. Though the final responsibility for the project was his, though he was directing the work of about eight people, though representatives from the Air Force (who financed the project) were watching over his shoulder, he managed to maintain the same air of benign concentration through a myriad of delays, hassles, and hang-ups. I saw him late one night standing off away from the group around the telescope. He was waiting for yet another malfunctioning part to be rewired and as he stood, shirttail in and sneakers neatly laced, he gulped coffee from a plastic cup and his normally red, innocent face looked pale, his eyes dull and bleary. I thought, "This is it. He's going to crater." The part arrived, Paul went efficiently back to work, and that was when I stopped worrying about his imperviousness to dirt.

Paul's project was what brought Liz to McDonald. Her interest is in radio astronomy, and normally she works at UT's radio observatory not far from Marfa. Radio astronomy began in 1931 when Karl Jansky, an engineer with Bell Telephone Laboratories, published his discovery that radio waves were present in outer space. Now it is known that

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Come to where the flavor is.

Marlboro Country.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 10 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 76



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.





The Best Sportswriter In Texas

by Larry L. King

Blackie Sherrod, of course.

Blackie Sherrod inspected the three or four manicured acres surrounding A. C. Greene's semi-mansion in a much-advantaged section of Dallas, cocked his head to monitor the sweet calls of summer-morning birds, and sat down at an outdoor table loaded as if to accommodate a threshing crew: platters of eggs, bacon, cantaloupe slices, exotic breads, jams and jellies, coffee, pitchers of fruit juice, and maybe assorted samples of caviar or candied yak's ass. He took in the grandly bent weeping willows, the sun-dappled swimming pool and bathhouse, the tall hedges hiding the green grounds from the gazes of Democrats or other riffraff.

Sipping a spiced bloody mary, he said, "Boy hidy, A. C.,

all this sure is. . ."

Sherrod hesitated, as if determined to choose the exact right word—it is, after all, the way he makes his living—and you could see ol' A. C. Greene, a Depression-era Abilene boy who was not born fast friends with money, puffing with the pride of ownership and preparing to respond to some record-breaking gracious compliment.

"... totally," Blackie said, "and completely. . ."

Out of this world, he might say. Or beyond belief. Sometimes. A. C. nodded and beamed like a politician being bragged on, patting a well-shod foot as if impatient to deliver his own pretty little acceptance speech.

"... vulgar," Blackie Sherrod finished.

Before the manor's lord could blink good, Sherrod smote him again: "What'd you plant the most of this year, A. C.? What time you commence whupping-up on them slaves?" A. C. Greene, knowing when he'd been out-country-boyed, threw up his hands and laughed a crippled giggle.

Betty Greene thought to ask of Sherrod's wife: "How's Marilyn?"

"Expensive," Blackie said.

Sherrod is rarely without a swift riposte. When young Tom Johnson

(who'd been LBJ's right hand, yes, but hadn't excessive experience newspapering) came aboard as editorial top dog for the *Dallas Times Herald*, he said to Blackie Sherrod, "How do you get a good job like sports editor?"

"Oh, I guess like you get to be editor-in-chief. You start at the bottom and work up," Blackie shot back at his new boss.

William Forrest (Blackie) Sherrod has been named the Outstanding Sports Writer of Texas ten times in fourteen years and probably would have won them all except for picky laws against monopolies and unfair restraints of trade. The National Headliner Award is his for being found the most consistently outstanding sports columnist in the whole blamed United States. Felix R. McKnight, recently retired vice-chairman of the *Times Herald*—where Sherrod has captained the sports section since 1958—claims his man has won more awards than any writer in Texas newspaper history.

McKnight assigned Sherrod to cover the Apollo 11 space shot, "as a change of pace observer of the fringe drama attending a moonflight." All Blackie did was win the Texas Headliner Club's award for science writing, though I personally know he fails to understand the theory of the wheelbarrow or what makes a screwdriver work or why bees suck flowers. When McKnight dispatched him to the 1960 Democratic National Convention as a sidelight writer, Sherrod's yarns were picked up by the national wire services; bags of fan mail and job offers poured in. In the shocked chaos following the assassination of John F. Kennedy in Dallas, it was Sherrod they plucked from the fun-and-games section and placed in charge as rewrite coordinator on the news desk. Again prizes were won. Sherrod's personal account of the death of young Freddy Steinmark, the Texas Longhorn football player who lost a leg and then his life to cancer, won a Pulitzer nomination. He is the author of three books (one on Darrell Royal, one on Steinmark, and a recently published collection called *Scattershooting*) and he has more professional admirers than the Happy Hooker.

Perhaps a writer's work may best be judged by how many of his colleagues steal from him. A columnist on the Texas Gulf Coast so persistently thieved from Sherrod's column that *Times Herald* authorities ultimately complained and the would-be genius was fired. In 1950, when Sherrod was a columnist for the *Fort Worth Press* and I was the rookie one-man sports department for the *Midland Reporter-Telegram*, it was my urgent habit to be on hand at the Scharbauer Hotel each day to buy all six copies of the *Press* left at the local newsstand. Five were pitched

into the handiest trash can. This wasteful practice guarded against my bosses and readers learning where I got those many little funnies shamelessly sprinkled throughout a daily column carrying my own by-line. Had the Midland paper observed a policy of granting raises, I'm confident Blackie would have earned me one.

Not that the whole world was fooled. No, for when I moved on to the *Odessa American*, a resident sports scribe named Ben Peeler wigwagged me into a neutral corner to whisper that our newspaper wasn't big enough for both of us to crib from Blackie Sherrod, and, by gum, he claimed certain inalienable seniority rights. Within the last fortnight I enjoyed a magazine piece by a freelance writer who'd stolen enough lines from a single Sherrod column to retire on. All that doesn't bother Blackie much more than the running colic, "seeing as how I've robbed ole Shakespeare and S. J. Perelman purty good myself."



The most plagiarized man in Texas

One flies in the face of many honors and an old personal hero in faulting Sherrod. It might be done, however, on the grounds that he sometimes seems a bit much the "house man" in covering sports. He may be so enamored of games and the men connected with them that he forfeits certain critical observations. The same thing can happen to political reporters who begin to identify with favored candidates or pet issues, or to the police reporters who become more like the cops than the gumshoes they cover. It is an occupational hazard.

One is discomforted, for example, in hearing Blackie Sherrod explain why he never has concentrated on covering labor or economic issues in sports. "That bullshit is so hard for the average man to understand, it leaves him cold. Hell, it leaves me cold. We try to keep it simple and bright, to cover the personalities and the team, and I don't think the Kansas City milkman cares about anything else much. So we don't dwell on the Reserve Clause or the

Rozelle Rule. If you can keep sports simple enough that women can understand it, then you're gonna get your readers." The response seems simplistic, naive, male-chauvinist-piggish, and perhaps a little self-serving.

Has a writer, with access to inside information and the expertise to make sense of it, no duty to educate the reader? The Reserve Clause and the Rozelle Rule exist as vital realities; they influence the teams, the games, and the standings, to say nothing of the individual lives of ball players. Could not the Arlington waitress or the Oak Cliff barber, capable of understanding Blackie's explanations of post patterns or cornerback duties, be made to realize the hardships of families whose athlete breadwinners may be sold or traded to distant cities on a moment's notice? Would not the Kress employee quickly understand that she could not handily go to work for Woolworth's if governed by a rule requiring her to play out a year's "option" before becoming something called a "free agent?"

Sherrod says he didn't write of Gary Shaw's *Meat on the Hoof*—a supercritical look at Darrell Royal's football factory—"because Shaw never came to see me." Well, did Dick Nixon go see Woodward and Bernstein about Watergate? Did Faulkner or Hemingway go see Alfred Kazin or Norman Podhoretz? I doubt it; but, as literary critics, they made their judgments. Sherrod was content with quoting Royal as saying of the Shaw book, "Part of it is true, part of it is opinion, and part of it is lies." Had Sherrod asked Royal to identify the lies? "Well, when I asked him about that he said he hadn't read the book—that one of his assistants advised him not to." That, in itself, would appear to be a fair-sized whopper of a story—COACH DAMNS UNREAD BOOK—and one can imagine how harshly Sherrod might have chastised one of his own reporters for failing to recognize it.

Blackie heatedly defends himself against suggestions that he might not aggressively go after the soft underbelly of sports, or write of its darker side. "I fought management for a week trying to get the Lance Rentzel story in the paper. The Cowboy front office was trying to cover up that Rentzel had exposed himself to a little girl. I called the judge in Saint Paul who'd handled the first Rentzel case, and he told me a lot the newspaper was afraid to use. I said 'Screw it, let him sue us. Then we'll really have a story.' But they wouldn't. Then the club got Bob Strauss, the Democratic party lawyer on the case. The damn judge clammed up. Meanwhile, I'd been crying and screaming and fighting to get it in the paper and I told the big boys, 'God-dammit, we're gonna wind up eatin' this

story and looking like hell.' We ran a straight story when the charges were filed on Rentzel a week later, but I'd tried to do better."

Sherrod aggressively covered SMU's dismissal of players for using drugs and is now working on a similar story involving other Southwest Conference schools. Precious little has been originated, however, about the crass way pro clubs have winked at—or actually encouraged—the use of pain-killing shots, amphetamines, or other uppers for years and years.

Racism? "Sure," Sherrod says. "I think every club in pro sports has a race problem—except maybe the Golden State Warriors, where everybody but Rick Barry is black. We've covered it in depth. Mel Renfro filing a lawsuit against a discriminating apartment house in Dallas. Calvin Hill had a great deal to say of racism. Now I don't—and I never have—believed that ball clubs stack blacks at given positions so as to enforce a quota system. In other words, to be sure that no more than X number of blacks are on the field. Hell, there's too much big money involved! I'm convinced owners and coaches would play a platoon of cross-eyed Chinamen if they thought it'd help 'em win." Maybe it's all point of view, and perhaps mine is just naturally darker and more suspicious than Sherrod's, but I sometimes think him myopic where more is involved than the score.

Blackie now commands a baker's dozen writers, taps out "only" five columns per week as opposed to the six he accomplished for twenty years, travels where he wants when he wants, theoretically need not show at the word factory before 10 a.m., presides over a book-lined corner office of generous proportions, is at least semi-handsomely paid, and serves on the *Times Herald* board of directors. It was not ever thus.

In his decade at the scabby *Fort Worth Press*, a now-lapsed Scripps-Howard effort where expense accounts were nonexistent and he didn't dare dispatch a staffer beyond Waco unless he suspected the fellow of independent wealth, Blackie held it all together with chewing gum and bailing wire and cussing. "I looked for good merchandise cheap," he remembers. Dan Jenkins, the *Sports Illustrated* writer and author of the best-selling novel *Semi-Tough*, was discovered in the pages of his high school paper. Blackie lured him from the *Paschal Panthelette* for a zinging \$15 per week, and Jenkins worked his way through TCU without excessive raises. Jenkins recommended a buddy, Edwin (Bud) Shrake, who was put on at "space rates"; this meant he was paid according to piece work performed, as with peapickers and women who take in ironing. After he made \$32 in a single week, Shrake was promoted side-

Blackie is Beautiful

"Sportswriting is like driving a taxi."

Good editors such as Blackie Sherrod instruct writers to show, not merely tell. Very well. Here are random samples of Sherrod's talent, culled from his new book *Scattershooting*.

On the Dallas Cowboys beating the Miami Dolphins in the 1972 Super Bowl:

"The ghosts are now buried and quiet, the closets have been swept clean of skeletons. The Cowboy complexion is now clear of pimples, and they may walk down the street on the day after their biggest challenge without yard dogs barking and small boys pelting them with stones. The old brands of Choke City, U.S.A., and the El Falso Kids and Next Year's Champions must now fall on other brows. The Cowboys have met the big one and he is finally theirs. . . . The clock told the story. Dallas controlled the ball 40 minutes and 58 seconds of the game. This left 19 minutes and two seconds for the young Dolphins, and this was like trying to vault the Eiffel Tower with a broomstick. . . . Some Shadestree Experts called it a dull game because of Dallas' grinding movements, but it is like putting the bad rap on a no-hitter because there were no home runs. . . ."

On recalling that marvelous season when undefeated Belton whacked Cameron for the district championship:

"The Belton team was a slight underdog because word leaked out the Cameron team had married guys on it. No one knew exactly what advantage this was, but it was impressive news. . . . Merchants in both towns closed their doors. The drug store sold out of cigars, and several of the sportier chaps made a run down to Williamson County for pints of Mint Springs. There was a report that the owner of the all-night cafe had bet \$50. . . . Cameron had run a special train for the game, a distance of at least 30 miles or so. People stood a half-dozen deep around the field and some perched in trees . . . at one end of the arena. Talk about pressure, Don [Meredit] baby, you never had it like this."

Describing Johnny Unitas:

"His face is a map of a hard path, forehead wrinkles, cascading furrows in his cheeks, small pock marks dotting his lean, serious cheeks. He is a day laborer who somehow fell into fame on his way to work and it impresses him not one whit."

And:

"Sportswriting is just like driving a taxi. It ain't the work you enjoy. It's the people you run into."

Or:

"Something less than two weeks ago, Mr. LBJ thru his laig crost the saddle born and made oratorical history. He spoke a line that zinged in the national ear. Zinged, baby, zinged. Our leader surveyed reports from [Watts] and released this ponderous thought: "Killing, rioting, and looting are contrary to the best traditions of this country." Not only was this of informative value but it showed a vast amount of diligent research."

Finally, on writing of a dying Primo Carnera, the mob-managed innocent giant heavyweight who in the Thirties was fed setups until he became a bogus champion, then—once the mob had its bets placed—was sent out to take fearful beatings from Max Baer and Joe Louis:

"He had zero ability but he was heavy on bravery and pride. And when he left the New York airport, his frame wracked by cirrhosis of the liver, beading home [to Italy] to die, the photographers clustered about him. A couple of his old sparring mates came to see him off and they were openly crying. Primo begged the photographers to wait a minute. Then he handed his cane to a friend and told the guys to shoot away. He still wanted no sign of weakness. May somebody forgive all of us everywhere for what we did to this human being."

I reckon you can see, now, why those of us who peddle words talk about Blackie Sherrod on our barstools and find him so easy to steal from. In the second paragraph of this opus I wrote that A. C. Greene "was not born fast friends with money." My earlier efforts said things like, "He was born scratch poor" or "He came into this world naked and broke," and so on, none of it working. Then, thumbing through the galleys proofs of *Scattershooting*, I found the line "Unitas is fast friends with money," and I simply couldn't resist the slight twist. I'm like the Texas legislator who said in response to the little old lady constituent who'd charged that she'd heard he was stealing, "Yessum, but I been trying to quit." Me too, Blackie. But you sure do make it hard. L.L.K.

ways to a full-time staff job at \$20 each Friday, the better to conserve corporate funds; Shrake, too, is a *Sports Illustrated* biggie, a fine novelist, and has sold screen plays. Gary (Jap) Cartwright, currently a novelist and freelance writer, was brought aboard for pennies from a police beat he jazzed up for the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*. Julian Read, long hired for princely sums by Texas politicians who wish their public images polished, once was a \$12.50-per-week "go-fer" for Blackie. Jerre R. Todd, now a Fort Worth public relations man, was another of Blackie's wild and literally hungry crew. Sherrod still considers Todd the big one that got away: "He might have been better than any of us if a living wage hadn't been so dad-gummed important to him."

At 55, Sherrod is ripe enough to indulge in old men's laments. "It ain't as much fun as it was," he admits. "I think I give it as much—I just don't get as much back. I'll always have a soft spot for that bunch of raging mad paupers at the *Press*. You could holler out, 'Who was the first mate on the *Bounty*?' and so many voices would beller 'Fletcher Christian' than you thought the Mormon Tabernacle Choir had sneaked up on you. Now, though, you ask most newsmen who Fletcher Christian was and somebody will say, 'Didn't he play for the White Sox?' Nobody reads anymore."

It does not impress Sherrod that more books are bought than ever before, or that the educational norm—even among out-at-elbows newsmen—is several degrees higher than twenty years ago. Nosir, he knows what he knows, remembers what he remembers, and unless you want your nasty statistical mouth mashed you'd better shut it. "We read aloud to each other in the newsroom," he recalls. "S. J. Pernelman and H. Allen Smith and Damon Runyon. Mark Twain. Name 'em. And even when we were out drinking, or riding on a Texas League baseball train, we talked about writing headlines or leads or makeup. Now, I dunno, the five o'clock whistle blows and everybody runs off to PTA meetings or to mow their lawns."

Blackie is sprawled in his fine home in the Lakewood section of Dallas, surrounded by so many autographed pictures from people like Bing Crosby and John Connally and Doak Walker that you wonder why he needs wallpaper; he is grinning in remembering when nobody ran off to PTA meetings after work. "There was this beer-sof Meskin food place called Shanghai Jimmy's, and if we didn't eat there two nights a week our faces would break out. A certain eatin' cntest was matched between Bad Hair Bentley, who could eat a boiled child if it was

free, and a challenger named Pete Fisher, who claimed to eat raw frags. Bad Hair's manager tried a tad of strategy that backfired: he had Bad Hair eat rum balls between official courses on the theory it would cool off his gizzard and keep him fresh. When the contest ended in a tie, Bad Hair Bentley claimed he'd been done in by mismanagement. Then somebody noticed that Bud Shrake, who'd been standing around as a mere spectator, had accidentally scarfed down four double-number-elevens. I think Bud was a little embarrassed by being crowned the new official glutton, but after that we'd have him go down to Shanghai Jimmy's occasionally and eat an exhibition.

"Jerre Todd, the good crazy bastard, he'd do anything a monkey could. You had to watch him. The best sports writing in America was wild stuff he'd write and post on the bulletin board. Back during the Fifties when Red Grange was on TV as a football color man, Red used the worst grammar in the kingdom. 'Ohio State they' and 'The Buckeyes it,' and so on. When Grange's old college coach died—Bob Zupke, I think it was—I was turning through the *Press* after the first edition rolled and came on this suspicious dateline from Florida quoting Red Grange as saying, 'It are a great personal loss.' Well, shit, I howled and slapped my leg and hated like the devil to make Jerre remove his priceless little invention before the second edition. But, of course, I had to.

"Dan Jenkins was, and is, the most effortless writer I've ever known. And the most confident. Most writers, they're insecure to the point of hiding under the bed. Dan always had the attitude of a competent athlete—and he was a good athlete. Golf. Basketball. Pool. I think he could have roped buffaloes. Nothing in the world spooked Dan except snakes. Just a picture of a reptile would crater him. We spent a lot of time finding snake pictures—in color if possible—and trimming them and then rolling them up in Dan's typewriter. He'd come sailing in, smoking his nineteenth cigarette of the morning and drinking his twelfth Coke. When he rolled his typewriter carriage, out would jump this horrible goddamn snake. And Dan would beat and thresh and whoop awhile and fall down in wastebaskets. Then he'd sigh and sit down and once he'd quit trembling he'd write you the best eight hundred newspaper words you ever read.

"When I left the *Press* for the *Times Herald*, Jenkins replaced me as sports editor there—which was about like being the lookout at a prairie dog colony. Anyway, Shrake made the move to Dallas with me: he and Jerre Todd flipped for it, and I guess Shrake lost. We'd

been accustomed to mighty short rations at the *Press*. Honest, when pencils were down to nubs you were expected to tape two shorties together and make-do with the lead at both ends. Then you had to turn in the nubs to get a new pencil. On the second day at the *Times Herald* Shrake said in some wonder, 'Do you know they've got a supply room back there and you can get anything you want?' He talked like they had a company whore hid back there. When he found out they actually had a copy boy, I thought he'd soil himself. Shrake would rare back about ever twenty minutes and beller 'Cnpy!' and sit and grin silly and look vastly pleased when the copy boy rushed up. Of course, more than half the time he didn't have any copy. I had to make him quit it so they wouldn't think we were a couple of Cowtown hicks."

Dan Jenkins sat in his penthouse apartment on Park Avenue, looking out on the spires of Manhattan. He and some visiting Texas pals cleaned up on chicken-fried steaks which his wife, June, cooks better than they do it at Odessa's Club Cafe. Bud Shrake, visiting from Austin, opined that the cream gravy was lighter and better than any French chef's sauce. It was a good time, between sips of wine and puffs of fine cigars, to recall tougher days—their root beginnings as writers.

"Blackie was a great disciplinarian," Jenkins said. "I always thought he'd make a good football coach. He commanded respect. I was scared to death of him at first. My first story, I spent all night writing it at home on the kitchen table—cutting, polishing, making it bright. Blackie read the first paragraph and said, 'Don't ever write a morning lead for an afternoon newspaper, dumb ass.' I was crushed. He was never really abusive, but . . . well, he bit his words off. It was intimidating."

Shrake said, "I remember racing to work in the dark and the cold, my hands sweating on the steering wheel, and just knowing that no matter how many red lights I ran it wouldn't be enough for Blackie. Anything past 5:30 a.m. was considered late, and he dearly despised tardiness."

"Gnd," Jenkins said, "but he could make you feel like a worthless shit. Wouldn't speak to you if you came in late. Just freeze you out. He'd grab everything out of your hands and do it himself. One of the day's highlights was going to breakfast with Blackie after all copy was in. But if you'd been late you didn't get invited. You'd sit there alone, hating yourself and vowing never to screw up again."

"When he was really pissed," Shrake said, "he'd make you telephone Jess Neely at Rice or Dutch Meyer at TCU

(Continued on page 142)

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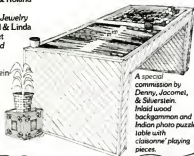
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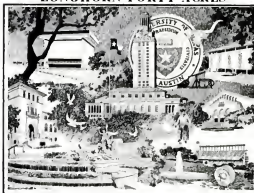
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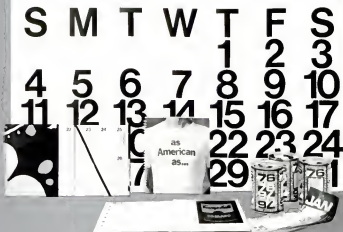
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Star Struck

(Continued from page 87)

many bodies in space—from Jupiter to faint, distant stars to large clouds of molecules floating in the void—emit radio waves. Radio astronomers monitor and analyze these waves just as optical astronomers monitor and analyze light waves. In the past it had not been possible to locate the precise source of many of the radio waves, particularly those that arrive here from great distances. But recently radio astronomers have learned how to locate radio sources much more accurately. Liz's card file contained hundreds of radio sources, many from objects so faint they could not be seen even on the most detailed maps of the sky. She wanted, among other things, to try to find those objects by using the instrument the Faint Object group was attaching to the telescope.

This instrument was based on a design developed by Joseph Wampler of the Lick Observatory in California. It employed light intensifiers which worked on the same principle as the light intensifiers used in night combat in Viet Nam. The light from the telescope was intensified—made brighter—in three stages. The last stage gave the image a slightly longer life than usual so that a special television camera could photo-

graph it. The astronomer would then observe the image on a small television screen, rather than through an eyepiece. At the same time the computer would electronically scan the television image and immediately transform it into numerical data the astronomer could analyze later. They hoped this system would reveal stars that were so faint they couldn't be seen any other way.

That Liz and Paul should begin discussing work almost the moment she arrived showed admirable dedication, but that was not, as it turns out, unusual. Astronomers are in a bit of a bind because there are many more of them than there are telescopes. Observing time is reserved night by night, often for months in advance. Away from the observatory they do whatever preparatory work they can. At the observatory they usually spend the night at the telescope and sleep from dawn to noon. In the afternoon they do a preliminary analysis of the data from the night before and make last-minute changes in their viewing plan for the coming night. They may relax a little between dinner and nightfall but the steady tension of their work doesn't relent even then.

The astronomer is a slave to the objects of his study. He can see them only at night and, as the heavens shift and the earth revolves around the sun, all the stars and planets regularly come

into view and disappear from view so that the astronomer may observe particular objects only on certain nights. He may not rearrange the heavens in order to repeat an observation or to check another astronomer's findings. Things do get checked eventually but in the meantime astronomers rely on the personal reputations of their colleagues. For one astronomer to say about another, "He has a tendency to be right" is a high accolade; it means "I believe in his data because I believe in him."

The rooms and routine of the TQ are designed to aid the astronomers' nocturnal routine. Four meals a day are served, the fourth being a night lunch which is ready at 11:30 p.m. The kitchen will prepare a breakfast at any meal; it is not unusual at noon to see more people eating bacon and eggs than lunch. The rooms are as bare and anonymous as the Standard American motel rooms they were patterned after, except they have no telephone or television. What they do have is a small electric alarm clock with PROPERTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS stamped on the top. The beds are not made up each day and if the astronomer wants his sheets changed, he must do it himself. Around the window is a black window shade inside a black metal frame. It seals out daylight so the astronomer can sleep and seals in artificial light so



a



b



c



d



e



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g



h



i

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the lights from the TQ don't disturb
other astronomer's observations.

For that matter, there is little on
the mountain to disturb an astronomer
in any way whatsoever. The temptations
of the world are so lacking that by the
third day I had stopped carrying money.
I had already bought all the souvenir
postcards, books on astronomy, and star
maps I thought I needed at the small
McDonald Observatory visitor center.
After that, unless you were fond of
paying a quarter to watch a tall ma-
chine produce a can of Coke, there was
nothing else to buy. The nearest store
was in Fort Davis, fifteen miles away;
the nearest movie theater, in Alpine,
forty miles away.

These distances are not so bother-
some to astronomers, but they are im-
portant constants in the lives of the
families who live on the mountain.
Only one permanent resident is an
astronomer and he will soon be leaving.
The rest are support personnel ranging
from the superintendent of the ob-
servatory to custodians. There are also
a mechanical engineer, an electrical en-
gineer, two electrical technicians, a
machinist, an optical technician, a
draftswoman, nine night assistants who
help the astronomers in the mechanical
operation of the large telescopes, a part-
time librarian, two full-time secretaries,
a tour guide, twelve general mainte-
nance people, and five who run the
TQ. This comes to about 40 people.

As a rule the nontechnical staff live
in Fort Davis or Alpine and the tech-
nical staff live in a group of fifteen
University-owned houses at the foot of
the mountain. These are large, four-
bedroom ranch-style houses with a
number of sliding glass doors and
porches. An employee may rent one
for ten percent of his salary provided
he agrees to remain on call 24 hours a
day.

The houses are less than a year old.
Their newness and their design give the
neighborhood a distinctly suburban feel,
rather like Richardson, say, where many
of the residents work in scientific or
technical jobs similar to the jobs people
do on the mountain. McDonald's sub-
urbanites, however, must learn to do
their shopping just once or twice a
month. They buy food in Fort Davis.
An order phoned in in the morning will
be delivered that afternoon by the school
bus which always stops at the grocery
on its way back. For more serious
shopping they travel to Alpine or else
drive to El Paso where they run down
long lists of things they need and, the
biggest luxury of all, have a meal at a
restaurant.

Most people, however, see these in-
conveniences as only that. They like
the isolation of life on the mountain,
and, just as other suburbanites, say they
like where they live because it's safe,

there's no crime, they like their neigh-
bors, and they don't have to worry
about their kids. The librarian told me
that she has to remind herself to look
at papers and remember that oh, yes,
there are wars going on and strikes and
political scandals. An exploding star
billions of miles away might cause them
to work three days straight aiding an
astronomer observing it; whereas a
change of government in Portugal, or
in Washington, affects them hardly at
all.

The one real hazard for the people
who live on the mountain is a disease
called mountain fever, a feeling of
claustrophobia that comes from living
and working in isolation. The cure is to
leave the mountain for a few days in
favor of El Paso or Austin or Alpine or
just someplace else, and every few
months people will take that cure.

Of the four optical telescopes at Mc-
Donald, the newest and largest is the
107-inch reflector; the oldest has an
82-inch reflector, and the other two,
used mostly by graduate students, have
reflectors of 36 and 30 inches. A reflector
is a large piece of glass coated with
aluminum to make a mirror. Ordinary
telescopes, the kind favored by ships
captains, are refractors which admit
light through a lens. Since glass lenses
act as a prism and bend some colors of
light more than others, the resulting
images are not precise enough for as-
tronomers. The reflecting telescopes—
which bounce the light from mirror to
mirror—do not bend light and therefore
produce more nearly perfect images.

The Faint Object Project had chosen
to use the 107-inch telescope. Paul and
the engineers and scientists on the
project were working around the base
of the telescope like beavers around a
pine. That telescope—almost 36 feet
long, weighing 160 tons—was a thick
steel tube welded together in sections. It
was mounted on a round metal beam
which in turn rested at an angle of
about 45 degrees on two thick cement
pillars. Two concealed sets of gears
move the telescope to point at any spot
in the sky. For balance an immense
counterweight, approximately seven feet
square, rode on the round beam op-
posite the telescope. The beam, the tele-
scope, and the counterweight were all
painted that familiar, pale, institutional
green.

The room that held the telescope was
perfectly round. Arching over it, was
the dome. Painted pale blue, it made
all of us, and the telescope, too, seem
like we were inside a giant robin's
egg waiting to hatch. Two yellow
steel beams lined the slit in the
dome. Parallel to them were the
runners for a black canvas curtain
that could be raised and lowered to
seal all the slit except for the place
the telescope was looking through. So



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that the telescope could be pointed in any direction, this huge dome revolved; that was something I thought would be worth a long night to see.

And the night did wear on. The final testing of the new instrument kept getting held up by the kind of delays that seem most inevitable when they are most frustrating—a piece didn't fit and had to be remade, tubing needed to be wrapped with tape, wires got crossed, parts got switched. Finally, about 1:30, more or less to everyone's amazement, everything had been put, or had fallen, into place. All that remained were a few tests to make sure the machine was working properly before it would be

time to crank up the telescope and open the dome.

Paul turned out the lights for the tests. The fifteen of us—scientists, Air Force observers, technicians, and myself—crowded into the narrow computer room just off the dome floor where the controls for the instrument and the television monitor were assembled. Each test either revealed no problems at all or only minor ones that were solved with a minimum of effort. The process was slow and painstaking. Paul had to thread his way from the controls in the computer room through the crowded group of observers hack out to the floor to adjust the machine,

then retrace his steps back to the controls. "Excuse me," he said politely. Excuse me. Excuse me." The only light in the room was a blue haze from the television monitor that made everyone's face look ghostly. The room soon stank of cigarettes and stale coffee. It was nearly 2:30 before the computer was working in proper conjunction with the camera and the system produced a clear image on the television screen.

"Well," Paul said, "that's it." He paused for a moment, looking at us, and didn't say anything. Then with a sweep of his hand he looked straight up and said, "Let's open the dome!"

At last! But at that very moment, as if on cue, the phone rang. One of the electrical engineers answered it and after a short conversation hung up disgustedly. "Wait, everybody," he said. "They're shutting down at the eighty-two inch. The humidity's too high."

It was a dejected group that walked outside and saw that, yes, the dew was heavy enough to be dripping off the dome. Observation was impossible. Most went to the TQ to drink coffee and wait to see if the humidity would drop. Paul stayed on the dome floor to work on the machine. Hours later, just before dawn, they opened the dome and the machine worked perfectly. When the telescope was aimed at one of Liz's radio sources, where the most detailed and recent map of the sky showed nothing at all, the television screen revealed a star.

That telephone call had come from Rob Robinson, a young astronomer who was not only plagued by humidity that night but was also wrestling with demons of his own.

Two weeks earlier, on August 29, he'd had his thirtieth birthday. At his home in Austin his wife had made him a special dinner and they drank two bottles of wine between them. Afterward it was with a full belly and a pleasantly fuzzy, wine-clouded mind that Rob had gone to bed at 11, a time so early by his normal schedule that it was something like bedding down in midafternoon. He decided he deserved the indulgence. While the dinner had been fine, the occasion of his birthday had not been completely joyous. Although his career was well underway and he had discovered a stellar phenomenon of some importance, it depressed him to be growing so undeniably older. Tonight he wanted just to eat a better meal than his slim budget normally allowed, drink enough to make him drowsy, go to bed early, sleep soundly, and forget everything for a while. He had been in bed less than half an hour when the first call came.

Not long before, halfway around the world, a Japanese youngster who enjoyed looking at the stars noticed one burning much more brightly than it

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usually did. His call to a local observatory made him the first person in the world to spot the phenomenon, now named *Nova Cygni 1975*. But in the next hour many other astronomers, both amateur and professional, saw it too and began calling friends and professional colleagues to tell them about it. It was probably a nova, a star that periodically burns many times more brightly than normal. But it could be a supernova, a star that suddenly explodes with the force of innumerable nuclear bombs. Astronomers think that such explosions are the final, cataclysmic event in the life of a star. Novae, whose brilliance is not due to a simple explosion, are rare enough; but supernovae are extremely rare. In most galaxies a supernova appears only once every 50 to 200 years. Modern telescopes can observe enough galaxies that astronomers can see several supernovae each year. But the star that had suddenly flared up that night was in our own galaxy, the Milky Way. The last one here was in 1604. There had been another one in 1572 but before that the most recent was in 1054. If this new appearance was a nova, it would be the celestial event of the decade; if it were a supernova, it would be the event of the millennium.

Rob Robinson's special field of study is novae, but . . . not tonight. There are times when concentrating alternately on one's age and one's evening meal is more important than the event of the decade or even of the millennium. He answered the first telephone call and the subsequent ones, dragging his long, slightly stooped, boney frame out of bed each time, fumbling for his glasses, fumbling for another cigarette from one of that day's several packs, and mumbled into the receiver, "No, I don't know what it is . . . don't know what it means . . . don't know where it is . . . no, don't think I can come see it tonight." Even if the whole sky were exploding, Rob would have stayed in bed. He wanted to sleep and finally did.

But the next night he took a kinder view of the new phenomenon. In another two weeks he would be going out to McDonald Observatory for several nights of observing. He wouldn't be looking at this new star in particular but at stars much like it. As he thought about the new nova or supernova, whichever it would turn out to be, his scientific side gave way to his unscientific, or rather his ascetic, side. The event, after all, had coincided with his birthday. Maybe, he thought only half seriously, this was a good omen. Omens, portents, sky signs—astronomers scoff at such notions. But he yielded to the temptation jokingly, secretly, just this once. He began to look forward to his time at the observatory with enthusiasm.

However, for several nights clouds

were in the way; and then last night, when everything had looked so clear, the dew set in. But the next night the sky looked clear early in the evening and Rob walked toward the telescope with his hopes renewed.

Rob was working with the 82-inch telescope. It is the oldest telescope on Mount Locke and was the second largest in the world from when it was built in 1938 until 1948. Unfailingly I heard astronomers describe the newer 107 inch as "headstrong" or as an "obstreperous youngster" while they referred to the 82-inch with real affection as a "fine old lady." This telescope had produced many important discoveries, including the discovery of the moons of Neptune and Uranus. It looked friendly, even to me, and had an air of having, if this makes sense to say about a telescope, seen it all. It was black, like a telescope is supposed to be, instead of that institutional green; the floor of its dome was steel plate rather than linoleum; and the desks around it were wood rather than gray metal.

When I looked in on Rob he was just beginning his observations. Each telescope has a computer terminal which will retrieve from the computer memory the position of any heavenly body at any given time. Rob typed in the star he wanted to observe, one named G207-9, and the computer immediately printed out the star's position in the sky. Rob then went into a small control room just off the dome floor to check his observing equipment. The night assistant, standing at the automatic control panel at one edge of the moveable floor, raised the telescope and rotated the dome to place the slit in the proper position. The dome groaned and creaked like an elderly dame with arthritis, and it occurred to me that these sounds might be the modern equivalent of the music of the spheres.

Rob wanted to observe G207-9 because it is a star of a particular class that Robinson and a graduate student John McGraw have named pulsating white dwarfs. Only eight are known, of which Robinson and McGraw discovered four and confirmed two others. The surveying part of the project was now over and Rob was going back to observe more closely those eight objects.

White dwarf is actually a technical name for a particular kind of heavenly body. White dwarfs are not completely understood but they are technically described as "degenerate matter," what remains while a star is burning itself out. At this stage the remaining matter, mostly liquid helium, has collapsed in on itself, become very dense, and shrunk to planet size—an object, in other words, with the mass of the sun but the size of the earth.

If a white dwarf is a part of a binary

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star system—two stars that are locked together by their gravitational attraction—the result is occasionally a nova. Binary stars revolve around each other; when the dwarf gets close enough its gravity may pull clouds of hydrogen off the surface of the other star. When these clouds hit the cooling, but still extremely hot, surface of the dwarf, the result is the nuclear equivalent of throwing gasoline on a hot cinder. The hydrogeo burns and the white dwarf looks brighter. Thus, a nova.

But a pulsating white dwarf is another matter. As little as a year ago the idea would have seemed preposterous. White dwarfs, after all, are dying stars and shouldn't show any signs of activity, shouldn't do anything but glow as they cool. But the ones Rob and John McGraw have found change luminosity at rates that vary from every 200 to every 1000 seconds. Their task was to find out why.

However romantic the heavens might be, the only way to solve their mysteries is through dogged perseverance. Rob's work that night, in its steady repetition of routine tasks, was more typical than the efforts of the Faint Objects Group. He never looked through his telescope except to check that it was still trained on the right star. Instead, at the base of the telescope he had attached a photomultiplier, an instrument that is about a thousand times

more sensitive to light than a photographic plate. An elaborate series of cables coming out of the photomultiplier like the tentacles of a squid connected to a computer in the control room. The computer registered the luminosity of G207-9 at ten-second intervals, transferring the information simultaneously to a typed sheet, to a punched tape, and onto a screen in the form of a graph.

Once he had fixed the telescope on the star and gotten the computer working properly, Rob simply watched the screen in the control room in case anything unusual should happen. Every ten minutes, red flashlight in hand, he went back into the dome, climbed a set of moveable wooden stairs up to the raised floor where he looked very quickly through the eyepiece of the telescope to be certain the star was still locked in the cross hairs. Between checks, while he watched the computer screen, he smoked cigarettes and drank coffee.

All the lights on the dome floor were out and in the sparsely furnished control room there were only three faint red lights, one over each of the two desks and one over the computer terminal. They lit the room with a very dim, shadowy red glow that would be perfect for a bordello. The only sound besides our talking was the chug, chug of the computer terminal printing, every ten seconds, the luminosity of the star.

During one of Rob's periodic checks I looked through the eyepiece myself. Looking at the planets through a large telescope is spectacular since planets have beautiful colors. Jupiter, for instance, has horizontal stripes which vary from white to pale yellow to a darker reddish brown. Saturn, though lighter, is similarly colored and Mars is its legendary red. But stars appear only as points of light even through the most powerful telescopes. I looked for a long time expecting . . . something. It was the only chance of my life to see the pulsating white dwarf G207-9 which is invisible to the naked eye, but the only thing I learned was why astronomers look at their computer readouts rather than the stars. The readouts are more interesting.

Since professional astronomers plan their observing time so carefully, it is generally amateur astronomers, whose pleasure is scanning the skies, who discover the unexpected heavenly events. Astronomy is therefore one science where amateurs can still make important contributions. Generally a professional astronomer looks at the sky only to check the weather.

Rob had wanted to observe G207-9 for four or five hours, but after only an hour and a half the screen showed a strange diminishing in the light. Rob went out to check the telescope. "Clouds," he said. "Damn."

There is a catwalk that runs clear around the outside of the dome. Rob opened the door that led there and I followed him out. "The whole place is clouding over," he said. He paced around the dome. The metal catwalk made loud, hollow tones beneath his feet. I had to walk fast to keep up with him. "Clouds, clouds, clouds," he said. "This is the worst observing run I've had in two years." It was as if the heavens had played a cruel joke by producing the nova on his birthday to give him hope, only to dash that hope with clouds.

Finally he stopped near the door, leaned back against the dome, and lit a cigarette. Above us the clouds were thickening rapidly and it began to look threatening. Rob puffed at his cigarette angrily. More time wasted. The next time he got back to the observatory he would still be where he was when the present trip began. The night was cold and Rob stared down at his feet and hunched his shoulders against the chill. I had asked him earlier why he had become an astronomer and he had answered that he had long had an interest in religion and the inner soul, but had come to the conclusion that the best way to find what was inside was to spend his time looking as far outside as possible. But that night, just thirty, with clouds overhead, in was the only way he was looking. ♦

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number one among *all* the listed ABC publications in percent of increase. *Texas Monthly* is now the fastest-growing magazine in America.

Texas Monthly's average paid circulation for the six months ending June 30 was 107,012, up a phenomenal 107.1% over the same period last year. Almost double *People's* percent of increase.

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The Great Airline War

(Continued from page 81)

year in Braniff's history. Profits were \$26.2 million, up thirteen per cent from the year before—which had been a record itself. In 1974, Braniff earned an 18.2 per cent return on equity, a staggering figure for the American business world as a whole and more than twice the average for the rest of the airlines. During Lawrence's ten years, profits had increased by an average of sixteen per cent, compounded, every single year. As one of the smaller trunk lines, Braniff takes in only four per cent of the industry's total revenues; but on that money, it makes eleven per cent of the industry's total profits.

It was the kind of picture that few executives in any industry besides oil could paint in these troubled times—least of all executives in the airlines business. Pan Am lost \$82 million last year, and Eastern, whose revenues are three times as large as Braniff's, made less than half as much profit. (Only Delta, with one of the most favorable route structures in the industry, made proportionately more profit than Braniff in 1974.) The "secret" of Braniff's success lies with two principles that strike outsiders as obvious, but which have not been widely followed elsewhere. One is to build a network of routes and schedules sensitive to the passenger's demand—"You go when the passenger wants to go," says Russell Thayer. The other is to purchase the right kind of airplanes for those routes.

"The most important thing on a passenger's mind when he chooses an airline is the schedule," says Thayer, whose own high reputation depends on his having put these principles into effect. "There may be a little bit of loyalty to a certain line or hostility to another, but in general, if you go at five o'clock, and I want to go at five, I'm going to go with you. This means that you have to work back from the schedule, make your whole system start there."

Braniff has a "radial" route structure, with its center at Dallas, which is harder to coordinate than long cross-country routes like those of TWA, United, or American. "On a system like this," Thayer says, "the purpose of each connection is to feed the overall network. You try to start flights as far back as possible, so you can build up the traffic for the longer hauls. You start by analyzing traffic out of the smaller stations. Take Austin—a state capital, a lot of good traffic coming out of there. We found that the main long-haul destination from Austin was Washington. The next most important destination was Chicago. You keep that in mind, while you do the same thing with the other cities all over the system. You

try to weave them together to make the connections. We're a high-frequency, short-haul airline, and we pay more attention than other lines do to the most convenient timing of the flights." Despite Braniff's reputation as the World's Largest Unscheduled Airline, it also pays attention to getting the planes to their destination on time; in 1974, it had a better on-time record than most other trunks.

"Once you have the schedule, you look at the equipment and see what's going to be most effective for the specific market you're serving." The Braniff fleet is composed almost entirely of two tested if unromantic workhorses. One is the 727, used for flights inside the United States; the other, the DC-8, for the long hauls to South America. (If and when the Concorde goes on the market, Braniff may buy some for its South American routes, which have all the right qualities for a supersonic flight: long hauls, over water, and full of business travelers who don't mind paying the higher prices.) Because it has only two basic planes, Braniff doesn't have to juggle its equipment around; repairs and scheduling also become easier.

There is one other plane in the Braniff fleet—the famous 747. When Harding Lawrence comes close to letting down his guard and speaking from the heart, it is about this plane.

"All the other guys were going a different route than we did," he says, referring to the 747 orgy a few years back. "They were all buying the wide-body planes, and we were out of step. You heard comments—'Lawrence has lost his touch.' A lot of bankers wondered what the hell we were doing." He lights his cigar and takes a puff. "We figured that it might be a mistake to buy the plane, or it might be a mistake not to buy it. If we were making a mistake by holding back, that would be fairly easy to rectify. But if purchasing it was the mistake, that would be very hard to rectify." In the twinkle in Lawrence's eye, one can see visions of poor Continental's jets, baking in the New Mexico sun.

Lawrence pulls out his scratch pad, and begins drawing a series of parallel lines. "You have your jumbo jet, costing X million dollars, and carrying so many passengers. You find that for the same money you can operate two smaller planes, carry the same load, and have them take off thirty minutes apart. Those thirty minutes may be very important to your customers. One of them wants to go at four-thirty, and another wants to go at five. You can serve both of them if you stay with the smaller planes." When Braniff finally did order its one 747, it did so for a tailor-made market. Braniff's 747 was the one hundredth plane off the Boeing assembly

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line, but it has already surpassed every other 747 in the world in number of hours flown, profitability, efficiency, and everything else. It is in the air nearly fifteen hours every day of the year.

"Once you've got the equipment and the scheduling," Thayer continues, "then you market the system, you tell people what you're offering. We have schedules at all our ticket counters; a lot of other lines think they're too expensive to print up. You don't use your advertising to talk about legroom or frills. [Braniff has reason to be modest about its legroom. Its coach seats are only 34 inches apart, compared to 36 inches for TWA.] You tell people where you go and when. It's all part of coordination—really, coordination is the key to our success. You have to coordinate four elements. First, the kind of equipment you purchase. Second, how much of it. Third, the scheduling, and fourth, the marketing. At some lines, the equipment is chosen by the engineers, and the amount is determined by how many planes they're getting rid of. The scheduling is set up for the convenience of the maintenance men, and marketing has to push what's left. That's no way to run a railroad."

While Harding Lawrence was painting his planes and helping his airline prosper, another side of his spirit was

making its influence felt. The consequences have not yet fully run their course, but they came to a climax of sorts last summer, when a tenth-floor office at Braniff Tower was hurriedly vacated. In August 1975, ten years after he arrived, Braniff's president Edward Acker was leaving the airline business. An announcement in the *Wall Street Journal* brought the surprising news that Acker was going to New York—a city low in his esteem—to be second in command of the Transway Company, whose main business was ocean freight. In Braniff Tower, the official reaction was predictable: a mixture of heartbreak at the loss of a great and promising executive, and best wishes for Eddie's future. As Lawrence put it, with the faintest glint of a tear in his eye, "Ed is forty-six years old. That's a vulnerable age, a time when many people make changes in their careers. I made mine when I was forty-four. The man he's understudying at Transway is sixty-five years old. I am fifty-five. Now, Eddie's never said anything like that to me, but if I had to put forward a supposition about why he left, that would be it."

Lawrence continued, "Ed was my choice for president, my successor, but"—and here he flashes a steely grin—"I'm going to be around for a long time."

There is another view about Acker's

departure, a view Lawrence flatly labels "nonsense" but which has somewhat wider credence outside his office. It involves Braniff's troubles with the CAB, and it begins—small world—with Watergate.

In the fall of 1973, Harding Lawrence was one of the many corporate officials who pled guilty to making illegal contributions to the Nixon Campaign. Braniff had given \$40,000 to the Finance Committee for the Re-election of the President, in violation of federal law. The company was fined \$5000; Lawrence himself was fined \$1000. If its involvement in the Nixon scandal did not make Braniff unique among American businesses, the subsequent course of investigation did; for the government was soon much more interested in how Braniff had generated the money than in the uses to which it had been put.

According to the complaint now pending before the CAB, Braniff's political contribution to CREEP was only a droplet from a slush fund it had been illegally collecting for the previous three years. Beginning in the fall of 1969, Braniff distributed some 3626 tickets for "off the books" sales. The tickets looked like ordinary tickets, and the customers who bought them got to take their airplane rides. But the tickets were never recorded on the company's normal books, and their proceeds went into a special fund. In this manner, Braniff built up a sum of money which, the CAB has estimated, contained between \$641,285 and \$926,955.

Apart from the relatively small contribution to Nixon, the money (so Braniff says) went for kickbacks and bribes for ticket agents in South America. Because the CAB complaint inconveniently hit the headlines just as Lawrence was preparing his glorious ten-year report, he felt obliged to begin with a special explanation to his stockholders, designed to knock down the "erroneous and misleading publicity" the company had been receiving. The case he made, essentially, was that all the other fellows were doing it, and that Braniff had to play the game in order to survive. "The fact is," Lawrence wrote in the report, "the market in South America in 1968 and 1969 was being diverted from Braniff to foreign carriers who were paying travel agents extra commissions." As responsible managers, the executives of Braniff had little choice: "Your company executives charged with responsibility for the Latin American division decided in late 1969 to defend the company by meeting the competitive practices used by other carriers, and thus to protect the company's revenues from continuing erosion." The same Harding Lawrence who felt it would be "inappropriate" to answer questions about the CAB complaint

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tossed a final plum to the shareholders in his report: he assured them for that modest investment of less than \$1 million in kickbacks, the company had "protected" more than \$13 million in revenues.

Inside the government, a somewhat colder eye is being cast on the Braniff affair. The CAB's Petition for Enforcement has an unmistakable voice-of-doom quality about it. (The petition is, in a way, Ralph Nader's doing. The Aviation Consumer Action Project, one of his organizations, is listed as the complainant, and it was largely at ACAP's insistence that the CAB began looking hard at Braniff.) It names six individual respondents (Lawrence and Acker; John Casey, the vice-president for sales and operations; Charles South, vice-president for the Latin American division; Robert Burck, executive vice-president for public affairs; and Camilo Fabrega, regional vice-president for Panama) and accuses them of scheming to "generate an 'off the books' source of funds for use by Braniff management, including Lawrence and Acker, as management saw fit, and at least in part for unlawful purposes." The six are accused of lying to the CAB investigators about the scope and nature of the program. Finally, at the end of the complaint, the boom comes crashing down. As part of its "Prayer for Relief" the Bureau of Enforcement

not only makes the rather obvious point that Braniff should cease and desist from its illegal operations, but also asks the full CAB to answer the following question:

"Whether the public convenience and necessity require that Braniff's authority to operate in air transportation generally or to operate air transportation within Latin America should be altered, amended, modified, or suspended for such period of time as present management retains operations control over its activities, or be revoked for intentional failure to comply with the Act . . ."

Translated from the legalese, the question is whether the CAB will pull Lawrence from the helm. That the CAB does have the power to "alter, amend, modify, or suspend" Braniff's route authorities is beyond question, even though the agency has never exercised it in such circumstances before.

Whether Lawrence will actually bite the dust is quite another issue. One school of thought, as expressed by a Texas airline man, is that "If they're going after Harding, they're going after a mighty big boss." In this view, the CAB's purpose was to strike a tough pose, and to give Braniff a scare in the process. Now that Acker, Lawrence's number-two man, has disappeared, the government will settle back, content with the "shakeup" in the management. But many familiar with the CAB's in-

tentions think that the board actually does mean to depose Lawrence. When a man has so molded an airline in his own personal image, this argument runs, he can hardly escape liability when it comes to grief. Although officials at the CAB, in proper legal fashion, will say absolutely nothing about the case, outsiders point out that the new director of the Bureau of Enforcement is Thomas McBride, who has had his dealings with Braniff before. As part of the Watergate Special Prosecutor's office, he investigated Braniff's illegal campaign contributions. He is, in the words of *Business Week*, "an advocate of strong deterrent penalties."

Whatever their final legal consequences, the Latin American kickbacks suggest a certain frame of mind at Braniff, an inner voice saying, "When the going gets tough, the tough pay kickbacks too, rather than running like sissies to complain to the authorities." Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the Latin adventure, and about Braniff's run-ins with Southwest, is the light they shed on Harding Lawrence's character. More than most businesses, the airlines have traditionally borne the stamp of their romantic leaders; and it is Harding Lawrence, with his vanity and derring-do writ large, whom many people see embodied in the warfare with Southwest.

The Southwest concept, anathema as this may seem to local patriots, originated not here but in California. Ever since the Civil Aeronautics Act went into effect, people in the business knew that there were only two ways to escape the CAB's heavy-handed regulation. One was to operate small air-taxi services, of the variety that Metro, Rio, and Davis airlines now run in Texas. Their aircraft were so small that they could never hope to compete in the big leagues. The other solution was to operate wholly within the boundaries of one state, so that the power of the CAB, even when extended to its limits under the "interstate commerce" clause of the Constitution, could not apply. This second approach had some geographical limitations, however: to make an intrastate airline pay off, it took a special kind of state—one with several large cities separated by several hundred miles. If the cities were too small, there would not be enough traffic, and if they were too close together, airplanes could not compete with cars. California—with San Francisco and Los Angeles separated by more than 400 air miles—was the intrastate man's dream, and the local lines got their start there. More than a dozen of the lines rose and fell—this is the law of the marketplace—before one of them, Pacific Southwest Airlines (PSA) established itself as the model of a profitable, low-cost intrastate line.

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Texas was the next most likely state on the list, and in 1967 a Harvard Business School contemporary of Francisco Lorenzo's named Rollin King decided to give the idea a try. That year he incorporated Air Southwest, and in January 1968 he filed with the Texas Aeronautics Commission for a license to fly commuter flights between Houston, Dallas, and San Antonio. The TAC, by every indication, was delighted to have this case fall into its lap. Established in 1945 to modernize and promote the air system within the state, it had up to this point divided its attention between the two-bit local air taxis and the rural air strips necessary to keep small, lonely towns in touch with the rest of the state. An intrastate commuter line, which could provide fast, cheap travel between the state's major cities, was part of its vision of a better Texas. Then as now, Southwest was supplied with ample political credentials. On its list of investors appear such names as Dolph Briscoe, Robert Strauss, Jake Jacobsen, George Brown, John D. Murchison, and several others from the big time of Texas politics and finance. After the hearing in January 1968—at which Braniff and TI had made their own stab at political weight, being represented by Fulbright, Crooker of Houston and Clark, West, Keller, Clark, and Ginsberg of Dallas—the TAC voted unanimously to give South-

west its license. Then the troubles began.

Demonstrating the ancient truth that, with enough money to pay for enough good lawyers, a dedicated opponent can keep almost anything from happening for years and years, Braniff and TI ran Southwest through half the courts of the country. The first prolonged legal battle was over the TAC decision; that finally made its way to the Texas Supreme Court in 1970, where Southwest won a unanimous decision. Braniff and TI promptly appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court, but the Court refused to hear their case.

Not to be daunted, Southwest's opponents took another tack. This time they appealed to the CAB, saying that Southwest's operations would inevitably violate their "intrastate" limitations. Who could tell, their lawyers asked, whether someone journeying from another state into Dallas might step onto a Southwest flight into Houston, thereby making the airline part of the interstate system. The CAB, even though it is traditionally the trunk lines' friend, threw this case out promptly, at which point Braniff and TI appealed that decision to the courts. By the time this case was finally disposed of, in December 1972, the Senior Judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia let Braniff and TI know that he was on to their game:

"I have read carefully the pleading

and briefs filed by all parties in the Texas Courts—a mass of material more than four inches thick—and have become familiar with the arguments advanced by the diligent and resourceful counsel for Braniff and Texas International. They have omitted no point which their ingenuity could devise in their attack upon Air Southwest. . . . It is now five years since Air Southwest applied to the Texas Aeronautics Commission for a certificate of public convenience and necessity. This litigation should have been terminated long ago; its undue prolongation approaches harassment."

While this case was bobbing through the courts, an equally bitter and even more complicated one was also keeping the lawyers occupied. This time the zeal of Braniff and TI was exceeded by that of the cities of Dallas and Fort Worth, who envisioned their mammoth, expensive, world's-largest airport turning into a municipal disaster at the hands of Southwest. The cities—which had been forced by the CAB to give up their downtown airports (Love Field in Dallas; Greater Southwest near Fort Worth) and join in a shotgun wedding to build the gala new facility—had made all the CAB-certificated carriers sign a blood oath that they would move out to DFW when it was built, so they could start paying enormous landing fees to help retire the bonds. The airlines were hardly delighted at the prospect; it was made palatable only by the fact that everyone was being forced to do it together.

There was one airline left out, however—Southwest, which had only been a gleam in Rollin King's eye when the DFW contracts were being signed. As opening day approached at the big field, Southwest was understandably reluctant to move its commuter flights twenty miles outside of the city—passengers would spend more time in their cars than they would in the plane. As Herbert Kelleher, the attorney from San Antonio who has fought Southwest's battles up and down the appellate system, likes to say, "The passenger has a right to travel from Dallas to Houston, and not from Grapevine to Conroe." Although this litigation probably has a few more appeals left before it finally dies, some of the panic seems to have left the city fathers of Dallas and Fort Worth. Everyone except Southwest is now at DFW, chipping away at the construction bonds, while Southwest continues to use Love Field and Hobby Airport in Houston.

This was the courtroom side of the story; and while it may illustrate the many evils to which the law is prey, it was aboveboard and legitimate. At the same time, efforts of a darker sort were underway—this, at least, is the contention of the U.S. government in its indictment of Braniff and TI for violations of

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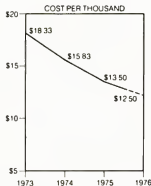
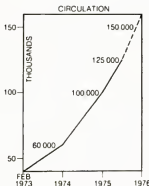
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the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Everyone, even a corporation, is innocent until proven guilty, but the allegations, spelled out in a sixteen-page Bill of Particulars, tell a fascinating story of commercial intrigue.

According to the government, the collaboration between Braniff and TI began long before Southwest took to the skies. "On or about May 14, 1970," the Bill says, "the management of Braniff and TI held a meeting in Dallas. The purpose of the meeting was to promote more cooperation between the two airlines." Among the alleged fruits of that cooperation were not only the legal and administrative appeals, but other tactics of much less subtlety. Some of these were immediately obvious to the public: on June 18, 1971, the day that Southwest's first plane went aloft, Braniff and TI decided to cut their fares to competitive levels. Later, in 1973, Braniff embarked on a brief, and even more obvious, fare war with Southwest. The "Thirteen Dollar War," as it was called, saw Braniff dramatically slash its fares—but only on flights directly competitive with Southwest. This meant, for example, that passengers flying to Dallas from Hobby Field (where Southwest was a competitor) paid \$13 on Braniff, while a flight from Houston's Intercontinental Airport, where Southwest was out of the picture, still cost \$27. For a short time, Braniff charged less on flights from Dallas to San Antonio (where it competed with Southwest) than from Dallas to Austin (where it did not). With its brassy full-page newspaper ads, reading "No One's Going to Shoot Us Out of the Sky for a Lousy Thirteen Bucks," Southwest generated a handsome return in both business and public relations during the "war." "The Thirteen Dollar War was what really backfired on them," says Lamar Muse, who came to the company when it looked as if the planes would finally get off the ground (Rollin King became Southwest's number-one pilot). "It was so incredibly obvious what they were trying to do. They lost more sympathy on that than on anything else they did."

According to the government's allegations, Braniff and TI also took other steps which, if less evident to the outsider, were even more heavy-handed. One was to keep Southwest from using the fuel hydrant at Houston's Intercontinental Airport; another, to black-hall Southwest's application from membership in the interline credit card system, an application all the other airlines were willing to support. When a flight on Braniff or TI was cancelled, passengers were allegedly funneled to the collaborating carrier; they would be picked up in a bus and taken to a waiting plane, rather than allowed to roam free in the terminal, where they might happen upon Southwest. There was a touch

of the vindictive as well; according to the Bill of Particulars, Braniff cancelled an agreement with a package pickup service, called Security Couriers, because Security had had the poor judgment to sign a contract with Southwest.

The Bill mentions one other incident, rendered thus in its dry prose: "On or about July, 1972, Edward Acker, president of Braniff, pressured First of Texas Co., a stock brokerage firm in Houston, to withdraw an investment research analysis which represented Southwest as a favorable speculative stock for high risk capital seeking growth." Lamar Muse tells the story with somewhat richer detail:

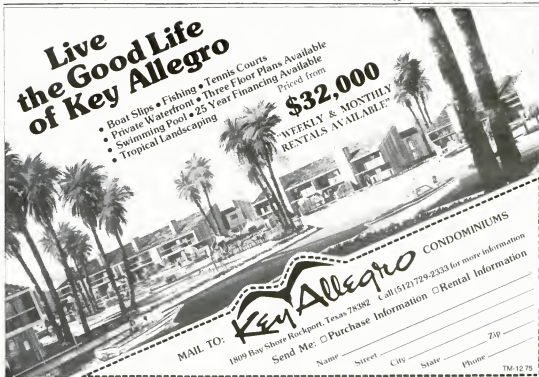
"We'd been in business about a year, when the vice-president for research at the First of Texas got real interested in us. He wrote up a beautiful investor's report on us, and when it came out he sent us a few copies. About a week later, I got a call from the guy. He said they'd found a mistake in the report that they needed to correct. He asked us to send all our copies back. So we sent them back. The weeks went by—two, three. There was no report. About six months or a year later, I was told in casual conversation—assuming that I already knew—that Braniff had called the top man at the First of Texas. The First owns Docutel, which had a contract to construct baggage-handling facilities at DFW. Braniff said that if you don't call that

report off the streets, we'll cancel the contract with Docutel. That contract was about ninety per cent of Docutel's business."

If even one of these stories is true, the most interesting question is *why*—why Harding Lawrence's Braniff, which had only a small fraction of its business threatened by Southwest, would try with such vengeance to extinguish its tiny spark. Lamar Muse's theory that "Harding got a hard-on" may, in its own way, hit the mark. Lawrence has long been a creature of formidable pride. In *Ling*, Stanley Brown tells the story of Lawrence's twisting James Ling's arm for an enormous increase in pay, so that he could keep pace with his wife's bountiful earnings from Wells, Rich. As one of the industry's swashbucklers, Lawrence has a reputation as a man who can get away with things; indeed, among his colleagues the events of the last year seem actually to have improved Lawrence's reputation, since he has survived scandals that would have toppled less agile men. If the CAB does finally do Lawrence in, the psycho-historians may look back and decide that this was Lawrence's tragic flaw, the hubris that led him astray. The man at the top might have thought that anything was possible, that if you were smart enough you did not have to play by the rules, that there was no reason not to indulge a whim. (And it was not

just the rules of fair play which fell by the wayside; simple business sense suffered too. Although Braniff disputes these estimates, Lamar Muse claims that Braniff lost \$4 million during the course of the \$13 war out of Hobby Airport—or about half of the entire profit from Braniff's domestic operations in that year, 1973.) It was this apparent absence of proportion, the loss of any sense of limitation, which has now endangered Lawrence in holding on to his very job, and will force his company to stand in the defendant's dock in San Antonio as well as before the CAB in Washington.

A very different question arises about relations between Southwest and Texas International. In Braniff the provocative element is the pointlessness of it all; Southwest was not going to put Braniff out of business. For Texas International, the dangers are not illusory. Braniff has treated Southwest with exceeding politeness, ever since word of an antitrust indictment was bruited about in legal circles. Although most of TI's involvement in the antitrust mess took place before Lorenzo's ascent, the new regime has gone after Southwest with renewed vigor in the last year, fighting prolonged and bitter legal battles. Through August, September, and much of October, lawyers for Southwest and TI slugged it out in an Austin court-



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room, fighting over Southwest's right to fly into the Rio Grande Valley, a fight emblematic of TI's entire dilemma.

Southwest had first gone into Harlingen during the TI strike last winter. It might seem graceless of TI to protest this incursion while its own planes were grounded, but even before its strike was settled it took two quick steps. One was to file a suit asking that Southwest be removed from the Valley—or more formally, that the TAC's decision granting it the route be reversed. The other was a filing with the CAB, asking that if Southwest stayed in Harlingen TI be allowed to move out. The hard fact is that TI can't compete with Southwest: Southwest can offer lower fares out of

the Valley, or anywhere else it flies.

There are several reasons for Southwest's advantage. One is labor costs: Southwest, which is not only non-union but aggressively anti-union, still gives its employees the feeling of working in a family business, and thereby manages to shell out less hard cash. Its pilots, unlike TI's, have not fallen into the clutches of the Air Line Pilots Association. Francisco Lorenzo says that the average pilot at TI makes close to \$30,000; at Southwest, the figure is closer to \$25,000. (Lamar Muse does claim, however, that his pilots will make as much as TI's when they have accumulated the same amount of seniority. Twenty of Southwest's 39 pilots have

been hired since the beginning of 1974.) Another reason goes to the heart of the controversy between "regulated" and "non-regulated" carriers. Because Southwest doesn't have to arrange elaborate reservations through other carriers, sell interline tickets, check baggage from one line to another, or do anything but get passengers from one city to another, it shrugs off much of the overhead which burdens down TI and the other CAB carriers. ("Say that these expenses came to five per cent of our costs, which is just a guess," Lorenzo says. "When you consider that in the best years we're just making a two or three per cent profit, the cost is significant.") Finally, and what has the TI management most steamed up, is that Southwest is free to pay travel agents extra commissions without having the CAB breath down its neck. For all these reasons, TI must either push Southwest out of the market, or find a new reason to justify its own survival.

Francisco Lorenzo inherited this burden when he came to TI. The airline had already mastered one of the secrets of losing money—it served a network of tiny towns that never generated enough income to pay off, even with the government subsidies. Until 1966, when the line was bought by a group of investors from Minnesota, the situation had not been so bleak, and Trans-Texas (as it was known until 1969) had earned steady, if modest, profits. But with the arrival of the Minnesotans, and the musical-chairs sequences of presidents who came in their wake, the airline did not see another profitable month. The figures were those usually associated with impending bankruptcy: TI lost more than \$6 million in 1969, and even more than that the following year. By the end of 1971, it was \$20 million in debt. The TI stock, which had sold for as much as 29¼ early in 1969, was selling for as little as 3¼ by the end of 1971.

This may not be everyone's idea of a dream business, but to Lorenzo it had its charms. While still in their mid-twenties, he and Robert Carney had put together Lorenzo-Carney Enterprises; a few years later they converted it to Jet Capital Inc., a financing company whose purpose was to serve, as they put it, as "a meaningful platform for successful participation in the exciting but beleaguered field of air transportation." In other words, to buy their way onto a sinking ship, and hope to keep it afloat. They had made the try before, at Mohawk before it disappeared (by merger) into the maw of Allegheny, but with TI they had a much clearer shot. In April 1971, they became consultants to TI's panicked management, earning \$15,000 per month to help pull the airline out of its nose dive. One year later they were sitting at the con-

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trols, on the strength of a refinancing deal that temporarily pacified the creditors.

Even though TI was in trouble, others in the airline business had hoped to take it over and make it pay. There was, consequently, widespread incredulity about how Lorenzo and Carney finally won control. By lining up the refinancing for the \$20-million debt—admittedly no small feat—Lorenzo and Carney took over TI on extremely attractive terms. For their part, the two men, through Jet Capital, put up \$1,150,000 in cash. Actually, since they had been paid some \$180,000 in consulting fees over the previous months, and got a \$60,000 "finders fee" for arranging the refinancing as well, the cash was easier to raise than it might otherwise have been. In return for their money, they got 59 per cent of the voting stock of the company. (The flier which went out to stockholders explaining the deal, 64 pages of small type and obscure accountants' terms, drily told the present stockholders that what used to be 100 per cent of the voting stock would now count for only 35 per cent.) They also received 2,040,000 shares of "series C" stock, convertible after a few years to 1,020,000 shares of TI common stock. Even at the greatly depressed market prices of TI right now, the stock alone is worth as much as Lorenzo and Carney paid for the airline. Lorenzo was also made president of the company and Carney executive vice-president. One of the rival suitors for TI's hand, Hughes Air West (run by Howard Hughes) in California, filed a statement with the CAB, saying that the deal was unfair. Lorenzo and Carney were getting too much, the Hughes men said, they were paying too little, and they had twisted the stockholders' arms in a moment of duress. The protest was to no avail.

In Lorenzo and Carney's defense it must be said that TI's stockholders are better off as diluted owners of a going business than as full owners of a business in the bankruptcy courts, and that, once installed, the new managers did everything sensible and possible to get the airline back in business. They angled for the rich routes, most notably one between Houston and Mexico City, which has turned into a steady money maker; they have also improved service routes to Albuquerque, Denver, and other cities not in the Brownwood/Big Spring category. At the same time, they begged the CAB to let them out of service to some "marginal" cities, like Pine Bluff and Lufkin. (The normal process for terminating service owes a great deal to the railroad industry. To win a route-suspension case before the CAB, an airline usually has to demonstrate that there is no real demand for its services from the torpid small town. There

is no better way to dampen such demand than to schedule the required two-daily round trips for, say, five in the morning and ten at night, so that they become just as inconvenient for the passengers as the railroads became when they were trying to discourage all but the hardest riders.) In 1973, Lorenzo and Carney saw TI make a modest profit of \$319,000. The next year, the profit was \$401,000. These sorts of figures would be laughed out of the boardroom if they were announced at Braniff, but they were a welcome relief for an airline that had, in its bleakest periods, been losing a million dollars a month.

But all of these well-intentioned efforts went to hell over Thanksgiving weekend of 1974, when the long siege of the TI strike began. The airline lost \$3.2 million in the first half of 1975, and traffic depressed through most of the year. The strike also revealed the basic oil-and-water nature of TI's management. Lorenzo and the earnest young people he has brought with him seem uniformly decent and capable, but there was something about their background that sat ill with the rest of the company. "You often get the feeling," says a lawyer who has been close to the events, "that Frank and his people came down from Harvard, saw the TI employees driving pickup trucks with gun racks in the back, and thought to themselves, 'We can handle these guys.' There was never any kind of natural relationship between the handful of people at the top and everyone beneath them. You saw the results of the bitterness when it took four months to settle the strike."

For their part, Lorenzo and his associates deny that there is anything like a class division at TI; they also deny that the strike has done any permanent damage to company morale. Lorenzo claims that the management had to weather the strike to keep the company afloat. "It's the easiest thing in the world to avoid a strike," he says. "All you have to do is give in. It's harder to make the necessary judgment of what the company can sustain in the long run." In this case, the "necessary judgment" was that the company needed to squeeze two concessions out of the union—the right to hire part-time employees (without laying off any of the permanent staff), and the right to let employees voluntarily work split shifts, at a premium in pay. "This is a business of peaks and valleys," says James O'Donnell, the company's young PR man who is now becoming one of its six regional managers. "At Lufkin, for example, you'll have one flurry of business at eight in the morning, and another at five in the afternoon. If you can't hire anybody to work part-time or on a split shift, you have to hire two full shifts and you're going to go broke."



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(On both these points, the union finally gave in.)

Time, the great arbiter, will give the final answer about TI's wisdom in taking on the strike, and about class divisions within the airline as well. But one other problem spawned by the strike already has TI screaming. The strike let Southwest into the Valley.

The litigation between Southwest and TI is likely to drag on until the pages of this magazine have turned to dust, and many of the disputes are quite recondite and confusing. If the case were to be distilled to familiar clichés, however, each side would be saying roughly the following: TI tells Southwest that this town ain't big enough for both of them—that TI can't compete with Southwest's fares, and so one or the other of them must get out of town. ("Town," in this case, is the airports at Harlingen and McAllen; TI now serves both cities, while Southwest flies only into Harlingen.) Southwest, on the other side, contends that a growing pie means bigger slices for all. In its court case and in its appearances before the TAC, Southwest has produced dozens of the Little People of the Valley, citizens of modest wealth who testify gladly that Southwest—with its \$25 fare, compared to \$40 for TI—has given them wings out of the Valley: they fly to Houston to be treated by Dr. Cooley (how they pay for that is another question), they fly to San Antonio to visit their long-lost children. For those who like numbers, Southwest also has one particularly impressive piece of evidence; in 1973, before Southwest got into the picture, TI was carrying an average of 305 passengers each day out of its two airports in the Valley; in 1974, the average was 331. During August of 1975, Southwest alone carried 785 passengers a day out of its one airport at Harlingen. Southwest, which can afford such sentiments, has a live-and-let-live attitude about the Valley. "TI's own estimates show that sixty per cent of the traffic out of the Valley is connecting on for out-of-state flights," says Lamar Muse. "We're not allowed to carry those people. Anyway, they want to fly to DFW and not Love Field. If TI would just get on the ball and put on two daily nonstops between Harlingen and DFW, they could make \$985,000 each year on that route." To this, Lorenzo replies, "Mister Muse is full of S-H-I-T. He knows very well that there's no single flight that will cater to the needs of that market. He also knows that we were operating that very flight during August and couldn't make a fifty per cent load factor on it. So he is just spewing smoke." Nonetheless, TI's diffidence about this kind of competition is only one of several illustrations that airlines aficionados cite to show that Lorenzo and company, while de-

cent and honest, just haven't figured out how to give their airline a winning image.

Far from digging into the competition with Southwest, TI feels so spurned by Southwest, the TAC, and the ungrateful cities of the Valley that it has decided to turn its back on the "Texas Philosophy." The "Texas Philosophy" was TI's dream, at least as expressed to local chambers of commerce. Lorenzo told them that the airline would give first allegiance to the state, that the Lufkins and Brownwoods would prosper under its aegis. Now, Lorenzo says, "We've had to make a wholesale change in the business strategy of the company during the last six months. We have to change in order to allow the company to operate as a viable concern in the business environment of the state [for "business environment," read "competition from Southwest"]. It's made us de-emphasize Texas. We had announced service between Hobby Field and Austin. If you look out at Hobby, you'll see a nice facility that's never been used. We decided not to offer the service. The current environment prohibits us from making business investments in the state of Texas, if they can be snapped up by someone with different costs and incentives than we have." And so TI is broadening its horizons, looking toward Las Vegas, La Paz, and Mazatlán, rather than to Longview, McAllen, and Austin. October was the first month that TI's "revenue passenger miles" pulled ahead of the previous year's level; and that, says Lorenzo, is because "we've succeeded in redeploying the aircraft outside of the state of Texas." Southwest, meanwhile, is preparing to expand, filing for service to Austin, Corpus Christi, El Paso, Lubbock, and Midland-Odessa.

From a profit-and-loss point of view, it is hard to fault Lorenzo's decision. For more than a decade, the old local service carriers have been trying their best to become baby trunk lines. When the government got tired of paying exorbitant subsidies to lines like TI, it decided to give the feeder lines a few plums to offset the lemons they'd been assigned to handle: that is why TI got its routes to Los Angeles, Denver, and Mexico City. Seeing that these big cities make money while Waco continues to be a loser, TI, like many other feeder lines, is drawing the obvious conclusion: why bother with the Wacos at all?

It is difficult to have an evil thought about TI. It wears its heart on its sleeve, it puts the state's name right there on its airplanes. It is trying very hard. Its managers are so appealing, and much more savory than the hard-boiled toughies at the top of Braniff. Its predicament is so touchingly similar to that of the corner candy store being muscled out of existence by the new, shiny, soulless em-

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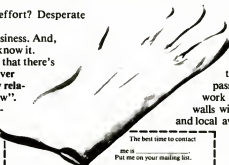
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porium of a national chain supermarket. Still, the question remains: why is TI still in business? What purpose remains for it to serve?

This is connected to the large question now making the rounds in Washington, which is: what lies ahead for regulation of the airline business? Hearings have been held, reports prepared, and, in the inimitable government fashion, detail amassed in quantities sure to stun all inquiring outsiders. The only trend clearly visible through the chaos is that the CAB is going to get it in the neck. A good number of politicians have decided that the airlines can now be portrayed as a conspiracy against the public, and so the CAB and its clients are the more and more frequent targets of rhetorical abuse. Last spring, for example, Senator Edward Kennedy held a long series of hearings, during which he lost no opportunities to point out the difference between the low fares of Southwest and the high fares of the CAB's carriers.

On their side, the airline men do make several plausible points. The first is that the American airline system is, as Russell Thayer of Braniff puts it, "the most remarkable system of transportation in the history of mankind," and that the "high" fares it charges are only half as high as those charged everywhere else in the world. Anyone who has ever invested a year's savings in a short flight from, say, London to Rome, knows the truth of this statement. The second point the industry makes is that reduced fares—which are the main goal of "deregulation"—really make very little difference to most travelers. On Braniff, for example, some 70 per cent of the customers are businessmen, traveling on expense accounts; for them, convenient scheduling and speedy flights are far more important than price. One of Thayer's prize examples of this point is the record of the "Bi-Centennial" excursion fares which United Airlines introduced last summer, and which the other lines reluctantly tagged along with. This special deal offered a twenty per cent reduction on certain journeys; during the first few weeks it applied, Thayer gleefully points out, its most common use was by people who had already traveled and turned their tickets back in for refunds. Even now, he says, it has not enticed many more passengers to fly; it has only allowed the ones who would have flown anyway to fly cheaper.

Even Lamar Muse would agree with this proposition—that modest fare cuts make no substantial difference in the market. "Twenty per cent's not enough," he says, "you have to cut the fare by half." And, short of dismantling the scheduled airline system or bringing on the transportation anarchy that the in-

dustrial spokesmen constantly warn against, there *should* be some ways to bring the fares down. Charter flights, group travel free of the awkward administrative burdens that now restrict it—these are the ways to benefit the customers not traveling on expense account who pay some attention to price. All CAB fares are now set on the assumption that the average "load factor" on the trunk lines will be 55 per cent—that is, that 45 per cent of the available seats will be empty, carried for free. (In practice annual average load factors fall below that level.) This means, in effect, that the passengers who do travel must pay almost twice as much as they would if the airplane were completely full. Russell Thayer, among others, contends that lines like Braniff, with all their intricate interconnections, could not tolerate a load factor any higher than 55 per cent; if they did, bottlenecks would start developing all over the system. That may be true. But there seem to be clear opportunities for additional service where passengers would trade the inconvenience of worse scheduling for the benefit of half-price fares. The popularity of the old student standby fares and constant demand for charter flights on long hauls from coast-to-coast or to Europe seem to support this principle. (The restrictions against charters often leave the CAB in the grotesque position of spending most of its energy keeping non-bona-fide group members from stealing aboard a cut-rate flight, rather than encouraging the trunk lines to find more efficient ways to carry the passengers.)

The inertia of vested interests means that few of these changes, if they come at all, will come very soon. The CAB, tired of being the most maligned agency in Washington, announced last fall the beginning of an "experimental" program of freer competition that would allow the existing trunks to cut fares by modest levels—ten to twenty per cent—and to add or drop routes, also within modest limitations. This is what radicals used to call incremental change; it is hardly enough to satisfy the doughty theorists of Southwest, who would like to see the entire business thrown open to competition. The strong would survive, the weak would die, and for several years there would be chaos in transportation. But, when the dust had settled, passengers would be riding in inexpensive splendor—so this theory goes. Sadly, it seems at least as probable that three or four large trunks would squeeze everybody else out of business, and then impose an oligopolistic control over pricing like that of the guardians of the public's automotive interest in Detroit. Even Braniff might be too small a fry to survive in this sort of free market. "What you'll see under President

(Continued on page 145)

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Fresh Cream

(Continued from page 83)



tency. If you're making a mousse you get a different texture."

Jean LaFont, the head chef at Dallas' celebrated **Oz restaurant** (see **Dining Out**, page 39), wrestles with the problem constantly. "When I came to this country from France and tried to make the same recipes," he says, "quickly I understood the whipping cream was not the same quality, so I had to adjust myself. There are many, many problems . . . each recipe demands a different adjustment."

One of Houston's top French restaurants had so much trouble whipping UHT cream that the chef reluctantly switched to Redi-Whip, an aerosol product. Ann Clark, the director of a successful cooking school in Austin, buys unhomogenized raw milk in health food stores in order to skim off the top cream for sauces. Ice cream manufacturers like Blue Bell avoid UHT products. A spokesman at Baskin-Robbins' plant in Bryan said "the home office won't let us use" anything but the fresh, unsterilized variety, which is purchased directly from a dairy co-operative.

Articles in dairy periodicals describe the flavor of UHT cream as "cooked" or "cabbage," a result of volatile sulfur compounds or free sulfhydryl groups liberated by the sterilization process. Some of this off-flavor is removed by de-aerating the cream later on, and more is released by packaging the finished product in paper cartons—instead of cans, which "lock in" a similar flavor to condensed milk. Much current dairy research is devoted to devising a technology that might produce a fresh-tasting sterilized product.

Less attention has been given to the nutritional effects of slugging a delicate cream with 285-degree heat. That can't make a vitamin very happy. And British dairy researchers have observed that UHT processing "might cause impairment of protein quality" for consumers.

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But, actually, as long as the resulting cream isn't poisonous or radioactive, the question of nutrition is not really all that urgent. Anyone who set about to get his essential nutrients from whipping cream would soon weigh at least 500 pounds and have more serious problems to worry about.

All but a handful of Texas dairies now quietly distribute some version of sterilized cream. If you buy from Knowlton's (in San Antonio), Land O' Pines (in Lufkin), or Borden (in Lubbock), the cream you get has been shipped in from the production lines of Mid America Dairymen, Inc., in Lebanon, Missouri. If you buy from Schepps Dairy (in Dallas) or Meadow Gold (in Fort Worth), it comes from Avoet Food Corporation in California. If you buy from Crescent Valley Creamery (in Victoria), Wholesome Dairy (in El Paso), or Foremost (in Fort Worth), it comes from Specialty Foods. Regardless of the label, you can usually identify the true source by checking the code number on the package; cartons from the Missouri plant carry the printed code 29-528 on the side panel, and cartons from Specialty Foods are incised on top with the digits 480917.

In some cities—Austin and San Antonio are two—every commercial dairy has switched to sterilized cream, so the genuine article can no longer be found at any price. Houston is virtually in the same category. Those that have switched to UHT would like for you to believe they had no choice; the vice-president of Crescent Valley Creamery, for example, argues that "the cost per unit is prohibitive. The consumer would not be willing to bear the cost of processing a fresh whipping cream, even though there is no question the taste is superior."

Fortunately, however, there are still a few holdout dairies in Texas which disagree with such accounting. Number one among them—our candidate for some kind of Distinguished Conduct Medal—is Hygeia Dairy Company in Harlingen. Hygeia tried the sterilized cream a few years ago, found their customers didn't like it, and switched back to making their own fresh product even though that meant more trouble and costly returns.

"We used the ultra-pasteurized for a while," says Noble Kidd, vice-president of Hygeia. "We did not have the favorable results we expected. People came in and said it had a cooked flavor; they didn't like it. You just don't get the real whipping cream flavor with it. Of course, it has some advantages on keeping-quality, but you know, most people buy whipping cream to use, not to store. We decided to go back to the old way. Just because something's new doesn't necessarily mean it's better."

Now that is the kind of talk that made America great.

Luckily for South Texans, Hygeia distributes far beyond the Lower Rio Grande Valley. You can find its products in Corpus Christi, Laredo, Beeville, Rosenberg, and points between. (At last, a valid reason to visit Beeville.)

The list of hero dairies should also include Farmers Dairies in El Paso, which packages its own 35 per cent butterfat cream and has never used UHT; Crest Milk Company in El Paso, which buys its cream from Farmers; and the Borden Milk Company, which distributes real cream in Abilene, Amarillo, Dallas, Marshall, Midland, and Tyler (though not in Houston, Lubbock, or San Antonio, where local sales managers have opted to import the sterilized product). There may be other dairies that still market the real thing, but if so, a careful search hasn't found them. A few, like Gandy's in San Angelo, bring back fresh cream for a few days around Christmas, but that hardly counts.

New York magazine's fearless Mimi Sheraton, the Saul Alinsky of food editors, reports that many Manhattan dairy distributors finally answered the cries of consumer outrage by restoring a line of fresh cream to grocery shelves, where it sits side by side with the sterilized stuff. Apparently no Texas dairy has done this. Schepps of Dallas does package quart-sized containers of real cream for commercial use, and if you live in Houston you can get what is probably the best cream in Texas—a fresh 40 per cent butterfat variety—by special order from the local Carnation factory. The catch is that you have to buy it by the gallon at \$5.55 a jug. (Don't confuse this blue-ribbon cream with Carnation's mass-marketed half-pints, which come straight from Missouri. These UHT products are labeled "Cream for Whipping"—not, as you might have supposed, a prop for a sadomasochistic evening, but rather a concession to out-of-state regulatory laws.)

Lacking New York's freedom of choice, residents of many Texas localities are left with nothing but UHT cream. For them, selective buying is out of the question. Unless they are prepared to form a neighborhood dairy cooperative in someone's garage, the only choice may be a direct appeal to local dairies. If that sounds ridiculous, it tells you how cynical we've become about the way "free enterprise" really works. But cynicism may be premature. Willard Clifton, general manager of Austin's Hillcrest Farms, says his dairy (which was the last one in town to abandon real cream) would consider bringing it back if enough people asked.

Ask. Otherwise, somebody may hand you a glass of sterilized milk before long. ♦

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Best Sportswriter In Texas

(Continued from page 94)

and ask some simple-ass question before good daylight. They had personalities somewhere between barracudas and mad bears, and they'd cuss you like they'd invented it."

"Couldn't fake it either," Jenkins said. "Blackie would stand right over you."

"Jap Cartwright was on time once in two years," Shrike said. "If it had been us, Blackie would have built us dog-houses with our names on 'em."

"Jap don't have the normal human responses," Jenkins grinned. "I think Blackie would have cracked before Jap did."

Why do so many alumni of Blackie Sherrod's School of Newspapering still swear by him?

"He was the best," Jenkins said. "A great teacher. Blackie was doing things with headlines and makeup that other Texas papers didn't begin for twenty years. He taught punch and juice. 'Make me read this story,' he'd say. 'Motivate me.' He taught you to look for the angle, and if you didn't have a strong angle you jazzed it up with similes. He carried his own little black book of original similes around, even when he was drinking, and he'd jot 'em down as they came to him. Things like '... as out of place as a Chinaman at the opera.' A Fort Worth pitcher, Bob Austin, pitched a no-hitter and Blackie wrote a headline saying WHY DON'T WE NAME THE STATE CAPITOL AFTER HIM?"

"He taught us that we couldn't compete with the *Star-Telegram* when it came to money or numbers, that we had to out-write the opposition and out-bustle 'em. He made you work. Everytime you looked up he was standing there saying 'What are you working on now?' Blackie didn't believe in an idle minute. When we weren't working or reading to each other, he'd organize track meets. Chinning contests in the men's room. Fifty-yard dashes on the way to breakfast. Push-ups and broad jumping and arm wrestling. I believe we'd have pole-vaulted if Blackie'd had the equipment."

Shrike said, "He had a fit when we got careless. Because of our cheapo operation at the *Press*, we'd clip baseball box scores out of the *Star-Telegram* and reset 'em. One time they trapped us by inserting names from our own staff: Ervin, P. and Jenkins, D. Like that. Well, we didn't notice it and ran 'em and it was really humiliating. When Blackie came back from a trip with the Fort Worth Cats he was furious. I said, 'Blackie, we've always done that.' And he said, 'Yes, goddammit, we have to. But because we're broke don't mean we

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shouldn't always be alert."

The old grads of Sherrod University were laughing now, safe from the terrors and poverties of youth; their memories grew warmer and perhaps a shade maudlin. Blackie telling funny stories after "fifty or sixty beers." Blackie singing "Danny Boy" or "Heart of My Heart" or "Ace in the Hole." Marilyn Sherrod cooking great meals for Blackie's boys and mending their broken hearts and generally picking them up when they were down. Newsroom horse play. Betting on football picks in the office pool. "We were a family," Jenkins said. "A fraternity. It was us against the rest of the paper, us against the opposition, us against the Establishment, us against the world." Shrake said, "Blackie's always been an old-fashioned man. Duty. Honor. Country. When the original Dallas Texans began [in 1952], he thought so little of pro football that he assigned coverage to his most junior writer. He takes a lot of convincing before he'll change."

The beautiful June Jenkins had been listening with a growing smile. Now she said, "Do you guys remember how you used to hate him?"

They looked at her as if she'd announced her intention to dispense her special favors to the next man who might come up in the elevator, or maybe wanted to surrender all *Semi-Tough* profits to Russian War Relief. Shock. Disbelief. Bugged eyes and slack jaws.

"Hate Blackie?" Jenkins managed. "Shit, we never hated Blackie! Impossible!"

"You don't remember throwing your hats down and jumping on them and cursing?"

"Well . . ."

"Because," she smiled, "you were overworked and underpaid?"

"Oh, well, shit," Shrake said. "Everybody did that. It was just blowing off steam."

June Jenkins laughed and said, "Look, I love Blackie Sherrod, too. I just wanted you to remember it straight."

Shrake looked a little sheepish and said, "I do remember resenting covering a football game in Waco on Christmas Day."

"Well," Jenkins said, "maybe sometimes I hated him about fifteen cents worth my ownself. But when you were good he let you know it, and it made you want to be good again real sooo. He taught us to write our way out of Fort Worth, didn't he?"

"Why, I was *never* mean to those precious children!" Blackie Sherrod says.

We are at the house he enjoys calling "Harlow's Haven" because of its resemblance to Hollywood homes in the Thirties and Forties: random curved

walls of thick glass brick, skylights, air and space, unexpected staircases. It is late. We weave like twin buoys in choppy waters, near Sherrod's placid swimming pool, having earlier eaten chili "guaranteed to make your head sweat" and then mangling a few fundamentalist hymns with Blackie the perpetrator of much marginal guitar.

"With people like Shrake and Jenkins I didn't need to be mean. They were hard-working buggers. They cared and they hustled and they'd make you wake up singing. Thing we had to guard against was showing scorn toward anybody who couldn't write good. For a bunch of nobodies working on a Mickey Mouse newspaper we were terrible talent snobs."

"I always taught young folks to write *not* in competition with others but against the highest standards. Jap Cartwright, when he went to work for the *Dallas News* writing a column like mine in the *Times Herald*, he said, 'Blackie, I'm gonna wear you out. Gonna work so hard and good you'll never beat me.' I really didn't understand that. If I did my best work, then I knew I wouldn't have to worry about Cartwright or Red Smith or the ghost of Granny Rice. If I didn't . . ."

He sucked on a Budweiser bottle and said, "I do plead guilty to being a damned meddler. Can't keep my hands off things. When I leave town and come back and go through the papers, I yell and fuss no matter what's been done."

Did his subordinates resent it?

"Shit, I imagine. Wouldn't you? I know I would. I just can't seem to help it: didn't learn to delegate nothing until my ninety-eighth birthday. It pisses me off when something's not done right! Awhile back I returned from a trip and Lee Trevino had just won a big golf tournament. And I asked, 'Has anybody called him?' They mumbled awhile and somebody said, 'Well, we didn't know how to reach him.' Now, come on, the man lives in *El Paso* not in Afghanistan." He broods and sighs and shakes his head over mortal man's capacity to err. "Bob Galt's good, and steady as a rock. Got a kid named Randy Harvey with all the earmarks if he'll stick with it."

Where do sports fit in the grand scheme?

"It ain't war or pestilence or famine. I guess you could say it's all running and jumping. I *like* sports, always have. Played 'em all at Belton High School. Tried a little football at Baylor and Howard Payne. I try to keep sports in perspective. I've written other things and feel comfortable doing it. But long ago I made a decision to stay with what I'm doing. It sure does beat a sharp stick in the eye." He says this as one who has pissanted heavy objects for small profits

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and began on the *Temple Daily Telegram* as the Belton correspondent. Without pay.

Sherrod agitates his Budweiser dregs and talks of way back when: "I always loved words. Read every book in the Belton library. Two books a day in summer and still had time for baseball. The librarian had a rule that kids couldn't check out adult books but she finally made an exception. I read Twain, Zane Grey, William MacLeod Raine. History, biography, novels. Those old Street and Smith football magazines, hell I memorized them.

"Generally, I've found athletes and coaches to be pretty good companions. Bobby Bragan, the old Fort Worth Cats manager, knew newspapering as well as he knew baseball. He'd give young newsmen angles: 'Well, that San Antonio second baseman has hit in fifteen straight games' or 'This left-hander hasn't gone more than three innings against us in two years.' I admired his competence. Lindy Berry, the old TCU quarterback, is still one of my best friends. Quality folk. Lot of old jocks keep in touch. I had a note this week from a kid who played only one season with the Dallas Cowboys maybe ten years ago.

"Pro jocks, lately, they bore my ass off. They're so damned spoiled. But, hell, it's not really their fault. Since superhumans started coming along—kids weighing three hundred pounds and standing eleven-feet-seven by sixth grade—they've been coddled and cheered and had their butts wiped. I don't find 'em very interesting people, no matter how many quarterbacks they can strangle or how hard they can throw a baseball."

Sherrod came from poor but proud stock, the son of a barber father and a music teacher mother. Though handsome and a star athlete—he likes to remember catching the pass that beat Cameron 7-0 and won Belton a district championship in the late Thirties—he was not a swaggering hotshot. "I had a spit curl," he said. "But no car. My old man kept at me to excel. I never played a game that wholly satisfied him."

The kid always had some kind of sweaty job, and learned about hard-scrabble. The work ethic stuck deep in his craw. To this day he is not fond of welfare loafers and is contemptuous of people who give less than their best. Sherrod was discharged from the Navy on the last day of 1945, after winning decorations as a tail gunner in the Pacific, and returned to the *Temple Daily Telegram* to find that George Dolan (now a *Star-Telegram* columnist) "had got my job and my girl friend." Walter Humphrey, the late editor of the *Fort Worth Press*, who had been on the *Temple* newspaper earlier, brought Sherrod

to Cowtown in 1946. After writing news for radio station KFJZ and doing a police beat stint for the *Press*, Blackie wrote sports under Pop Boone and then Amos Melton. Blackie became sports editor in the early Fifties. "After ten years on the short end of the stick," he says, "I cleverly realized the *Press* was a dead end. I was offered jobs in Houston, San Diego, and here in Dallas. In 1958 I met the *Times Herald* representatives in the back booth of a Howard Johnson's, like we were a bunch of spies, and when they offered me \$185 a week I run over 'em rushing home to pack. The *Press* had been paying me a figure that would embarrass my mother."

"He's not the world's easiest person to live with," Marilyn Sherrod says. She is a pleasant blonde woman who loves poodles, cooking, and the man she's been married to for 28 years. She was a secretary at the *Press* when they met. "Blackie's always been so consumed by his work that sometimes I fear he's missed a few things. First date we had he took me to a football game. I learned early what it was like to be a press-box widow.

"At first we didn't want any children. We had careers and needed to get established financially. And then it happened that we just never got around to having any. I guess that's our big regret. One night some friends remarked on all the honors Blackie's won—(she laughs, "I always say we're in the used plaque and scroll business")—and Blackie said, 'What are we gonna do with 'em? There's nobody to leave 'em to. What good are they?'

"But I don't think he'd trade lives with anybody. He's proud, you know. He's an achiever. He goes all out at what he does and he's not happy unless he's making something happen. 'Old Buster,' as he calls himself, has never bored me. Ever."

Bob Galt, long Sherrod's right hand at the *Times Herald*, claims his boss is a pussycat. "He tries to come on hard and tough, but he's got this compassion for people and animals. I could tell you yarns for hours. Yeah, he bitches and complains some. It's his job and his nature. But he's the greatest journalism teacher in the world."

I told Sherrod that nobody had said anything bad of him. (The nearest thing to a knock came from the person who said Sherrod may be an old-fashioned, if unconscious, bigot: he was among the last to abandon calling Muhammad Ali by his old name of Cassius Clay and sometimes he'll still say "colored boy.") "Well, yeah," Sherrod said. "You sure ought to talk to my enemies."

Well, who are they?

"Screw you," he said. "Get your own story." ♦

The White Shoe

(Continued from page 75)

who believes, not so much that the middle-class standard is the only one, but that it is the best standard among all the available choices. This feeling is running so strong in the United States that now there is a style of dress that is strictly and distinctly middle class. Once, less than ten years ago, moderately priced clothes were simply modest imitations of more expensive clothes. Today, moderately priced clothes have their own patterns, cut, materials, and colors—the leisure suit with matching shirt, double-knit slacks, the shiny polyester suit.

White shoes are made to be worn with these clothes. Wearing white shoes, therefore, is a matter of class pride. Two men wearing white shoes can look at each other's feet and know that, no matter how different they might seem, they share something essential. Even the nabob in white shoes golfing at Palm Beach shares something with the white-shoed appliance dealer in Beaumont—the nabob is living the dealer's dream.

Look about you. Watch this spring for when the shoes reappear. They are footnotes to something important. Never in recent memory has the middle class had such a visible touchstone. The urethane shine on white patent leather is a measure of how strongly that class, on the defensive through the Sixties, is reasserting itself. Patent power walks the land. ♦

The Great Airline War

(Continued from page 136)

Ford's proposals," says Francisco Lorenzo, "is two types of airlines. You'll see United Airlines, and you'll see some lines like Southwest." Braniff, T1, and all other inhabitants of the middle tier would be squeezed out of the market.

In the short run, it may not be necessary to make such dire predictions. The deliberate, not to say glacial, pace of governmental reform virtually guarantees that such changes as come at the CAB will come very slowly. But in the longer run someone will win in the national airline war, and the outcome will be presaged in Texas. ♦

HORSEY CHIC

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CONTEST

(Continued from page 176)

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—Robert Gillen, Costa Mesa, Cal.

Lawn *Orders*

Plum *Locos*

—Phillip Seib, Nancy Tye, Dallas

Tyler *Toos*

—Bill Gould, Jim Burnett, Dallas

Hutto *Three-Fours*

—Dennis Bowen, Fort Meade, Md.

Muenster *Mashes*

Warren *Courts*

Carthage *Sacks*

—Dennis Bouldin, Essex Junction, Vt.

Hearne *His's*

—Rosemary Rice, Moody

Palo Pinto *Beans*

—Kyle Rote, Jr., Dallas

Frijole *Rollers*

—J. Reggie Schwander, Houston

Hale Center *Folds*

—Mary Gordon, Bob Newby,

Stephenville

Rising Star *Trekkers*

—Suzie Hillyer, Lubbock

Barstow *Aways*

—George Johns, Okla. City, Okla.

Nixon *Tapirs*

—John Martin, El Paso

Canton *Knees*

Pollock *Jokes*

—Jerald Smith, Plano

Navasota *Jerks*

Odessa Ector *Plazms*

Orange Litcher Stark *Nakeds*

—Van Craddock, Longview

Tomball *Bearings*

Fort Worth *Whiles*

—E. R. Cobb, Houston

Goliad *Lids*

—Ralph Dice, Margaret Price,

Denison

Texas City *Slickers*

—Richard Harigrove, New York

La Joya *Sex*

—Bennett Spelce, Austin

Seima *Souls*

—Susan and Lee Lytton, Austin

Carlsbad *Breaths*

—Weldon and Paula Bailey, Humble

Aquila *Eves*

—J. C. Green, Arlington

Juno *Whos*

—Roger Daniel, Denton

Boyd *Brains*

—Sue Hoyer, Fort Worth

Shannon *Harvest Moons*

—Lynn Marshall, Austin

Cibola *Instructions*

—Steve Chrisman, Stafford

Ferris *Fowls*

—Tom Slaughter, Tyler

Haltom *Cops*

—Betty Nagel, Waco

Peaster *Resistants*

—Don Rains, San Antonio

San Benito *Mussolinis*

—Paul Goode, Kingsville

Muleshoe *Fits*

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Cass *Traitors*

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What Can The Matter Be?

(Continued from page 86)

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These, of course, are only a few of the programs and projects underway at McDonald. Astronomers are also working in such fields as extragalactic astronomy, orbital astronomy, and instrumentation—improving the tools and methods used to study the sky. The observatory is under the direction of the University of Texas astronomy department, the world's largest, with 4000 undergraduate students enrolled annually, a teaching equivalent of 19 full-time professors, and 55 graduate students.

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DOLPHINS

(Continued from page 73)

attempts to escape.

Gray then covers her with zinc oxide to prevent sunburn. The ointment gives the dark gray skin the look of a cloudy blackboard. Suse Shane leans down and begins to stroke the dolphin's beak and whistle back to her.

"The name of this animal is Bubbles," Ed Moore calls to the press boat.

She seems calmer now and her breathing is more regular than when she was first brought on board. Where I am sitting, near her head, I can see the deep chasm of her spiracle open and feel the dank, stale air against my face every time she takes a breath. Between breaths the blowhole purses to emit the incessant, even-pitched distress signals which Shane imperfectly responds to.

"Feel her," Shane says quietly. I put my hand behind her eye, where the flesh is just beginning its modulation from the pinkish ventral surface. Her skin feels hard and slick, like a well-aired inner tube.

Jack Dismukes comes back from the bow and stares down at Bubbles for a long time. "Little lady," he says, "we're going to take care of you. You're going to make a lot of children happy."

There is a crowd at the dock, half of which are photographers from the press boat, which has beat us into shore. They

all swarm on board to take pictures as Gray and Beggs direct Bubbles' complicated transfer to a sling that will approximate the gravitational conditions her body experiences in the water. She remains passive during this procedure and when it is finished she looks dreamy and narcotized with her head slung down and her pectoral fins protruding from special holes in the sling.

She is then carried from the boat and her sling is fitted into a kind of hamper. At the suggestion of the photographer all of the participants gather into a pose behind the hamper. Suse Shane seems embarrassed, and has trouble deciding whether or not to smile. She does.

The hamper is placed inside a U-Haul trailer with the doors removed. Ken Gray steps inside with his spray can. It's a five-hour trip to Galveston, to Bubbles' tank at Sea-Arama where, if all goes well, she will be joined tomorrow by another dolphin. Hirkemer.

"Look at her! That is a well-adapted animal!"

I can't tell which one is Bubbles. Beggs keeps pointing her out, but she and Hirkemer are continuously sidling into one another's previous positions. Finally, though, I get a fix on her, and watch as she discreetly solicits our attention, swimming toward us and backing off, studying us with her eyes.

She and Hirkemer are bored. That's

a good sign; they've been in captivity for over a month, and now they're ready to do something, anything. They are surely aware of and curious about the Bicentennial Porpoise Revue that takes place all day long in the big pool that is upstream from their small holding tank. Tomorrow Beggs will begin their "gate training," teach them the proper techniques for entering and leaving the performance pool. They're both bright—Hirkemer especially—and they'll be out there soon enough raising the stars and stripes with their beaks and putting out the "fires" of the "revolutionary war" with their flukes.

There have been a few changes at Sea-Arama since their capture. Ken Beggs is now the curator, and he has assembled a hand-picked staff who he knows care about dolphins.

"If you are very considerate with the animal you end up with a very good show animal," he observes. "Being captured has opened up a new horizon to them. You can't tell me that those animals aren't happy."

No, I can't tell him that. They look happy, alert, eager to get down to the business of delighting the school children of Texas.

Bubbles raises her head again and gives us a look I will have to describe as coy; but she will not come forth to be touched by a stranger, not yet. When she can do that she'll be really cute. ♦

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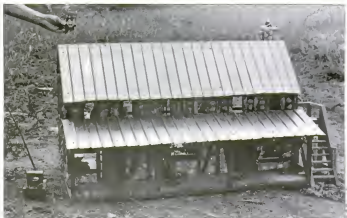
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Orders are being accepted for Christmas. The larger dollhouse (26½ inches tall by 41½ inches wide) has a two-story living room with four adjoining rooms and a sleeping loft. The smaller (26½ inches tall by 23½ inches wide) lacks the first-floor bath and one bedroom. Custom wooden furniture and hand-braided rugs can also be ordered. Two and a half weeks should be allowed for construction, and delivery is free within a 50-mile radius of either Austin or San Antonio.

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THE 100 OF OZ/ 5429 LBJ Freeway, Dallas/ 690-0694/ \$1000.



Houston on Two Feet a Day

Houston is a more wicked city than Hollywood. So said Billy Graham. The only way to find out whether it is true is to see for yourself. To aid that task, two loyal residents have published *The Intrepid Walker's Guide to Houston*. Written on the thesis that the city is best savored slowly, the guide maps out interesting and unusual walking and biking tours and annotates them so literately that even the tunnel near the Hyatt Regency hotel parking lot becomes an adventure: "We will not strain our vocabulary or your credulity by attempting to describe the sensual, uterine nature of the tunnel. . . . Just relax and enjoy a 20th century re-birth experience. . . ."

The 64-page, illustrated guide delineates seven tours (with maps) and includes a sampling of Houston restaurants together with notable quotes from people who have known and loved, or hated, the city. The selection from Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" pretty much sums it up: "I saw the best minds of my generation . . . who lounched hungry and lonesome through Houston seeking jazz or sex or soup. . . ."

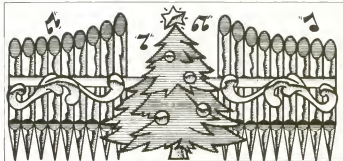
THE INTREPID WALKER'S GUIDE TO HOUSTON/ Texas Chapbook Press, 2741 Lexington, Houston 77006/ \$3.60 including postage, handling, and tax.



A Touch of Glass

Deck the boughs with something novel, such as a Christmas ornament of etched glass created by Austin's Renaissance Glass Company. Three and a quarter inches in diameter, each ornament retails at \$2.50. There are sixteen different designs, ranging from traditional motifs such as reindeer, doves, and madonnas to inspired creations like rococo and oriental snowflakes. Particularly effective when hung in a tree with lights, they should dress up even the lowliest evergreen.

RENAISSANCE GLASS Co./ 1013-C W. 34th, Austin/ 451-3971/ Mon thru Fri, 8-6; Sat, 10-4/ Mail orders sent COD.



Pipe Dreams

Can't stand another Christmas season listening to incessant performances of the *Nutcracker* Suite and the *Messiah*? Give your ears a break and go to hear a most unusual and delightful all-Spanish and Mexican organ concert. On December 5 in Houston well-known Mexican organist Alfonso Vega Nuñez will present a recital at Saint John the Divine Episcopal Church. Afterward, guests are invited to gather at the nearby parish hall for a traditional Mexican Christmas party with refreshments, games, piñatas, more music, and all the trimmings.

Renowned throughout Mexico, Dr. Vega Nuñez is organist at the Cathedral of Morelia, Michoacan, and president of the Association of Latin American Organists.

CONCERT AND CHRISTMAS PARTY/ Saint John the Divine Episcopal Church, Westheimer & River Oaks, Houston/ Dec. 5 at 8 p.m./ Free.

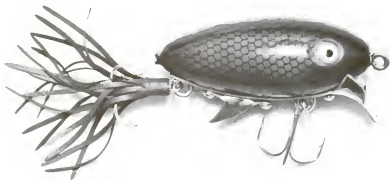
Treasure Stove

Forget the mincemeat and divinity this Christmas. Instead open the pages of *A Cooking Legacy* to recipes of 200 years ago and whip up a tasty lemon flummery or a batch of *Lebkuchen*. Also forget about even trying to count calories, because the flummery, a delicate lemon gelatin and sherry concoction, is topped with sweetened heavy cream, and the *Lebkuchen* are fat German candy/cakes of honey, molasses, and brown sugar chock full of nuts and candied fruits, all seasoned with cloves and cinnamon.

Written by three Houston women and published this fall, *A Cooking Legacy* contains 230 recipes gleaned from old family journals and notebooks. All have been tested and adapted for modern cooking methods, but retain unusual combinations of tastes and textures that should pique the modern palate. Interspersed with the directions for Hoppin' John and Salmagundy are bits of colonial lore ("A 1659 law outlawed 'paganistic' Christmas merrymaking in Puritan New England") and quaint line drawings of early American cooking implements and eating utensils, such as wooden sausage stuffers and spoon warmers. It all sounds so good that visions of sugarplums will dance in your head. For a cook's tour of Americana, you can't do better.

A COOKING LEGACY/ Walker and Company, New York/ At major bookstores/ \$10.





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AROUND THE STATE

A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT AND EVENTS OF MORE THAN USUAL INTEREST.

AUSTIN by Ernest Sharpe, Jr., and Dolores Svoboda
CORPUS CHRISTI by Robert Johnson
DALLAS by Nannette Simpson
EL PASO by Brad Cooper
FORT WORTH by Pat Mohler
HOUSTON by Patricia Smith
SAN ANTONIO by Ron White

CLUB RESTAURANT CRITICS REMAIN ANONYMOUS TO INSURE THAT THEY WILL RECEIVE NO SPECIAL SERVICES.

Legend for the credit card guide in the restaurant listings: AE—American Express, BA—BankAmericard, CB—Carte Blanche, DC—Diner's Club, MC—Master Charge, C—major credit cards, N—no credit cards.

A few changes may have occurred since the magazine went to press.

AUSTIN

THEATER

Community Theater

Godspell, Ritz Theatre, 218 W. 6th (477-1612). A New Stage production. Weekends thru Dec 14, Fri & Sat at 8:30. Sun matinee at 2:30. Call for prices.

Slits and Bones, UT Drama-Biology Theatre Rm 477-1444. Powerful, gripping study of American society during the Viet Nam era. Dec 2, 4 & 6. All call for prices.

Young Mr. Douglas, Texas Tavern, UT campus 477-1653. One-man show written and performed by Charles Face concerning the life of black abolitionist Frederick Douglass. Dec 6 & 7. All free but reservations are necessary.

Dinner Theater

Conan O'Brien, Plushouse, 12773 FM Rd 1325 (836-5921). Nov 25 thru Dec 20. Buta Lee, a favorite among Playhouse regulars, in *The Owl and the Pussycat*. Tue thru Sat dinner at 6, show at 8:30. Sun matinee: lunch at noon, show at 2. 56-25-59.50.

MUSIC

Classical

DEC 3: Chamber Trio, UT Hogg Aud 477-1444. Jerome Lowenthal, piano; Eugenia Zuckerman, flute; Jeffrey Solove, cello. A CEC event. All call for prices.

DEC 3: Opera Gala, Paramount Theater, 713 Congress Ave (472-5411). Sponsored by the Pearl Amara Foundation. All call for program and prices.

DEC 4: Richard Ataman, piano, Paramount Theater, 713 Congress Ave (472-5411). All \$2.52 & 54.

DEC 6, 7 & 8: UT Opera Theater, UTOPIA Theater, 1900 block San Jacinto (old UH building) (477-1444). Opera excerpts performed by UT students. All call for prices.

DEC 7: Collegium Musicum, UT Music Bldg Recital Hall (477-1444). Renaissance music. All call for prices.

DEC 8: UT Chamber Singers, UT Music Bldg Recital Hall (477-1444). All call for prices.

DEC 19: Austin Symphony, Municipal Aud 476-6264. Program includes *Symphony Pictures* at Exhibition; Strauss: the *Fledermaus* Overture; and Chabrier: *Espana*. All \$3-55.50.

Pop, Jazz, Rock, Etc.

DEC 2: Melissa Manchester, Paramount Theater, 713 Congress Ave (477-5378). Rhythm and blues balladeer. A CEC event. All call for prices.

DEC 3: New Music Ensemble, UT Music Bldg Recital Hall (477-1444). Electronic music. All call for prices.

DEC 4: Jerry Jeff Walker, Municipal Aud 476-5411. The author of Mr. Tambourine Man, with Hoyt Axton, the Lost Gonzo Band, and others. All \$4. Adv 54, door 55.

DEC 4: Argent, Armadillo World Headquarters, 525 N. Barton Springs Rd (477-2122). Heavy metal rock group. Call for times and prices.

DEC 7: Mel Tells Country Western Show, Municipal Aud 478-9831. Austin Police Association benefit. All \$5.

DEC 9: UT Jazz Ensemble, UT Hogg Aud 477-1444. All \$8. Free.

DANCE

DEC 13: Austin Civic Ballet, Municipal Aud 476-0625. Annual performance of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. All call for prices.

DEC 14: Austin Ballet Theatre, Armadillo World Headquarters, 525 N. Barton Springs Rd (478-9957). All 7:30. Adv \$1.75, door \$2.25, children 50¢.

FILM

Art-Music Series, Laguna Gloria Art Museum, 3809 W. 35th (452-9447). Dec 11: several short films concerning the spirit and technique of modern crafts and craftsmen. All 7:30. Free.

Cinema Texas Film Series, UT Jester Center Aud 477-1960. Dec 1: *Loves of a Blonde*. Dec 2: *Paths of Glory* (Kubrick, director). Dec 3: *The Nani*. Dec 4: *The Naked Kiss*. Dec 6: selected experimental films. Dec 9: *Monkey Business* (Mars brothers). All 7 & 9, \$1.

Texas Union Films, UT Batts Aud, unless noted otherwise (477-1653). Dec 2 thru Dec 7: Jack Nicholson Festival. Dec 2: *Carnal Knowledge* (Jack as lecher). Dec 3: *The King of Marvin Gardens* (Jack as lover) at UT Burdine Aud. Dec 4: *Drive*. He Said (Jack as director). Dec 5 & 6: *Chinatown* (Jack as hard-boiled private eye). All 8:30- & 11 at UT Jester Aud, \$1.50. Dec 7: *The Last Detail* (Jack as sailor). at UT Jester Aud. Dec 9: *Trash*, an Andy Warhol film. All 7 & 9, \$1.

EVENTS

Craft Fair, Municipal Aud (453-4501). No maximum price limit on craft items. Dec 6 & 7, 11-6.

Holiday Marketplace, 45th & Lamar, grounds of Texas Dept of Mental Health and Mental Retardation (454-3761). Live music, clowns, and sale of products by residents of several mental hospitals for the retarded; some pieces of excellent quality. Dec 6, 9-3. Free.

REVELATION

Art Classes, Laguna Gloria Art Museum, 3809 W. 35th (452-9447). Registration for the spring semester begins Dec 15. Over 30 courses will be offered, including jewelry making, oil and acrylic painting, pottery, film making, dance, history of photography, and more. Prices range from \$39 to \$60 per course.

Art Lecture Series, Laguna Gloria Art Museum, 3809 W. 35th (452-9447). Dec: Caroline Adams, director of San Antonio Southwest Craft Center Gallery speaks on "The Marriage of the Hand and the Eye." Dec 8: David Brown, curator of Italian painting, National Gallery, Washington, discusses "Leonardo and Michelangelo." All 7:30.

La Bonne Cuisine School, 604 W. 12th, at back (261-2031). Special Christmas classes: A Provincial Christmas, Dec 3 & 10 (5-9 p.m.). Traditional Christmas Cakes, Dec 10 (10-12 p.m.). Dec 10 (4-8 p.m.). Also offered is *Basic Skills I*, a pastry course, Dec 1, 8 & 15 (5:30-8:30 p.m.). \$55 per course. Call for details.

FOR CHILDREN

International All-star Circus, Municipal Aud 476-5461. Dec 2. Call for times and prices.

The Red Shoes, Zachary Scott Theater, 1421 W. Riverside (476-0541). Lively adaptation of the tale of Hans Christian Andersen. Dec 7, 13 & 14, 19 thru 21. Shows Fri & Sun at 8, Sat 7:30. Only at 2:15. Call for prices.

Nutcracker Suite, Municipal Aud (477-6551). Special children's showing of the ballet. Free tickets available from Austin Parks and Recreation Dept. Dec 12 at 4.

Laguna Gloria Children's Program, Laguna Gloria Art Museum, 3809 W. 35th (452-9447). Will include songs and dance and recounting of East Indian legends by Gina Galli, Dec 16 & 17. Call for times and reservations. Free.

Yule Fest, Zilker Park (476-6692). Take the kids to visit Santa, explore his village, and see "The world's largest man-made lighted Christmas tree." Dec 18 thru 23. Call for times. Free.

Special Bookstore Section

Best places to town to buy children's gift books

Adams Village Book Shop, 2700 W. Anderson Ln (459-6739). A good selection of standards and classics. Mon thru Sat 10-6, Thur 9-6.

The Book Shop, 1601 W. 36th, Jefferson Square (476-1400). Probably the most complete collection of children's books in Austin. Mon thru Sat 10-6.

Grok Books, 503-B W. 17th (476-0116). Emphasis upon slightly unconventional children's books. Mon thru Sat 10-6, Sun 1-6.

Logos Bookstore, 28 Dobie Mall, 2021 Guadalupe (472-1514). Relatively small but extremely varied children's section. Mon thru Sat 10-9.

MUSEUMS

Daughters of the Confederacy and Daughters of the Republic of Texas Museum, 112 E. 11th (472-2566). Confederate and Texas Republic artifacts. Mon thru Fri 9-noon & 1-5. Closed Sat, Sun, holidays. Free.

Elizabet Ney Museum, Ave H & E. 44th (454-1752). Any museum is the former studio of remarkable turn-of-the-century sculptress, houses her marbles and mementos. Carcassville Willie Nuts gives the best tour. Tue thru Fri 9:30-4:30; Sat thru Mon 2:30-4:30. Free.

Erle Stanley Gardner's Study, 4th floor, UT Undergraduate Library (477-4663). Full-scale replica of the mystery writer's sanctum, with numerous mementos and taped lecture. Mon thru Fri 8-5; Sat 9-noon. Free.

French Legation, 802 San Marcos (472-8180). This 135-year-old provincial cottage was originally built for the French ambassador to the Republic of Texas. The reconstructed kitchen is particularly attractive. Tue thru Sun 1-5. Closed Mon. Adults \$1; children & 12 & 12, 50¢; children under 6, 25¢.

Governor's Mansion, Colorado & W. 11th (475-2121). An outstanding example of the work of master builder Abner Cook. Tours every 20 minutes. Mon thru Sat 10-noon, Sun 2-4. Free.

Lyndon B. Johnson Library, 2313 Red River (397-5136). The massive building houses official papers and memorabilia of the 36th President of the United States. One of the most impressive monuments to power and glory since the late King Lear's Tomb. Open 9 days 9-5 (closed Christmas). Free.

Neill-Cochran House, 2310 San Gabriel (478-2335). Like the Governor's Mansion, a fine example of the work of builder Abner Cook. Wed thru Sun 2-5. Donation 50¢.

D. Henry Museum, 409 E. 5th (472-1933). Once the residence of author William Sydney Porter, his home, white frame house a small price of the 19th century, perfectly preserved. Tue thru Fri 9:30-11:30 & 1:30-4:30. Sat thru Mon 1:30-4:30. Free.

Texas Memorial Museum, 24th & San Jacinto (477-1604). A great place to spend an afternoon with the kids. The newest exhibit is a life-sized replica of the gigantic prehistoric dinosaur, recently in Big Bend. Mon thru Sat 9-5, Free.

Texas State Capitol, Colorado & 11th (475-3070). Unquestionably one of the most imposing of landmarks. Tours daily every 15 minutes from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. The tour of the dome area which starts on the half-hour from 9:30 thru 3:30. Advance notice necessary for large groups. Grounds tours offered, weather permitting. Free.

ART

Installations

Laguna Gloria Art Museum, 3809 W. 35th (452-9447). Nov 21 thru Dec 31: Craft and Art in Texas—Tom Nichols and Fred Dodd, jewellers; Steve Reynolds, William S. Burroughs, Claude Chaboussier, ceramic sculptors; Eugene Merrill, weaver. Nov thru Dec 8: Video Images—by David LaPlante. Tue thru Sat 10-5 except Thur 11 9, Sun 1-5. Closed Mon. Free.

Leeds Gallery, Fourth Floor, UT Undergraduate Library (477-4663). Dec 10-18: *Moore's Centennial Humanities Exhibition*—a collection of varied materials tracing the different historical influences on the shape of modern art. Mon thru Fri 8-5, Sat 9-noon. Closed Sun. Free.

Michener Galleries, Harry Hanson Center, 21st & Guadalupe (477-5936). Thru Jan 31: Images for *Imagined*—a series of images from the *Michener* and the Lowe Museum at Berkeley. This is the

Around the State is a service to our readers providing a selective guide to dining and entertainment in the urban areas of Texas. Listings reflect the opinions of the TEXAS MONTHLY staff. The magazine accepts no consideration in exchange for advertising or no advertising. A listing cannot be purchased. To insure that this guide remains useful and up-to-date, our readers are urged to send their comments and suggestions to Around the State Editor, Texas Monthly, Box 1569, Austin, Texas 78767.

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largest and most comprehensive exhibit of Egyptian art ever to be shown in Central Texas; many pieces date to 4000 B.C. Thru Dec 14. New Orleans Jazz Funerals—photographs by Les Toucher from the New Orleans Museum of Art. Mon thru Sat 9-6, Sun 11-5. Free.

Moody Artium Gallery, St. Edward's University (444-5398). Dec 7 thru 28: Judy Baleman—selected oils. Mon thru Sat 9-9, Sun 1-5. Free.

UT Art Museum, 2312 & San Jacinto (471-7324). Dec 7 thru Jan 25: 37th Annual Art Faculty Exhibition. Mon thru Sat 9-6, Sun 1-5. Free.

Galleries

Bradford Upstals Gallery, 401 Guadalupe (478-6426). Mostly competent (but undistinguished) oils, prints, and several noteworthy sculptures by Suzanne Sandifer and Robert Mann. Mon thru Fri 8-5, Sat 8-1.

Country Store, 1304 Lavaca (474-6222). Largely Western art, of particular interest are the works by Barbara Garvin, Melvin Warren, and Carl Handman. Several noteworthy Salinas bullfight scenes. Mon thru Fri 8-5-10, Sat 8-1.

Galvina, 1 Jefferson Square (452-5310). Restaurant-gallery with tasteful, occasionally outstanding works. Mon thru Sat 10 a.m.—midnight.

G. Harvey Gallery, 1500 W. 34th (454-6671). Large gallery with plush decor and selection of Western art ranging from outstanding to undistinguished. Oil note: are Raul Geronzo watercolors. Mon thru Sat 9-5-10 & Thur til 8.

Gamer and Smith Gallery, 509 W. 12th (474-1518). Wide selection of modern graphics, including works by Miro, Calder, Tobias, Tarrago, Coudrain, and several signed Chagall lithographs. Mon thru Sat 10-6.

Graphics Gallery, 405 Lavaca (476-9769). Varied selection of Western scenes. Mon thru Sat 10-4.

The Geary Monies, 608 Guadalupe (476-6589). Among the varied and pleasing works on display are ceramics by Mary Downing, original paintings by Helmut Barnett, etchings from Malaysia, and tiles designed by owner Robert Sargeant. Mon thru Sat 10-6.

William Hovey and Company, 803 W. 24th (477-1087). One of the few Austin galleries to exhibit better local artists working in contemporary styles. Also carries interesting ceramics. Tue thru Fri 10-5:30. Sat by appointment.

Phillips Art Gallery, Lakeway Inn (261-6261). Thru Dec: Michael Fray (exhibit). Also on display are works by William Zaner, Bud Shackelford, Milford Zornes, and Patti Phillips. Since the gallery is located in lobby of Lakeway Inn, paintings may be viewed day or night.

Usakom Gallery, 43 Dobie Mall, 2021 Guadalupe (477-0143). Stained glass by Raymond Smith, etched glass Christmas tree ornaments by Raymond Smith, terra-cotta figurines by Theresa Taylor, and jewelry by Susan Berry. Especially pleasing are the whimsical bird figures made from exhaust pipes by Floyd Lott. Mon thru Fri 10-9, Sat 11-9.

Fine Crafts

Community Workshop Market, Mayfield Park, 1505 W. 33th (451-7232). Storehouse of quaint crafts and almost lost arts such as quilting and tatting; also crochetwork and other needlecrafts. All items are made by senior citizens and sold at bargain prices. Mon thru Fri 9-5.

Joumey's End, 1716-C San Antonio (472-0102). Excellent selection of imported jewelry and objects from North Africa. Mon thru Sat 10-6-8.

Korber Lane Galleries, 3706 Kerbey Lane (454-7954). A superior craft gallery by any standard. The new kitchen area features lots of nifty hand-made tools for ambitious cooks. Children's gallery planned for Christmas season, with gift items for sale. Tue thru Sat 10-5.

Laguna Gloria Museum Shop, 3809 W. 35th (452-9447). Many fine craft items by local artists. Especially nice are the stoneware butterfly wind-chimes by Barbara Wisniewski and the ball address book by Barbara Warren. Tue thru Sat 10-5, Thur til 9, Sun 1-5. Closed Mon.

The Mill, 809 Rio Grande (476-9526). Woodcarvings by Stephen Dwyer, serigraphs by Jeffrey Winick, and lovely macramé by H. J. Thompson. Mon thru Sat 10-5.

The Old Reliable, 711 E. 6th (476-5567). A spacious, charming shop with original works in wood, leather, and stained glass. The handmade furniture by Ed Norman is especially nice. Also antiques. Tue thru Sat 9-10-30.

Olivia Teas's Handmade Jewelry, 2405 Nueces (478-8031). Tucked upstairs in a small room of a mock-Tudor tower, Brian Candeth, Vicki Warren, Heinz Schuler, and Brian Mieska manufacture elegant custom jewelry—gold and silver, lapis, ivory inlay, whatever is desired. Mon thru Sat 10-5.

People's Renaissance Market, 2312 & Guadalupe.

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AUSTIN

Bursting-at-the-seams open-air marketplace by the UT campus. Trash and treasures abound (mainly the latter) and there are lots of Mexican and other imports. Best hours to visit are Mon thru Sat 10-4. Crowded at noon & on weekends.

Phoenix Stained Glass, 4211 Ave H (459-0252). Small selection of excellent stained glass. Custom work and repairs also done. Mon thru Fri 10-5:30, Sat 10-2.

Remainance Glass Co., 1013-C W. 34th (451-3471). Great Tiffany lamps, windows, etched Christmas tree ornaments, repair, and custom work. Mon thru Fri 8-6:30, Sat 10-4.

Shop of Nice Things, at Potpourri in the Village Shopping Center, 2700 Anderson Ln (453-9371). As the name implies, lots of nice things: jewelry, wearables, micarrie, and pottery. Mon thru Sat 10-6, Thur til 9.

Sky Light Glass Studio, at Potpourri in the Village Shopping Center, 2700 Anderson Ln (453-0380). High quality custom stained glass, repairs, and instruction. Mon thru Sat 10-6, Thur til 9.

See Day, 1601 W. 38th, No 3 Jefferson Sq (453-4340). Fine native American and African arts and crafts, both modern and antique. Mon thru Sat 10-5.

Waterloo Pottery, 604 E. 3rd (478-2752). High quality stoneware. Mon thru Fri 10-5.

Westbank Pottery, 901 W. 10th (476-3137). Large ceramic selection by a number of capable crafts-men. Also stoneware and raku, a type of low-fired pottery. Mon thru Fri noon-5.

ON THE TOWN

Alliance Wagonyard, 505 Neches (472-0661). Just off E. 6th where the action is, this saloon offers nightly live folk and country music. Cover varies from free on up. Happy hour 7:30-9, offers half-price drinks. Open 7 days 7:30-2.

Armadillo World Headquarters, 525½ Barton Springs Rd (477-3541). A cavernous concert hall-pool culture center that draws—depending upon the entertainment—crowds from freaks to aesthetes. Lone Star brewery sells more kegs to this "house of progressive country" than any other place in Travis county. Beer garden and very acceptable food. Call for entertainment. Tue thru Sun noon-2 a.m. Lunch from noon til food runs out.

Blue Parrot, 302 W. 15th (474-7500). Grass huts, waitresses in Carmen Miranda outfits, and tropical murals set the tempo for this new discotheque. Happy hour Mon thru Fri 4-7 offers \$6.00 drinks for men; Mon thru Thur 4-8 drinks are half-price for women. Get the picture! No cover. Open Mon thru Fri 4-2, Sat & Sun 7-2.

Bourbon Street, 7115 Burnet (453-4130). Night-club-discotheque with pool tables and a dance floor. The Wolfman, Jim Travis, has returned to alternate weekly with a DJ from KOKI. On Tue and Wed you can treat yourself to Filles and Sixties music. Weekdays happy hour 4-7. Open Mon thru Fri 4-2, Sat & Sun noon-2.

Broken Spoke, 3201 S. Lamar (442-4189). You'll find dining, dancing, and drinking in an unvarnished country atmosphere. Dancing Wed thru Sun at 8:30. Cover \$2 and up in hall. Pool and food in tavern all day. Open 7 days 10-midnight, Sat til 1.

Buck Moon Saloon, US 290 & IH 35 (451-9192). Western bar spins platters for dancing. The music of Jack White is everywhere—on the walls, on the tables, down to the face on the barroom floor. On Mon night there's a TV football. Wed in Ladies Night (75¢ highballs). Happy hour 3-7. Open Mon thru Sat 3-2. Closed Sun.

Cabaret, E. 6th & Brazos in Driskill Hotel 1474-2169. This upturned-downside-up reminds one of the set of Cabaret, with fine cut velvet, polished brass, and a splendid Tiffany dome creating an air of "divine decadence." Prime rib is served at night. Happy hour Mon thru Fri 5-6:30, with free cokes. Open Mon thru Fri 4-2, Sat 5:30-2. Closed Sun.

Canam, 1907 E. Riverside (442-9032). The decor is classical revival and there's dancing nightly (except Sun 8:15-midnight in the ballroom. Enjoy the piano bar during happy hour 4-6:45 (drinks two-for-one). No cover for women; \$1 Fri & Sat for men. Open Mon thru Sat noon-2, Sun 6:30-2.

Casablanca, 304 W. 15th (472-7355). The glow from a slowly revolving mirrored ball and music from the white grand piano create the illusion of Rick's American Bar. Dancing no cover. Open hour 4-7 weekdays. Jazz band Sun night. Open Mon thru Fri 4-2, Sat & Sun 7-2. May close early if crowds are light.

Club Caravan, 2300 IH 35 behind Villa Capri Motel (477-6338). It's the Arabian Nights even to the twinkling lights in the ceiling of this somewhat dated motel supper club. Primarily leisure suit-bouffant haired crowd. No cover, pleasant service, moderately priced drinks with rotating

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bands for dancing at 8:30. Open Mon thru Fri 5-midnight, Sat 8-1. Closed Sun.

Club Seville, Sheraton Crest Hotel, 111 E. 1st (478-9611). Hotel supper club milieu with a lovely view of the river at night. Geneva (Austin's answer to Elia) and Her Gentleman play nightly at 9, except Sun. Attracts anybody who loves ballroom dancing, from kids to Guy Lombardo fans. Open 4:30-midnight.

El Paso Cattle Company, 813 Houston St (459-8851). In a white porch building off Lamar, this country night club-dance hall really packs 'em in. Scene of the Country Music Review each Thursday thru Sun of the month. Cover \$1.50-55. Sun & Tue thru Fri 8-midnight, Sat 8:30-1. Closed Mon.

Gordo's, 421 E. 6th (477-6866). For 90¢ a cue per hour you can enjoy pool or billiards in this nicely restored Sixth St. building. Women's tournament pool last Tue of each month; last two Thurs for men. Call about special Wed Fight Night. Luncheon weekdays 11:30-2:30 offers a great cheese and omelette plate with Syrian bread, for two for \$3.50. Mon thru Thur 11:30-1 a.m., Fri & Sat 11-2, Sun 6-midnight.

Les Amis, 504 W. 24th (472-7246). The best thing about this university area sidewalk cafe is the clientele: students, unfashioned hippies, and unusually professional types. Beer and wine. Light food. Mon thru Thur 5-11:30, Sat 11-2, Sun noon-11:30.

McNeil's Depot, 1600 W. 5th (478-0336). An entertainment bar housed in a transported railway depot with Lynne Nail and Sylvia Arlos singing and playing twin pianos Mon, Wed, Thur & Sat. Open all-night singing Tue & Fri. Selections primarily by request. Good bar. Mon thru Sat noon-2 a.m., Sun 6-2.

Saturday, 2900 W. Anderson Ln (451-7341). A modish Victorian discotheque-restaurant with big hamburgers, small dance floor. Jeans are preferred attire. No cover. Happy hour 2-7 (except Sat). Half-price drinks on Thur midnigh-2. Open Sun noon-midnight, Mon 11-midnight, Tue thru Sat 11-2. No checks.

Scholz Garten, 1607 Sun Jacinto (477-4171). A German restaurant and beer garden built in the Civil War era. Traditionally the place for professor-student dialogues over a pitcher of beer. Legislators and old German families round out the crowd. Open Mon thru Thur 9-midnight, Fri & Sat 11-2. Closed Sun.

Senator Phogfield's Club, Austin Hilton Inn at Highland Mall (451-5757). A comfortable lounge with entertainment (and dancing) from rock to bluegrass nightly 9-1. During happy hour Tue thru Fri 4-5:15-7:15 you can snack on canapes while listening to pleasant piano and vocal music. Open Mon thru Fri 11-2 a.m., Sat 6-2. Closed on Sun.

Soap Creek Saloon, 751 Bee Caves Rd (327-9076). The bumpy, dirt road driveway sets the stage for this country saloon offering pool, entertainment, and dancing. Strictly jeans attire. You'll see everybody from round dogs to scantily clad toddlers ambling about. Sun is jazz night. Mon features Mike Kindred and the City Lights. On Tue it's Paul Ray and the Cobras. Various groups play Wed thru Sat. Open 7 days 4 til 2 or so, better call in confirm.

The South Oyster, 1523 Timmon Ford Rd (444-0771). This popular singles bar off Riverside Or has been transformed into a discotheque with a game room and a large dance floor. Attention women! See drinks Thur thru Sun 4:30-7. Happy hour nightly midnigh-2. Open Mon thru Wed 7:30-2. Thur thru Sun 4:30-2.

Split Rail, 217 S. Lamar (472-1314). Don't be turned off by its dilapidated drive-in look because there's lots of entertainment going on. Regulars: Red Nelly and Larry Kirby perform Mon (Pearl beer is 25¢ a bottle); Tue is Conjunto Night music; Mexican; on Wed Ken Thersagill sings and yodels. Second Sun of the month the Austin Friends of Traditional Music gather 2-6. There's a band 100-3 other Sun afternoons. Happy hour 11-7 \$1.25 a pitcher. Seek a drink for most beers. Food served. Open Mon thru Fri 11-2 a.m., Sat 4-2, Sun 3-2.

Travis County Landing, 8611 Balcones Dr (345-9870). The Bar has been transformed into a riverside steak and seafood restaurant with the Showboat (but docked alongside). There's a paddlewheel splashing, and show bands blaring even though the Colorado is miles away. Crowds and alive. Very restaurant. Open 7 days 5-10. Showboat Sun thru Fri 6-11, Sat 11-2.

Veranda, 1301 Lavaca (474-6481). Fans of Gone With the Wind will be happy to find that Aunt Pittypat's porch has been reclaimed, discotheque fashion, with vinyls, white columns, and trees (though the leaves are plastic). Luncheon and evening dining. Sun champagne brunch at 11:30. DJ appears at 9 nightly for dancing. Happy

hour 11:30-6:30 (51 drinks). Open Mon thru Sat 11:30-2 a.m., Sun 11-9.

AUSTIN

hour 11:30-6:30 (51 drinks). Open Mon thru Sat 11:30-2 a.m., Sun 11-9.

RESTAURANTS

Restaurants are classified according to the following price scale, which represents the cost of a typical meal for one person exclusive of drinks, tax, and tip.

Inexpensive under \$3
Moderate \$3 to \$7
Expensive over \$7
Establishments which serve alcoholic drinks are indicated by the word "Bar." Under Texas law a customer is not permitted to be drunk to come onto the premises of a restaurant which serves mixed drinks.

* A star designates Texas Monthly's "Best-In-the-City" recommendations.

Cafe Camille, 3704 Kerber Ln (454-8872). A frame cottage tea house. Menu leans to quiches, crepes, and S&Bs. Crepes florentine (raw spinach and sour cream topped with fresh mushrooms) and a rich cheese sauce are delightful. The burrito sandwich by the creator of the Schlitz-Ayl makes a meal for two. Beer and wine. Open Mon thru 11-midnight. Closed Mon, Inexpensive to moderate, N.

The Capital Oyster Co., 219 W. 15th (478-8373). A New Orleans-style oyster bar with fine quality raw oysters. Good sandwiches (muffuletta is tasty but size has decreased while price hasn't), and predictably fried seafood. The oysters and oysters have been superior to shrimp. Frequently poor service. Open 11-11:30, Sat 11-midnight, Sun noon-11. Moderate, MC, BA.

Chico Bakery and Coffee Shop, 1511 E. 6th (478-2420). Although non-alcohol is apparent, this bakery and coffee shop is maintaining its well-deserved reputation for Tex-Mex breakfasts. Be forewarned that these breakfasts are more Tex-Mex: migas, an interesting scrambled egg and tortilla dish, are recommended for the less adventurous. Crowded Sun mornings, service is lenient but the host is not. Complimentary Bloody Marys. Open 7 days 6 a.m. - 2 p.m. Inexpensive, BA, MC.

Country Estate, 3.3 mi south, on IH 35 (282-2072). We thoroughly enjoy the country buffet at this ranch style house. Meats, chicken, lamb, beef, and smoked sausage are served lavishly. Salads and breads included. Only the limited variety of the vegetables and the disconcerting buzz of the electric canning knife are a disappointment. You get all you can eat for \$6.95; children's menu less. Wed is steak night. Thur, seafood. Sat, Sun features the country buffet and Mon offers can food. Reservations. Open Wed thru Sat & Mon 11-6. Sun continental buffet noon-9. Moderate to expensive, BA, MC.

Coupland Inn, US 290 to Elgin, then Hwy 95 to Coupland, about 30 mi. (1-856-2632). Authentic Texas barbecue, family style. All you can eat in the way of ribs, brisket, sausage, and trimmings for a mere \$3.95. Well worth the trip. Beer only. Reservations suggested. Fri & Sat 8-10, Sun 4-9. Moderate, N.

Oyster's, 3010 Guadalupe (478-0281). One of the handsomest restaurants in town—stone and brick New Orleans-style courtyard, urbane dining rooms (public and private), and a casual panchito bar. Now it seems that Bill English's kitchen is putting forth some creditable fare. We found steaks and salads very nice, red snapper Marlene especially flavorful, and shrimp creole acceptable. Excellent service. Open Mon thru Sat 11-midnight. Closed Sun. Moderate to expensive, BA, MC.

1886 Luncheon and Socializing Parlor, 116 E. 6th in Driskill Hotel (464-6458). While the place has a print wallpaper and the rich woods of the old Driskill coffee shop set the stage for this Austin Heritage Guild project, the food is superb. Try the classic cheese soup, sandwiches, and salads are the regular fare. Call about the monthly bake sales. Mon thru Fri 11-1:30, Sat 11-10, Sun 9-10. Closed on school holidays. Inexpensive to moderate, N.

El Rancho, 303 E. 1st (472-5425). The new location of this Tex-Mex restaurant is taking on the charm of the old spot, and we love it. Try their seafood enchiladas, broiled red fish (fine quality), shrimp Mexicana. Matt's broiled shrimp with (Austin rolled, filled corn tortillas), or the piece de resistance: chile relleno stuffed pepper with sour cream, onions, and jalapenos. Guacamole salad good, but small. Food to go. Bar. Wed thru Mon 11-10. Closed Tue. Inexpensive to moderate, BA, MC.

Erich's, 1801 Lavaca in Cambridge Tower (478-1344). Someone's in the kitchen with Erich-Andie, to be precise, so you can take your choice of excellent Viennese or French Belgian cuisine. Fillet steak with mustard was splendid; veal with mushrooms Viennese very good. The German and oily. Stuffed potatoes in garlic and taragon were a triumph; fresh tomato soup first-rate. Much of the wine list with several Hungarian and Slovenian bottles, seemed strange

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Inappropriate for the continental dishes, however. Bar. Dinner Tue thru Sat at 5:30. Very expensive. BA, MC.

Galleria, 1 Jefferson Sq (452-5510). Walls filled with fine paintings and well-presented continental dishes create an air of casual refinement. At times we find their sauces shallow; at a recent luncheon chicken crepes with bechamel sauce were bland even with green grapes and orange glaze. Ham and asparagus crepes were more satisfying. Wine only. Mon thru Sat 11:30-2:30, 5:30-10:30. Sun brunch 11-2. Moderate to expensive. BA, MC.

Green Pastures, 811 W. Live Oak (444-4747). The comfortable elegance, gracious service, and one food at this mid-Victorian restaurant give it a timeless quality. At night try their stuffed flounder, lobster Newburg or curried shrimp in a pineapple shell. The Old South Sun buffet-brunch is outstanding. Attractive 1800s lounge. Open for lunch 7-11:30-2, dinner Mon thru Sat 6-9:45. Moderate to expensive. BA, MC.

Hoffbrau, 613 W. 6th (472-0822). Hole-in-the-wall atmosphere but long-established tradition for country-grilled steaks (T-bones and sirloins) and home fried potatoes. Hash house service. Call ahead to make reservations—for your steak, not your table. Tue thru Sat 11:30-2 & 4:30-6:30. Moderate. N.

Hunan, 9105 N. Lamar (837-2700). The rule here is Be Adventurous. Ask owner Frank Yi to fix specialty items like Ante in a tree (spicy ground pork with cellophane noodles). Small Coin chicken (finely chopped chicken and myriad vegetables in an unusual sweet and hot spicy bean curd with ground pork) for a milder dish call before 5 to request an incomparable fish with brown sauce. Cantonese dishes are acceptable but do yourself a favor and experiment. No liquor license; free corkage. Mon thru Fri 11:30-2 & 5:30-10, Sat & Sun noon-10. Moderate. BA, MC.

The Inn at Brushy Creek, Round Rock, IH 35 at Taylor exit (255-2555). A New England inn housed in a frontier Texas tin-roofed home, five dinners begin with a fine Portuguese soup, followed by green salad and choice of entrees. We favor sweetbreads, baked oysters or red snapper. However, the somewhat abrupt service often spoils the otherwise amiable setting. Beer, free corkage; dry precinct. Fri thru Sun 6-10. Reservations. Expensive. AF, BA, MC.

La Colombe, 1504 Robinson (478-2981). Recent experiences demand that we no longer list this French restaurant as one of the best. While their squash and cream of cucumber soup, chicken cardon bleu, and scallops are excellent, the green peas were canned, rice was bland, and steaks were poor quality. Chicken Kiev and chicken amandine were almost tasteless. If you are unfortunate enough to sit in the back room, the pandemonium of waiters and swinging doors completely destroy any desire for leisurely dining. Bar. Tue thru Sat 11-2 & 6-10. Moderate to expensive. AF, BA, MC.

Mama Ellen's, 304 W. 13th (478-0653). Mama Ellen's Greek kitchen has returned and the food is good. Try as a delicious appetizer combinations of dolmades, fish roe, feta cheese, and artichoke hearts. Entrees of moussaka, sofrito (lamb in Greek pastry), and coq au vin are equally meritorious. Mama's Delight baklava in ice cream is superb. Wine and beer. Tue thru Sun 6-10:30. Closed Mon. Moderate. BA, MC.

Mike and Charlie's, 1206 W. 34th (451-5550). Waiting lines at lunch attest to the popularity of this casual restaurant. Try ceviche or chicken salad. First rate pepito (cured beef on a Mexican roll with avocado butter), or marinated shrimp and fresh mushroom salad. The corned beef, although tasty, is tough. Happy hour 3-6. Mon thru Fri 11-midnight, Sat noon-1. Closed Sun. Inexpensive to moderate. BA, MC.

Night Hawk No. 1, 336 S. Congress (478-1661). No. 2, 1907 Guadalupe (478-1686). Steakhouse IH 35 at US 290E (452-0245). A reliable standby for fine steaks, the tasty Frisco hamburger, and great breakfasts. Open late for coffee and dessert after you take in a movie, too. Bar. Nos. 1 & 2: 7-midnight, Sat til 11. Steakhouse: Sun thru Thur 11:30-11, Fri & Sat til midnight. Inexpensive to moderate. BA, MC, AE.

Old Pecan Street International Cafe, 314 E. 6th (478-2491). Enjoy courtyard-casualhouse dining until the weather cools. The quiche-crepe menu has recently expanded to include a varied selection of steaks, of which we can recommend the French, Japanese, and Hungarian preparations if you are willing to pay the tab for nicely marinated, but inferior, meat. Cakes by baker Elizabeth Condie are exceptional. Beer and wine. Open 7 days 11-midnight. Inexpensive to expensive. BA, MC.

Old Vienna, 801 Rio Grande (476-6019). Chef Theriot, originally from New Orleans, is raising the quality of this urbane continental restaurant from nondescript to distinctive. As an appetizer oysters Blenheim and Rockefeller (made with six kinds of greens and pernod) were unsurpassable.

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Red fish Pontchartrain was beautifully delicate, water schnitzel made with pork excellently sauced, stuffed trout luscious. Lobster thermidor, though good, was the least outstanding. Excellent service, fine wines. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner 7 days 6-11. Moderate to expensive. MC, BA.

Peiping House, 1506 Guadalupe (477-9000). The tiny food service, and ambience of this pleasant Chinese restaurant have been overshadowed by a dramatic price hike. Peiping specialties such as lamb in oyster sauce are unimpressively expensive. We avoided these and instead tried twice-cooked pork and Mandarin shrimp—both noteworthy. Wine and beer only. Mon thru Thur 5-9:30, Fri & Sat til 10. Closed Sun. High moderate to expensive. BA, MC.

Piccolo's, 309 W. 5th (477-4435). Pleasantly dark and nicely decorated mo' hokee Italian kitchen-knocks. Service is improving and food is good though not outstanding. Braciola ala Florentine (beef stuffed with prosciutto and cheese) was rich and tasty, but real Picciotto lacked character. Sun thru Thur 5-10:10, Fri & Sat til 11. Moderate to expensive. AE, BA, MC.

The Pig No. 3, 501 E. 5th (478-1166). A convenient downtown location for dependable good, slow-cooked barbecued beef, ribs, and a multitude of side orders. Beer only. Mon thru Sat 10:30-8. Closed Sun. Inexpensive. BA, MC.

Polonaise, 1122 Colorado, 23rd floor of Westlake Bldg (478-4628). Although both the food and decor show a sad decline from former elegance, the bird's-eye view of the Capitol Grounds during the day or city lights at night can't be beat. Nice for a drink. Ark. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2. Dinner Mon thru Thur 10-10, Fri & Sat til 11. Sun brunch 11-2. Moderate to expensive. BA, MC.

Ricco's, 15th & Lavaca (474-7538). The attempt at authenticity makes this new Italian restaurant somewhat unique at least for Austin. At night their stuffed artichoke is outstanding and samples with huge broiled shrimp, well-prepared coquillettes, and fresh vegetables is excellent. Only the real Marsala falls short. Service just OK. Wine and beer. Mon thru Fri 11-3, Dinner 7 days 5:30-10:30. Inexpensive to expensive. AE, BA, MC.

Sandpiper, 2700 Anderson Ln (459-3261). The shipshape look of this seafood restaurant is rich and we find the food good to excellent. Try their

shrimp cocktail, crab louis, shrimp Sandpiper with mushrooms and lemon butter sauce, or scallops. Crepes, unfortunately, have been rather lackluster. Vegetables are fresh, cooked to a delicate crispness, and attractively presented. Recent complaints on service. Bar. Mon thru Thur 11-2, 4-8-10, Fri til 11. Sat & Sun dinner only at 6. Moderate to expensive. BA, MC.

Sacha's, 311 W. 6th (472-3556). Simple German-Russian home cooking in a casual mood. At our last visit wild spiced pea soup, the dinner stuffed with olives and Schweitzer schnitzel (a rib eye stuffed with ham and Swiss cheese) were well done. Homemade strawberry cake is really fantastic. Bar. Mon thru Fri 11:30-2, 6-10. Sat dinner only. Closed Sun. Moderate. BA, MC.

The Sixth Street Trailer, 618 W. 6th (474-6539). Trailer car decor draws the crowds at lunch but on our last visit we were still hard-pressed to tout a particular dish. At night the seafood dishes please and the salads are well chilled but skip the raw oysters. Popular bar at happy hour 2:30-7 (drinks 3-for-1 Wed 5-6). Open Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30 & 5:30-10:30. Sat dinners only. Inexpensive to expensive. BA, MC.

Sweetish Hill Coffee Shop, 1406 Waller St. (472-1147). A pleasant restaurant offering fine light lunches of open-faced Viennese sandwiches and homemade soups and salads. We enjoyed their ratatouille (eggplant) on a rich tomato sauce on french bread but we were somewhat disappointed in their exquisitely presented yet rather flat duck main course. The menu is on a rich tomato sauce on french bread but we were somewhat disappointed in their exquisitely presented yet rather flat duck main course. The menu is on a rich tomato sauce on french bread but we were somewhat disappointed in their exquisitely presented yet rather flat duck main course.

Waller Inn, 721 E. 4th (478-7049). Reflecting the informality and mood of 6th St., this restaurant offers, especially at night, some of the best moderately priced fare in town. Our last meal (main courses stuffed with camembert, sole bonne femme, and cheese crepes with a rich marsala sauce) was superb. French bread excellent. Mon thru Fri 11:30-2, dinner Tue thru Sat 6:30-10. New Sun brunch 11-2. Inexpensive to moderate. AE, MC.

This Month
Small, new, or offbeat places to try
Quorum Club, 912 4th (472-6777). This one private club for legislators and hangers-on is

CORPUS CHRISTI

now open to the public. Their luncheon fish special was great and at night we can also recommend their steak house with a delightful bordelaise mushroom and wine sauce, and broiled flounder. Pepper steak very spicy hot. Salads outstanding for two. Excellent bar, music for dancing. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2, dinner Mon thru Sat 6-11. Moderate to expensive. CC.

San Miguel, 2330 W. North Loop (459-4121). Houston's highly acclaimed San Miguel restaurant has taken a new name and moved to Austin, with its classical Mexican (not Tex-Mex) cuisine. Mon thru Thu 11-10, Fri & Sat til midnight. Moderate. BA, MC.

Shanghai, Guadalupe & Koehn Ln (459-3000). A variety of regional dishes are prepared with a Cantonese touch. The restaurant is well known for oriental food honors. Try the spicy hangan chicken and the fried pork dumplings. Definitely worth a visit, though service suffers at rush hour. Wine and beer. Tue thru Thu Sun 11:30-10. Moderate. BA, MC.

CORPUS CHRISTI

MUSIC

Classical

DEC 2: Del Mar Piano Trio, World Recital Hall, Del Mar College (482-6231). Erius by Tchaikovsky and Frank Martin. At 8:15. Free.

DEC 4: Del Mar College & Texas A&I-CC Band, Del Mar Aud (482-6231). Features two works by Texas A&I-CC professor of composition, Dr. Larry Weimer: Concerto for Overture and He's Gone Away. Also, Bible: Trails of Texas; Respiqui: Pines of Rome, arranged for band by Duker, Rich and Koler, conductor. At 8:15. Free.

DEC 7: Del Mar College and Texas A&I-CC Concert Choir, World Recital Hall, Del Mar College (482-6231). Sustained: Magnificat, with string orchestra; Vaughan Williams's Clap Your Hands; Pinkham: Festival Magnificat and Chromas Cantata, with brass accompaniment; Respiqui: Laud the Nativity, with wind instruments and piano; John La Montaine: Wonder Tidings. Ray Witt, director. At 8:15. Free.

DEC 8: Corpus Christi Symphony Orchestra, Del Mar Aud (482-6231). Weber: Der Freischütz Overture; Tchaikovsky: Francesca Da Rimini; Berlioz: Symphony Fantastique. Free. Music guest conductor. At 8:15. Adults \$3-56; students under 21, \$1.50.

DEC 9: Corpus Christi Chorale, Del Mar Aud (482-6231). Vivaldi: Kyrie, for double choir and strings; Mozart: Missa Brevis; Bach: Magnificat. At 8:15. Free.

DEC 14: Corpus Christi Symphony, Memorial Coliseum (482-2717). Beth Penson, Handel: Messiah. Bilingual presentation of the Messiah presented through grants from National Endowment for the Arts and city of Corpus Christi. At 4. Free.

DEC 20: Nutcracker Suite (see Dance).

DANCE

DEC 6 & 7: Ballet Academy, Corpus Christi Museum, 1919 N. Water (482-5242). Coppelia. Directed by Mary Sullivan. At 8. Free.

DEC 20: Corpus Christi Ballet Theater and Symphony Orchestra, Del Mar Aud (482-6231). Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite. Featured soloist from Joffe Ballet Company of New York City. Call 991-4521 for ticket info. At 2 & 8.

FILM

Art and Pop Film Series, Biology-Earth Science Bldg, Rm 100, Texas A&I-Kingsville (395-3104). Dec 1: Medium Cool. At 7. Free.

Film Series, Art Museum of South Texas, 1902 N. Shoreline (991-4810, Dr. Huey). Sponsored by Art Museum and City of Corpus Christi. History of Cinema Series Dec 1: Chloé in the Afternoon (1972 French comedy). At 7:30. Free.

Film Classics, Art Museum of South Texas, 1902 N. Shoreline (484-5344). Dec 9: The Big Store. At 1:30 & 8. For members, \$15 yearly.

SPORTS

Basketball

Texas A&I-Kingsville, Javalina Stadium (1-595-3908). At 7:30. Call for prices.

Dec 6 Southwestern
Dec 12 & 13 Texas Lutheran
Tournament

Golf

Corpus Christi Golf Association Selective Drive, Oso Beach Municipal Golf Course (991-5311). Dec 27 at 10:30. \$5 entry fee. Free to spectators.

Shriners' Tournament, Oso Beach Municipal Golf

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SPORTS

Basketball

SMU Mustangs, Moody Coliseum (692-2901). At 7:30. All tickets \$3 per game or \$36 for season.
Dec 2 University of Kansas
Dec 6 East Texas State University
Dec 16 New Mexico State University

Football

Dallas Cowboys, Texas Stadium (369-3211). 6-6-510.
Dec 13 at 2:30 Washington

Hockey

Dallas Black Hawks, Livestock Coliseum, Fair Park (823-6322). At 7:30. \$20-\$25.00.
Dec 6 Fort Worth
Dec 10 Tucson
Dec 13 Oklahoma City
Dec 17 Tulsa
Dec 20 & 27 Fort Worth

Quarterhorse Racing

Rose Downs, Hwy 121, 4 mi southwest of Grapevine (81-1071). Every Sun at 1. \$2.

Rugby

Harlequins, Glenice Park (651-0179). Sixteen teams compete. Dec 6 at 12:30. Free.

Side 2

Dec 6 at 12:30 Dallas Two

Side 1

Dec 6 at 12:30 Dallas One

Wrestling

Texas Wrestling Circuit, Sportatorium, Cadiz & Industrial (748-3261). Every Tue at 8. Five events. Before 6:30, \$1.50-\$4. After 6:30, \$2-\$4.50.

EVENTS

At-Airline, Campus Center, Eastfield College. 3737 Motley Dr (746-3180). Exhibit of amateur Dallas-Fort Worth artists. Dec 8 thru 12, 8 a.m.-10 p.m. Free.

Candlelight Tour, Dallas County Heritage Center, Old City Park, 5350 E. Gray (421-7500) or 523-0143. An 1870 German family's first Christmas recreated, complete with a nativity play. Dec 12, 13 & 14, 5:30-7:30. Adults \$1, children 50¢.

Christmas Fiesta, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Fair Park (421-4187). Mexican dances, mariachi bands, and dresses trimmed with handmade ornaments. Dec 7, 14 & 15, 2-5 p.m. Free.

Student Art Exhibit, Mountain View College, 4649 W. Illinois Ave (746-4100). Paintings on exhibit in the east ramps, over department and modern bridge. Dec 1 thru 12. Mon thru Thur 8 a.m.-10 p.m., Fri 8-5, Sat 8-noon. Free.

Student Art Sale, Perl Hall, Richardson College, 12800 Abrams Rd (746-4494). Dec 1 thru 12, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Free.

Student Art Show, Campus Center, Eastfield College, 3737 Motley Dr (746-3150). Dec 3 thru 12, 8 a.m.-10 p.m. Free.

Turn-of-the-Century Women: From the Inside Out, Tarrant County, Dallas Public Library (748-2087). An exhibit on loan from the McCord Costume Collection at SMU featuring petticoats, bustle dresses, hand-beaded purses, and dress patterns. Dec 3 thru 20, 9 a.m.-5 p.m., Sat 11-6. Free.

REVELATION

Holiday Foods, Folk Windom Branch, Dallas Public Library, 212 Dallas West Shopping Center (637-1204). Dec 16 at 3:30. For elementary students. Free.

Christmas Parties, at the Oak Lawn, Martin Luther King, Jr., Library/Learning Center, Park Forest, and Dallas West Branch of the Dallas Public Library. At your neighborhood branch for dates and times. Dec. Free.

Decorate the Tree, Audelia Rd Branch, Dallas Public Library, 10405 Audelia Rd (346-6106). Dec 13 at 7. Free.

Kathy Marks Mandatories, Olla Podrida, 12215 Coit Rd (239-8541). Dec 24: Christmas Fantasy. Santa Dec 26: Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Darryl, at 11:30, 1 & 4. Also Thur at 7:30 p.m. Dec 22 thru Jan 7, 7:54.

Magic Turtle Theater, Dallas Theater Center (526-0106). Dec 6: Lady Liberty. Opens Dec 13:

DALLAS

Pocahontas, a play about an Indian princess who saved the colony of Jamestown the winter of 1608. Sat at 10:30. \$1.75.

Pinata Party, Lakewood Branch, Dallas Public Library, 6121 Worth (821-5128). Dec 6 at 2:30 for 7- thru 11-year-olds. Dec 9 at 3:30 for 4- thru 6-year-olds. Free.

MUSEUMS

Age of Steam Railroad Museum, Fair Park (361-6936). A collection of historical steam railroad equipment including complete passenger and freight train, vintage 1900-1920. Sun 11-5. Adults \$1, children 50¢.

Dallas Aquarium, Fair Park (428-3587). Over 2000 specimens of marine life displays. Guided tour must be arranged in advance. Mon thru Sat 8-5, Sun & holidays 11-5. Closed Dec 24 & 25. Feeding of freshwater fish at 3 Mon & Thur. Free.

Dallas County Heritage Center, Old City Park, at E. Gray & Gano (421-7800) or 528-0143. An antebellum mansion, an old log school house, a log cabin playhouse, a depot, a drummer's hotel, and a railroad section house have been reassembled. (See Candlelight Tours, Events.) Tue thru Fri 10-4, Sat & Sun 11:30-4:30.

Dallas Health and Science Museum and Planetarium, Fair Park (428-8351). Planetarium with a new giant projector has shows at 6 & Sun at 3 & 4:15. Open Mon thru Sat 9-5, Sun 1-5. Adults \$1, children 75¢.

Dallas Museum of Natural History, Fair Park (423-1149). Over 50 full-size dioramas of Texas wildlife. Also a complete display of Roeborn porcelain birds. Mon thru Sat 8-5, Sun & holidays noon-6. Free.

Dallas Zoo, Mansfield Park, 621 E. Clarendon (946-5150). Contains a number of rare and endangered animals, including a long-nosed cichlid or spiny anteater. Open 7 days 9-5. Adults \$2, children under 11 free at all times.

Museum for the Study of African-American Life and Culture, Bishop College, 3537 Simpson-Stuart Rd (376-4111). Recently opened museum featuring paintings by local black artists and a collection of African brass sculptures. Mon thru Fri 11-4, Sat noon-3, Sun 3-6. Free.

Southwestern Historical Wax Museum, Dallas-Fort Worth Turnpike, Grand Prairie (263-2391). 155 life-size figures, more than 300 antique weapons, a collection of 230 types of barbed wire and more. Open 7 days 10-7. Adults \$2.50, children 6-12, \$1.

Texas Hall of State, Fair Park (421-9710). Exhibition of relics and documents contrasting events of the Texas Revolution and the American Revolution. Mon thru Sat 9-5, Sun & holidays 2-6. Free.

Wax Museum, Fair Park (823-6951). Wax replicas of 3 presidents, many of them in informal poses. Two centuries of Americana. Open 7 days 10-5. Adults \$2; students 12 thru 20, \$1.50; children 6 thru 12, \$1.

ART

Institutions

Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Fair Park (421-4187). Dec 3 thru month: Princess Prints and Drawings. Dec 11 thru month: Sculpture of Raffaele Martini, created for the museum. Tue thru Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

Owen Art Center, SMU (692-2740). The Meadows Museum has paintings, drawings, and the Meadows Renaissance to the 20th century. Thursday Dec 14: Works on paper by Dan Rizzio. Dec 19 thru Dec 31: An institutional show with a dog theme. University Gallery opens Mon thru Sat 8:30-5, Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Meadows Museum open Mon thru Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Free.

Galleries

Afterimage, Quadrangle, 2800 Ross (746-2521). Thu Dec: Photographs by gallery regulars, which include Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, and others. Mon thru Sat 10-5:30, Thur 11-6:30.

Atelier, Chapman Kelley, 2526 Fairmont (747-9971). Thu Dec: New works by John Cunningham. Tue thru Sat 11-5.

Contemporary Fine Arts, 2425 Cedar Springs (747-0141). Thu Dec: Junk sculpture of Al Kidwell. Mon thru Sat 10:30-5, Thur 11-6.

DeLahanty Gallery, 2611 Cedar Springs (746-1146). Opens Dec 7: Sculpture of Raffaele Martini and prints of Bruce Lowery. Tue thru Sat 9-6.

Fairmont Gallery, 6640 Sherry Ln (369-5636). Thu Dec 3: Works of Greg Palmer and Lu Ann Barrow. Opens Dec 6: French Impressionist harbor scenes and florals of Renee Theobald. Tue thru Sat 11-5.

Lee Ethel Gallery, 3115 South (742-4091). Thu Dec: New paintings by William Elliott, Bern Hill,

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DALLAS

Harold Quiram, Marjorie Quiram, Granville Bruce, Albert Leibold, and Don Brown. Mon thru Sat 10-5.

McClutley Fine Arts Gallery, 2539 Cedar Springs (744-0762). Thu-Fri Dec. Gallery regular, who include Robert K. Abstein, Jim Samra, Paul Calle, and others. Mon thru Fri 9-6.

Phillips Galleries, 2715 Fairmount (748-7808). Thu-Fri Dec. New works by Lazzaro Denari, the Florentine whose paintings were exhibited at the Neiman-Marcus Italian fortnight in Oct. Mon thru Sat 10-5.

Texas Art Gallery, Adolphus Hotel (747-8159). Opens Dec 6. Preview 7-9 with new works by such artists as Wayne Baize, Joe Beeler, James Boren, and G. Harvey. Mon thru Fri 9-5.

Texas Art Gallery, Carroll Plaza (387-2851). Thu-Fri Dec. The gallery co-sponsors Preview '78 art show with downtown Texas Art Gallery (above). Tue thru Sat 10-5.

Fine Crafts

Frontroom Gallery, Craft Compound, Snider Plaza (369-8338). Thu-Fri Dec. Goblets and large bowls by Henry Summa. Also weavings and tapestries by Sue Ellen Hamker. Tue thru Sat 10-5.

The Museum Shop, Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Fair Park (421-4187). Artifacts, handcrafted jewelry, posters, reproductions, note cards, wall hangings, old African masks, hand-blown glass, pottery, baskets, and rugs. Tue thru Sat 10-5 & Sun 3-5.

Olla Podrida, 12215 Coit Rd (239-5541). Thu-Fri Dec. Exhibit of antique Santa Claus figures. Mon thru Fri 10-9, Sat 10-5-30.

Pendleton Studio, 2718 Ball St (823-4598). Stained-glass windows, mirrors, Tiffany lamps, jewelry boxes, and terrariums on sale; made by students from stained-glass classes and workshops. Six-week courses \$17-50. Mon thru Thu 10-10, Sat 10-5-30.

ON THE TOWN

Adams, 3901 Cedar Springs (526-9376). A place to "get down" on a Saturday night. The hamburgers are so big 112 ounces of meat you have trouble getting your teeth into them. Sun thru Thu 11 a.m.-midnight, Fri & Sat 12-2.

Arthur's, 8350 N. Central Exp (361-8833). A sophisticated ambience for a sophisticated follow-

ing, darkish and low-key. The Kaulman Combo performs Mon thru Sat 9-midnight. Mon thru Fri 11:30-1, Sat & Sun 6-2.

Bagatelle Lounge and Plaza Cafe, One Energy Sq., Greenville Ave & University Blvd (492-8224). Jerry Zimmerman plays a Roger Williams-style piano for pleasant listening. Sun & Mon 6-11 and Tue thru Sat for cocktails 5-6. Jeanne Maxwell sings with the Paul Guerrero Combo Tue thru Sat 8:30-11:30. Cozy little groupings of well-padded chairs invite conversation. In the adjoining Plaza Cafe a suavitel entertains Mon thru Thu 8-midnight, Fri & Sat 1-1. Pleasant country French decor, modernized. Open 7 days (see Restaurants for hours).

Barney Oldfield's, Sheraton Inn, 1893 Mockingbird (634-8950). Live entertainment (except Mon) in this supper club adorned with racing car pennants. Cover varies. Open 7 days. Breakfast 6:30-11, buffet lunch 11:30-2, dinner 5-11.

Carlos and Pepe, 3049 W. NW Hwy (586-4357). An elegant new discotheque-restaurant furnished with antiques from a Mexican film studio, a multitude of fringed lampshades, and lush hanging plants. Food is good and the music is pleasantly modulated for cocktail-hour chatting. Try the puchini fritters, Milla's ceviche (like a spicy fish cocktail), or perhaps the nachos with drinks. (You won't be sorry.) Discontinue open 7 days 4:30-2. Dinner served 6-midnight.

Downstairs at the Registry, Registry Hotel, 1241 W. Mockingbird (630-7000). Hotel night club. Thu Dec 20, Jesse Louie (Tina's brother), Cover \$2. weeknights, 53 weeknights. Happy Hour 5-7 Mon thru Fri. Open Mon thru Fri 5-1, Sat 8-1.

The Enclave, 8325 Walnut Hill Ln (363-7487). A lush, luxurious ambience. Wayne Melsman plays danceable, listenable music Mon thru Thu 8:30-12:30, Fri & Sat 9-1:30. Dinner served weekdays 6-11, til 11:30 weekends.

Galsby's Bicycle Bar, Statler Hilton (747-2011). Hotel bar decorated in Galsby mode. The Eden group plays everything from pop to rock nightly 9-1, except Sat. Judy Moore plays the piano for happy hour 5-7 daily. Open weekdays 11 a.m.-2 a.m., buffet lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30.

Gran Central Palace, 2424 Swiss Ave (824-1263). Truly a new dimension in Dallas entertainment in plush, turn-of-the-century decor. Dinner and 12-10, appetizers, before-dinner drinks, and wine extra. Dinner at 8, show about 9:30 weeknights. Weekends dinner seating at 6 with show at

7:30; seating at 9 with show at 10:30. Open 7 days. Reservations.

Great Indoors, 5728 F. Lovens Ln (492-0557). Jerry Hill entertains with nostalgic oldies (Sinatra, Burtini) on piano. Concerts on Sun night every six weeks or so. No food, but great cheerleaders can be ordered from next door. Mon thru Sat 7-7, shows each hour 9-1. No cover except \$2 for concert.

Happer's Corner, Hilton Inn, 5500 N. Central Exp (827-4100). Chris Page and Pam McCullough, singers with a backup group, don't quite have the quality of performers Ric Parde did, but melody seems to mind at this penitence supper club with its spectacular view. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m., Sat 5-2.

J. Allied's, 4217 Oak Lawn (526-9222). A frankly funny beer-and-peanut bar with antiquated signs, including a state embalmers' license, adorning the walls. During happy hour (Mon thru Fri 4-6, Sat noon-6, Sun 1-6) beer is 25c a mug or \$1 a pitcher. Open weekdays 11-2, Sat noon-2, Sun 1-2.

Knox Street Pub, 1230 Knox (526-9476). A neighborhood bar where you can still get a bowl of chili or stew for a \$1. On your birthday, the manager and community bring you a lit candle about something, even if it's just a piece of cherry pie. Mon thru Sat 10-2, Closed Sun.

Oz, 5429 LBJ Freeway (233-5755). A glittered playpen for the freely young and the obviously very rich. That is, when it's not catering to a white-collar crowd. Open Mon thru Fri 6-7, Sat 7-2. Club membership: \$5 for three consecutive days, \$50 a year.

Pyramid Lounge, Fairmont Hotel, Ross & Akard (748-5454). Joyce Wilson and Fred Crane entertain nightly except Sun in this intimate corner of the Fairmont. 9:30-11:30. Cover \$1.50.

The Recovery Room, 4036 Cedar Springs (526-1601). Marchal Jerry plays a competent tenor sax in crowded quarters; good jazz, till surroundings nothing to write home about. Mon thru Sat 6-2. Two-drink minimum.

The Stoneleigh P., 2927 Maple (741-4824). A Dallas institution with a Forties decor; full of students and other kids. Sun thru Thu 11:30-1, Fri & Sat 2-11. Grill open daily 11:30-6 on Fri & Sat.

TGI Friday's, 5500 Greenville Ave. Old Town. In the Village (363-5353). The swingles crowd now has four levels to dine, drink, and what-have-you in this recently remodelled restaurant. Closed busy on weekends. Champagne brunch Sun noon-2. Open 7 days 5-2.

Venetian Room, Fairmont Hotel, Ross & Akard (748-5454). Get all dined up and enjoy the hotel supper club in the Coconut Grove tradition. It's like the Sixties never happened. Dec 1 thru 11 Frankie Avalon. Call for showtimes, the remainder of the month. Shows Mon thru Sat at 8:10 & 11, Fri & Sat at 9 & 11:30. Cover varies with performer. Particularly expensive if you have dinner. Open Mon thru Sat 4-2 a.m. Reservations.

V.I.P. Lounge, LeBaron Hotel (634-8550). Entertainment is pretty consistently good in this posh place. Yearly membership \$5. Open 7 days 11:30-2.

Western Place, 6651 Skillman (341-7100). House band Bobby Smith and His Country Blues entertain in Dec. Call for schedule of name performers. Mon thru Sat 4-2 a.m. Cover varies.

Wintergarden Ballroom, 1616 John West (327-6265). Wear your jeans at home. This is a Dallas ballroom dancing place. Ladies who are required to wear dresses and men have to wear ties (or turtlenecks) and coats. Jack Merick Orchestra Dec 26 8:45-10 p.m. per person \$10. Open 7-8:45-12:15, Fri 9-1:30, Sat til 1. Reservations necessary.

RESTAURANTS

Restaurants are classified according to the following price scale, which represents the cost of a typical meal for one person exclusive of drinks, tax, and tip:

Inexpensive under \$3
Moderate \$3 to \$7
Expensive over \$7

Establishments with no longer maintained are indicated by the word "Bar." Under Texas law a customer is not permitted to bring his own wine onto the premises of a restaurant which serves mixed drinks.

A star designates Texas Monthly's "Best-in-the-city" recommendations.

Arthur's, 8350 N. Central Exp (361-8833). The greatest attribute here is the classy bar. For though the prime beef and fresh fish are still excellent, Arthur's no longer maintains the culinary reputation. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2, Dinner Sun thru Fri 6-10:45, Sat til 11:45. Reservations recommended. Expensive.

Bagatelle Restaurant and Plaza Cafe, One Energy Sq., Greenville Ave & University Blvd (492-8224).

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The Upper Crust, Olla Podrida, 12215 Golt Rd (661-5718). Home-style food served in Olla Podrida's eclectic country manner. Canadian cheddar soup, beef beans and rice, chicken and dumplings, and old-fashioned strawberry shortcake. Drinks and desserts Mon. thru Sat. 10-5:30. Lunch Mon. thru Sat. 11-1. Dinner on Thurs. only 5:30-8:30. Inexpensive. N.

The Zodiac Room, Downtown Neiman-Marcus (744-6911). Exceptionally delicious food—from luscious luky lemons to seafood and poultry salads, sandwiches, and mouth-watering desserts—raise the Zodiac above the typical department store dining room, although visitors to Fortnight reported less-than-excellent fare. A bit loud and always crowded. Wine and beer. Lunch Mon. thru Sat. 11-2:30. Evening buffet Thurs. 5-7:30. Reservations recommended. Moderate. N-M charge only.

This Month

Small, new, or offbeat places to try

Chilly's, 7567 Greenville (361-4371). A Greenville Avenue "decor" restaurant which specializes in hamburgers (so-so) and chili but worth a try for THE BEST french fries in North Texas. Bar. Sun. noon-midnight. Mon. thru Thur. 11-midnight. Fri. & Sat. till 2. Inexpensive. AE, BA, MC.

China Clipper, 3939 McKinney (526-9165). A real find! A simple family-run restaurant featuring unadorned Americanized Chinese food at very reasonable prices. Heaps of chow mein with crunchy noodles and delicious egg rolls. Tue. thru Sat. 11-2:30 & 5-10:30. Closed Mon. Inexpensive. N.

Cleo's, 3237 McKinney (745-9464). One of the brightest new spots in town, especially for lunch. Smashing sandwich combinations. Try the Zongara or the El Nopal. Bar. Tue. thru Sun. 11-7. Closed Mon. Inexpensive to moderate. N.

EL PASO

THEATER

Legitimate

Give 'Em Hell, Harry! Plaza Theater, Pioneer Plaza (532-6514). Remembrance of President Truman. A tentative UT El Paso Student Activities production. Call to confirm. Dec. 1 at 8. Call for ticket information.

Community Theater

Christmas Carol, Festival Theater, 2501 Montana (532-1317). The season musical directed by Don Pasco. Dec. 4 thru 6, 11 thru 13, 18 thru 20, at 8. Adults \$3, students and children \$2.

Everything in the Garden, UT Playhouse, UT Paso Fine Arts Complex (747-5118). An Edward Albee play performed by University Players. Dec. 4 at 8, Dec. 7 at 2:30. Adults \$2.50, children \$1.25.

Look Back in Anger, UT El Paso Studio Theater, UT Paso Fine Arts Complex (747-5118). A John S. Eisenhower play directed by Pat Hagerty. Dec. 12 & 13 at 8, Dec. 14 at 2:30. All seats \$1.

Prodigal Son, Plaza Theater, Pioneer Plaza (532-6514). A religious morality play by Parnos Productions. Dec. 22 at 8, Dec. 23 at 8:30. \$1-\$3.

The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail, Chizmal National Memorial Theater, San Marcial & Delta (543-2780). Presented by the El Paso Independent School District. Dec. 11 thru 13, at 8. Free.

MUSIC

Classical

DEC 2: Bonnie Winowski, voice, Secital Hall, UT El Paso Fine Arts Complex (747-5606). At 8. Free.

DEC 8: Dan Wright, baritone, and **Dede Mutnick**, vocal. Secital Hall, UT El Paso Fine Arts Complex (747-5606). Faculty Artist Recital. At 8. Free.

DEC 11: University Symphonic Band, Magoffin Hall, UT El Paso (747-5606). Classical and non-classical selections. At 8. Free.

DEC 13: El Paso Symphony, Civic Center Theatre. One Civic Center Plaza (544-6573). Famous bass virtuoso Gary Kier is guest artist. At 8, \$5-\$25.

DEC 14: Choir of the Southwest, First Presbyterian Church, 1340 Murchison (533-2755). At 7:30. Free.

DEC 14: Tall Choir Concert, El Paso Museum of Art, 1211 Montana (543-3800). Bell Choir from First Baptist Church. At 3. Free.

DEC 28: Organ and Harp Concert, First Presbyterian Church, 1340 Murchison (533-2755). David Wood on organ, Linda Wood on harp. At 8. Adults \$2, students and children \$1.50.

Pop, Rock, Jazz, Etc.

DEC 9: Loggins and Messina, El Paso County Coliseum, Boone & Paisano (544-1043). Folk-rock group. At 8. Adult \$5.50, at the door \$6.50, but prices may change (call to confirm).

DEC 27: Sun Carnival Coronation, Grand Hall, El Paso Civic Center (544-6573). Country star Ray Stevens performs at annual queen's coronation ball. At 8. \$5-\$10.

DANCE

University Civic Ballet, Magoffin Hall, UT El Paso (747-5606). University Civic Ballet annual presentation of Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker. Directed by Ingolf Heuser. Dec. 5 & 6 at 8, Dec. 7 & 14 at 2:30. Call for prices.

FILM

Plaza Film Series, Plaza Theater, Pioneer Plaza (532-6514). Dec. 2 thru 6 at 6:30. Dec. 7 at 1 & 6:30. Dec. 8 Eastern Trilogy—4. *Fatal* of Dollars; *For a Few Dollars More*; *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*. Dec. 8 thru 13 at 8. Dec. 14 at 1:30. *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. Dec. 15 thru 20 at 7:30. Dec. 21 at 1:30 & 7:30. *Ben Hur*, in English with Spanish subtitles. Dec. 29 thru 31, from 1 p.m. till about 11: Ape Festival with all five Planet of the Apes flicks. Adults \$15, children \$7.

SPORTS

Auto Racing

Sun Carnival Car Slalom, Bowie High School parking lot (533-4416). Dec. 14. Registration at 9, events start at noon. Free to spectators.

Basketball

Sun Bowl Tournament, UT El Paso Memorial Gym (533-4416). Holiday tourney featuring SMU, Auburn, and Tulsa. Hosted by UT El Paso. Dec. 19 & 20 at 7. \$7.50-\$9.50 for both nights.

UT El Paso Miners, Memorial Gym, UT El Paso campus (747-5254). At 7:30. \$4.25, \$6.25.

Dec. 2 New Mexico State
Dec. 3 West Texas State University
Dec. 29 University of Idaho

Bowling

Sun Carnival Tournament, Bowlero Lanes, 8941 Dyer (533-4416). Tourney each Sat. & Sun. thru Jan. 6. Call for times. Free to spectators.

Football

41st Annual Sun Bowl Game, Sun Bowl Stadium, Sun Bowl Dr. (533-4416). Two college powerhouses face off. Dec. 26 at 10. Adults \$8, children's section \$4.

Golf

Sun Bowl College All-star Tournament, El Paso Country Club, Country Club Dr. (533-4416). Nation's top-rated college golfers participate. Dec. 2 thru 5. Tee-off at 11:30. Four-day golf pass \$19.

Sun Carnival Pro-Am Tournament, Dos Lagos Golf Course, Anthony, NM (533-4416). 160 players golf 18 holes on Dec. 1 at 8 a.m. Free to spectators.

Greyhound Racing

Juarez Race Track, Ave. 16 de Septiembre bullring, off of Combs Rd. (533-6251). Racing Wed. thru Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30. No races Dec. 24 & 25. Children welcome. Free.

Horse Racing

Juarez Turf Club, one block from Santa Fe Bridge on Juarez Ave. Juarez 11-322-2179. Oil-rack bettors, a foreign book where bets can be placed on most major world tracks. Sun. thru Sat. 9 till late race of day. Free.

Sunland Park Race Track, Sunland Park, NM (598-1131). Dec. 7: Sunland Quarterhorse Futurity at 400 yds. with \$75,000 estimated purse. Dec. 14: Sunland Thoroughbred Futurity at six furlongs with \$50,000 estimated purse. Dec. 28: \$4000 awarded Winham Lad Handicap at six furlongs. Dec. 5 & 7, 9, 12, 19, 26 & 27 at 12:27 & 28 at 1:30. Grandstand adm. \$1.25. Free passes available at many motels and hotels.

Ice Hockey

El Paso Raiders, El Paso County Coliseum, Boone & Paisano (542-1043). At 7:30. \$3-\$4.

Dec. 6 & 7 Butte
Dec. 21 Amarillo
Dec. 27 & 28 Albuquerque

Skydiving

Sun Carnival Skydiving Contest, Sky Sports Arena off of Combs Rd. (533-4416). Dec. 27 & 28, all day. Free to spectators.

Tennis

Sun Bowl Tournament, El Paso Tennis Club & El Paso High School (533-4416). Dec. 19 thru 21. Call for details.

Volleyball

Sun Carnival Tournament, Memorial Gym, UT El

Paso (533-4416). Dec. 27 at 9. Free.

Professional Wrestling

Lucha Libre, El Paso County Coliseum, Boone & Paisano (544-6766). Every Mon. at 8. \$3 & \$3.50.

EVENTS

Marital Arts Exhibition, El Paso County Coliseum, Boone & Paisano (542-1043). Dec. 2 at 8. Call for details.

Sun Carnival Touchdown Club Dinner, El Paso Civic Center, One Civic Center Plaza (533-4416). Annual bash honors visiting football and basketball teams. Public invited. Dec. 23 at 6. Call for prices.

Theatrical Art Show, Plaza Theater, Pioneer Plaza (532-6514). Exhibit features original theatrical art, including posters dating back to the 1930s. Sponsored by Beta Sigma Phi. Dec. 14 at 7. Call for prices.

REVELATION

Archology Workshop, 124 Festival (592-3651). Milton Krome speaks on artworlds. Dec. 4 at 7:30. Free.

Bicentennial Lecture, Jewish Community Center, 1401 Myer (544-6573). "Jewish Immigrant Inadequacies: Has the Grand Experiment Worked?" James Bell, instructor at El Paso Community College. Speaker. Dec. 3 at 8. Free.

National Sun Carnival Art Exhibition, El Paso Museum of Art, 1211 Montana (543-3800). Dec. 6 thru month. Free.

Star of Bethlehem, Planetarium, 6513 Soeling (778-4171). Dec. 6 & 13 at 10:45 for youth groups (\$35 per person) and at 7:30 (\$1). Dec. 5, 8, 10, 12, 15, 17 at 7:30 (\$1).

FOR CHILDREN

El Paso Zoological Park, Evergreen & Paisano (543-6023). A small zoo, but the snake and ape exhibits are good. Mon. thru Fri. 10-5, Sat. & Sun. 10-7. Gen. adm. \$30, children 7 thru 17, 25¢, under 7 free with adult.

Emmett Kelly Junior Circus, Grand Hall, El Paso Civic Center, One Civic Center Plaza (544-6573). Dec. 21 at 1 & 6. \$1 & \$1.50.

Three Stories by the Brothers Grimm, Amphitheat. Theater Downtown, Magoffin & San Antonio (532-7239). A play performed by young actors of the Studio Theater Workshop, Inc. Dec. 22 thru 28, except Christmas day. At 2:30. All seats \$1.

MUSEUMS

Bullfight Museum, Del Camino Motor Hotel, 5001 Alameda (773-2711). Motel owner is a bullfight freak, and his collection, scattered through the lobby area, is worth seeing. Open 7 days 6 a.m.-9:30 p.m. Free.

Centennial Museum, UT El Paso, University Ave. & Hawthorne (747-5565). A mishmash of a museum. New exhibit is the Josephine Clardy Fox Collection of decorative arts and antiques. Mon. thru Fri. 10-5, Sat. & Sun. 1-5. Free.

Chizmal National Memorial Museum, San Marcial & Delta (543-7786). Exhibits cover the history of the International Boundary Commission, a subject most people find less than enthralling. A good bet is the film *A Most Singular Country*, which runs ten times daily, alternately in English and Spanish.

Fort Bliss Seplica Museum, Pleganzon & Sheraton, Fort Bliss (558-4518). A fine reproduction of old Fort Bliss. Fault of the museum is difficulty in finding it. Ring down an MP if you get lost. Open 7 days 9-4:45. Free.

Third Cavalry Museum, 8142 2471, Forrest Rd., Headquarters, Third Regiment, Fort Bliss (568-1922). History of the Regiment of Mounted Soldiers through its exploits in the Mexican War and then fighting the Indians of the area. Mon. thru Fri. 9-4. Free.

ART

Institutions

El Paso Museum of Art, 1211 Montana (543-3800). Permanent exhibit is the Samuel H. Kress Collection. Starting Dec. 7: Watercolors of the West Coast. Small gift shop offers some unusual answers to Christmas shopping bids. Tue. thru Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5. Free.

Galleries

Art Dimensions, 808 Montana (533-1204). Thu. Dec. ceramics of Art Porter and weaving of Ann Hough. Starting Dec. 21: enamel by Bertrita Scola. Mon. thru Sat. 9-5.

Coronado Galleries, 244 Thunderbolt (584-5014). Most atmospheric gallery in town. Very plush.

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Starling Dec 14: works by James Drake and Jon Kress. Bound to be multimedia since Kress is a weaver as well as an oil and charcoal artist. Tue 8:30. Sat 12:30-3:30.

Dos Fajeros, La Placita, El Paso International Art Festival (272-7980). Represents several of the area's finest artists along the corridors of the heavily trafficked airport. Will rock and chip for those who don't want to carry purchases with them. Open 7 days 10-5.

Las Artescelles (open 1199 Yarrowbough & west) 651 N. Mesa (584-1766). Represents many fine local artists and growing line of regional talents. Mon thru Fri 9-5-10.

Ojo del Sol, La Villita, 612 N. Oregon (544-3515). Located near large downtown hotels in small turn-of-century shopping village. Has some good food and is the exclusive of the famous Richard Gilbert's silkscreens. Mon thru Thu 10-6, Fri & Sat 10-8.

Fine Crafts

Pots by Fern Schrier, 763 Rinconada (584-1671). One of her pots would make a unique Christmas present. She works out of her home and does special orders. By appointment.

ON THE TOWN

There are no closing laws governing Mexican bars, so practice those laws on the last ice cube or the last customer, melts American money good everywhere.

Alcazar, 196. Tlaqualca (322-4864). The House of the Porcini. Glass cases are used like wine-skin bottles, to pour streams of wine into one's mouth. Customers are taught to aim the stream from the mouth from increasingly tight distances and with intricate variations. You'll best wear purple or red and expect to smell like a who afterwards, all beginners are short shooters. Mon thru Sat 6-4 a.m. No cover.

Bulldog Bar, 2601 N. Mesa (532-9727). Everybody is trying to act like a cowboy in this rock hangout. It's a loosest town to a loosest town. But El Paso has. Decor is unkempt, and place smells of spilled beer—all of which enhances its appeal. Live entertainment Wed thru Sat with 50¢ cover. Fri & Sat nights. Entertainment starts at 9. Mon thru Sat 11:30-midnight, Fri & Sat Sat 1, Sun 11-11. No cover.

Casa del Sol, ProNal Circle, Juarez (1-323-4501). Bright, colorful, dim lights, and the striding minstrels make this one of the border's nicest places to grab a margarita, or the house specialty, Irish Coffee. Any problems will get a sympathetic ear from owner Luis Estavillo. Mon thru Thu 11:30-midnight, Fri & Sat Sat 1, Sun 11-11. No cover.

Cavern of Music, 374 Juarez, Juarez (1-323-1533). Cavernic decor is so real that you almost have to crawl into the basement to hear the live organ duo duals in sensual tunes. Sun thru Thu 4-12:30, Fri & Sat 11:30 until 4 a.m. No cover.

Club Cilenarus, Lincoln 177, ProNal, Juarez (1-323-4037). Early new on the scene and kind of exclusive because of the under-50 seating capacity. You have to knock on the door to get in. Flamenco show at 10:30 and 12:30. Only entertainment of this type on border. Wed thru Sun after about 8:30 till whenever. Shows have been known to end at 6 a.m. 51 cover.

Club San Luis, Juarez Ave 16th de Sept, Juarez (1-322-6797). Mostly natives and tourists in full look at the bar known as Pancho Villa's favorite. Atmosphere is loud Mexican, and no changing. Mariachi groups, according to management, always there. Open 7 days 24 hours. No cover.

Gold Rush, Vinapunt Shopping Center (591-8997). One of area's hottest night spots for hard-rock dancing set. This Dec. 20, 1984, the door charge \$1. Mon thru Sat 10:30-2, Sun noon-2.

Jaxon's, 508 N. Stanton (532-0950). This inner-city bar—with cobbleslones, rough brick, stained glass and soft lights—has favorites for lunchers and happy-hour puzzlers. Lot of singles and wishin'g-were-in the crowd. Mon thru Thu 11-midnight, Fri & Sat 11-1. No cover.

Kentucky Club, 629 Juarez, Juarez (1-322-0477). Tequila is only 25¢ per shot (straight with lime). Bartenders are sports nuts. If there's a game, it's in the bar. Live jukebox and jukebox jukebox—two windows in front open to passing crowds along Juarez Ave. Sun thru Thu 9-11, Fri & Sat 12-10. No cover.

La Dilligencia, Camino Camino Real, ProNal Circle, Juarez (1-323-0067). Popular, though small, bar. Groups play all night. Sunday afternoon, the rock, Camino Real Hotel, in which the club is housed, recently converted whole lobby into a bar. Open 7 days 11-2.

Amnathan Bar, 601 Juarez, Juarez (1-322-4089). Same block as Kentucky Club. Like a bus station, but lively and fun. Has a mariachi group that usually, related with a border native, best tequila on bar (Saxxa) is 30¢ a shot. Open 7 days, usually noon-4 a.m. No cover.

Smuggler's Inn, 6044 Gateway E. (778-4251). Wherever the longhairs head to the Gold Rush or Bulldog, this is the spot for the neuro-thrill who like to dance to rock. Reflected in music, library-type atmosphere of feather and wood. Mon thru Sat 8:30-1:30. The band, Westwind, starts at 10:30. No cover.

The Union Depot, Hotel Paso del Norte, 115 S. El Paso (532-2421). Located off large domed lobby of the grandest of Old West hotels on border. Even has live plants. Instead of plastic in lobby. Not extremely popular, but very nice. Open 7 days 10 a.m.-midnight. No cover.

Viceroy, 4232 N. Mesa (532-0422). It looks like a basement family room with antiques of Pancho Villa era all over. Biggest asset is jazz club. Open 7 days 11-1. No cover.

Watering Hole, 6028 Surety Drive (778-3726). Above a Jack Lalanne Health Spa with windows overlooking half-donut canyon. Comfortable living-room-type bar with a nice twist: it's a place where nondrinkers and drinkers can mix. Health concoctions start at \$1.50. Alcoholic drinks include Jack Rejuvenator, made with Gatorade, rum, and a touch of lime. Mon thru Sat 11-11. No cover.

RESTAURANTS

In restaurants are classified according to the following price scale, which represents the cost of a typical meal for one person exclusive of drinks, tax and tip:

.....Inexpensive under \$3
.....Moderate\$3 to \$7
.....Expensive\$7 and over

Establishments with asterisks (*) are indicated by the word "Bar." Under Texas law a customer is not permitted to bring his own wine into the premises of a restaurant which serves mixed drinks.

* A star designates Texas Monthly's "Best-in-their-class" recommendation.

Juarez restaurant hours are listed in El Paso (Mountain Zone) time.

* **Amen's Gourmet Continental Restaurant, 1201 N. Stanton (532-0471).** The superb dinner salad of Boston lettuce and watercress with house dressing may be equaled but hardly surpassed by any other in the area. The superb dinner salad was well-prepared, grilled English lamb chops tender and delicious. Sunday brunch is a treat with everything over a couple of hours. Bar, Tue thru Sun 11-11, Fri & Sat 7-11. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

Arden's Roadside Inn, 4501 Anapra Rd, Anapra, NM 589-7220. The sleepy supermarket atmosphere is forgotten when nearby Sunland Park Race Track is in session (Oct to May). To fully enjoy the fine food and comfortable service, settling there in the post-race crush. But crowd watchers should go after the races. Bar, Tue thru Sat 5-midnight, Sun 1-11. Moderate. AE, DA, DC, MC.

Almoral Room, Camino Real Hotel, ProNal, Juarez (1-323-0047). For a really fine no-hassle evening in Juarez, the Camino Real has much to offer—an easy drive over the border and back, a classy hotel with choice of lounges and dance bands, and one of the finest restaurants in the area. Continental cuisine served with continental flair. Tue thru Sat 6 p.m.-midnight. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

Belia Napoli, 6311 N. Mesa (584-3321). In a town that offers surprisingly many good Italian restaurants, one might expect to find a very good one among Italians. And who can argue with that? Beer and wine, of course. Tue thru Sat 5-10, Sun noon-10. Moderate. BA, MC.

Bill Park's Bar-Que, 3016 Gateway E. (542-0960). Don't let the looks of this roadside hangout palace put you off. The locals love it and you will, too. Once you get in, served up a cold one. Tasty barbecue and the best soul food in town, bar none. Beer and wine. Mon thru Sat 10:30-10-midnight. Inexpensive. N.

Silly Crews Dining Room, 1614 Donihagan (589-2071). Like stepping into the past. The decor, service, and atmosphere take you back to the 1930s. Days, delicious food and live entertainment by the band. Live entertainment in the bar. Mon thru Sat 5:30-11. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

Rock's Rib 'n' Stein, 9496 Drive (755-1356). The ribs are fine and the barbecue excellent. Certainly the best in northeast El Paso. For beginners, try Sunday afternoon. Live entertainment in the back open till 2. Mon thru Thu 11-10, Fri & Sat 11-1, Sun noon-8. Moderate. AE, DA, DC, MC.

Casa del Sol, ProNal Circle, Juarez (1-323-4509). One of Juarez's nicest restaurants in one of the nicest parts of town. For a storybook evening in Old Mexico, try the traditional mariachi and the striding violinist. Try steak con queso. Bar. Mon thru Thu 11:30-mid-

EL PASO

night, Fri & Sat 11-1, Sun 11-1. Moderate. BA, DC, MC, AE.

Cattleman's Steak House, 20 mi east on IH 10, north at Faber exit to Indian Hills Ranch (764-9920). One of the area's best steakhouses anywhere. The drive is long, but the food and the service are terrific. Good to be enlarged to seating capacity. 55¢ to 10¢. Juarez. No reservations. Tue thru Fri 5 p.m.-10, Sat 4:30-10, Sun 2-10. Moderate.

Grigas, 4600 Donihagan (584-0451) and 9007 Montana (396-1451). In a town that prides itself on the high quality of its Mexican food, the Grigas is a real gem. A nice place to eat. The restaurant has a special brand of New Mexico-style food. It's generally more subtle than the usual local variety. Grigas. 55¢ to 10¢. Juarez. No reservations. Tue thru Sun 11-9. Montana location open 7 days 11-9. Moderate. N.

* **The Happy Taverner, 8188 Alameda (859-4255).** Strange as it seems for El Paso, the German food here is as good as you find in Europe. Perhaps not at the very best German restaurants, but certainly at the very good ones. You'll be served family style (one order for everyone in your party unless prior arrangements are made for separate orders at \$1.50 extra per person. Reservations necessary, one day in advance. Mon & Wed thru Sat 6 p.m.-6, Moderate. N.

Iron Tender, IH 10 at McRae exit (592-4186). Back at the top of the local steak place, the owner's Delight has to be the finest marinated steak in El Paso, if not in the entire state. Steak shop is also a treat. Bar, Sun 11-10. No cover.

Dinner Mon thru Thu 5:30-11, Fri & Sat 11-midnight, Sun 5-10. Moderate. AE, BA, MC.

Jaxon's, 508 N. Stanton (532-0950). Natural wood atmosphere in this quaint little restaurant that specializes in quasi-health food sandwiches. Try the Healthy Salad for a nonmeat pick-me-up. Bar till midnight. Mon thru Sat 11-3. Moderate. AE, BA, MC.

Jersey Lily's, Pepper Tree Square on N. Mesa (584-2341). Recently opened in the town's newest shopping center, this place has a lot of good work hand-made by the owners. The specialty is chops, served in an atmosphere reminiscent of better times. Bar, Sun 11-10. No cover.

Joe Berrios, 508 N. Kansas (532-0426). The owner is a Mexican. This place has a lot of good work hand-made by the owners. The specialty is chops, served in an atmosphere reminiscent of better times. Bar, Sun 11-10. No cover.

Julio's Cafe Corazon, 2220 Ave 16 de Sept & Ave de las Americas, Juarez (1-323-1367). Forget the bad reputation of this place. The atmosphere on some of the tastiest Mexican food on the border. Machaca (beef jerky hash) is pungent and delicious. And don't forget the music. Salsa swimming in a rich meal and chili broth. Not fancy, but very soothing. Bar, Open 7 days 10-midnight. Inexpensive. N.

La Florida, 300 Juarez N. Juarez (1-322-4154). It's about a block down the main drag, across the downtown bridge into Juarez. The decor runs to contemporary drab, but the lights are low and the food is well above the appearance, especially the seafood. The steaks are good and cheap, with distilled Mexican lard. Open 7 days 11:30-3 a.m. Moderate. MC, BA.

Laf Wahn Yen, 276 Ave de las Americas, Juarez (1-323-1291). In the continuing best-Chinese-food-rankings, this place comes in at a respectable rank no lower than second. The service may even be a little better in quality than the food. Bar, Sun 11-10. Moderate. BA, MC.

Leo's Mexican Foods, numerous locations (consult the yellow pages for address and phone numbers). A favorite home-town place for lunch and dinner, and the wait is well worth it. Even when the line is long, the prices are still under \$3. And every meal comes with sopapillas (puffy hollow "rolls"), a real treat. Beer and wine. Inexpensive. N.

Mama Terra's, Morningdale Mall off McRae (592-4127). A nifty little place to spend a good evening out. Entertainment in the bar is usually as good as you can find. The food is good, the service is excellent. The food is pretty good, especially the Alaskan king crab legs. Lunch no longer served. Mon thru Thu 5:30-10, Fri & Sat 11-1. Moderate. BA, MC, AE.

* **Martino's, 412 Juarez N., Juarez (1-322-3370).** Make a fair stab at fine service, although the surroundings, which include a jukebox, are a little bit of an establishment other than a restaurant. Stuffed mushrooms caps were tasty and grilled salmon. The food is good, but the service is a bit delicately seasoned. Only the paella was a disappointment—dry and incorrectly served. Pretty good Mexican wine. Open 7 days 11 a.m.-midnight. Moderate. AE, BA, MC, N.

Michellino's, 3615 Rutherford (592-1700). Take the

family for good Italian food. Excellent quality for the price. Also take-out orders. Bar, lunch Tue thru Fri 11-2. Dinner Tue thru Sun 5-10. Inexpensive. N.

Montana Mining Company, 5710 Montana (738-4557) and 6218 N. Mesa (424-4881). The town's first beef 'n' bourbon formal restaurant still draws a good crowd nightly. The food is basic but well-made. Bar, lunch Mon thru Fri 11-10:30. Dinner Sun thru Thur 6-11. Fri & Sat till midnight. Moderate. BA, MC, AE.

The Other Brother, 508 N. Stanton (532-0930). The "dinner" hall of laxative. Offers the high quality as its "lunch only" counterpart. Particularly good: the northwest salmon steak and the tenderloin. The Favorite is a good bet on any day. Bar, lunch Mon thru Fri 11-3. Dinner Mon thru Fri 5-10. Fri & Sat till 11. Moderate to expensive. BA, MC, AE.

Shangri-La, 113 Ave. de las Americas, Juarez (1-323-0033). At its best, this is definitely the finest Chinese restaurant on either side of the Rio Grande. Occasionally less than its best but still good. Huge portions and exotic flaming desserts prepared at your table. Often packed. Bar, Open 7 days noon-1 a.m. Inexpensive to moderate. Cr.

Smitty's Barbecue, 6219 Aupurt Rd (772-5876). El Paso thrives on its beef, with the barbecue variety running second only to grilled in terms of popularity. Picking the best is impossible, but no place has a more fanatic following than Smitty's. Certainly no other menu is as complete. Beer and wine. Tue thru Sat 11-10. Inexpensive. N.

Strawberry Sose, 2404 N. Mesa (534-7681). A new little Westside entry. Natural foods diet and restaurant located at one end of the farmhouse style suite, but note: nice courtyard in back. Try a smoothie for sure and either a small fruit salad or a half-order of your sandwich choice much too much if you have the whole sandwich and anything else. Deli open Mon thru Sat 10-7. Food served Mon & Tue 10-3. Wed thru Sat 10-10. Inexpensive. N.

The Union Depot, 51 El Paso & W. San Antonio St (533-2421). The food and service are good, but the main attraction has to be the view. The El Paso del Norte Hotel was a turn-of-the-century gathering spot for cattlemen and rail travelers of the Old West. The Tiffany dome is the only one left. Piano bar. Lunch Mon thru Sat 11:30-2. Dinner Sun thru Thur 5-10:30. Fri & Sat till 10. Moderate. Cr.

Windmill Chilled Cottages, 1243 McRae (598-5496) and 5710 Paisano (778-4429). As Elmer's Cottages they turned out the town's best breaded chicken. Now under new ownership, the quality seems to be unchanged. Call ahead for quick service. Sun thru Thur 11-9. Fri & Sat till 10. Inexpensive. N.

The Wharf, 909 N. Mesa (534-4242). A really good-looking restaurant with plenty of easy parking. The quality of the food fluctuates from good to very good, and it is a good bet to order the steaks and the cheaper seafood plates. Stick to the higher-priced stuff and you won't be disappointed. (Aunque King crab is especially good.) Bar, Sun 5-10. Tue thru Thur 5-10:30. Fri till 11. Sat till 11:30. Moderate to expensive. AE, BA, MC.

his Month

Small, new, or offbeat places to try
Alexander's, 1230 Miral (532-0701). Gets better every time you visit. For a special treat, try the menudo (beef tripe) on Saturdays (the only day it's served). Reminiscent of the Mexican food easily earned the food bill. Beer and wine. Mon thru Sat 7 a.m.-10. Inexpensive. N.

FORT WORTH

THEATER

Community Theater

Summer and Smoke, University Theater, TCU (926-2461). Tennessee Williams' drama of conflict between spiritual principles and physical attractions. Dec. 2 & 3. 8 p.m. Dec 7 & 21:3. Adults \$2, TCU and other students \$1.

Waiting for Godot, University Theater, TCU (926-2461). Samuel Beckett's tragicomedy, a classic of modern theater. Dec. 11 thru 13. At 8:15. Free.

MUSIC

Classical

Richard Felciano is working on a special composition commissioned by the Fort Worth Art Museum for presentation in Dec. It will involve all the church carillons in town. Call 738-9215 for date.

DEC 1 & 2: Baptist Seminary Opera Workshop, Trett Aud (923-1921). Menotti: Amahl and the Night Visitors. At 8. Free.

DEC 2: TCJC Madrigal Singers, S. Campus Car-

ion Theater (534-4861). Winter Concert. At 8.

DEC 9: Fort Worth Symphony, Convention Center Theater (921-2678). Wagner: Overture to Tannhauser; Schubert: Unfinished Symphony; Tchaikovsky: Marche Slave; Groer: Grand Canyon Suite. John Giordano conducting. A commemorative concert in honor of Brooks Morris, who conducted the Fort Worth Symphony 50 years ago. The first three pieces repeat his program; the Groer Suite is an addition. At 8:15. \$3-57.50.

DEC 9: Baptist Seminary Olorio Chorus, Trett Aud (923-1921). Thompson: Peaceable Kingdom; Menotti: The Christmas Story, Oratorio Orchestra and 280-voice chorus. At 8. Free.

DEC 10: Baptist Seminary Olorio Chorus and Orchestra, Trett Aud (923-1921). Handel: Messiah. Fifty-fifth annual presentation. At 10 a.m. Free.

DEC 14: TWC Winter Concert, Polytechnic United Methodist Church (324-9251). Handel: Messiah. At 5. Free.

DEC 18: Schola Cantorum, Earl D. Ions Recital Hall, UT Arlington (926-1545). Works by Pachelbel, Schulz, Bruckner, Sweelinck, Poulenc, and Britten. Chorus, organ, and brass. At 8:15. Adults \$3.50, students \$2.

DEC 21: Fort Worth Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Kimbell Museum (332-8451). Annual Christmas program. John Giordano conducting. At 2. Free, including refreshments.

Pop, Rock, Jazz, Etc.

DEC 11: Southwestern Singers, Reynolds Aud, 1200 University (923-1921). Glimpses of Americana. At 8. Free.

DANCE

DEC 17: Fort Worth Ballet, Convention Center Theater (132-9222). Fernando Bujones and Yolo Morfilla dance two pas de deux—Le Corsaire and Black Swan. Company will perform Les Sylphides (Chopin), Ondine (Debussy), Trilogy (Boydylan). At 8:15. Call for prices.

FILM

Fine Film Series, Scott Theater (738-1938). Dec 15: *The Thin Man*. At 8. Adults \$1.75, children \$0.90.

TCJC Film Series, Rolunda, S. Campus (534-4861). Dec 4: 1776. At 7:30. Free.

SPORTS

Hockey

Fort Worth Texans, Will Rogers Coliseum (332-1585). At 8. Except Dec 7 & 7. \$3-\$4.50.

Dec 2 & 5 Salt Lake City
Dec 9 Tulsa
Dec 19 Tulsa
Dec 25 Dallas

Horse Racing

Quarterhorse Futurity, Will Rogers Coliseum (332-7211, ext. 201). National Cutting Horse Association. Dec 8 thru 14. Call for times and prices.

Rodeo

Cowtown Rodeo, North Side Coliseum (624-1161). A revival of the world's first indoor rodeo in the newly renovated coliseum. Usually an open rodeo. Myrnie called. Dec 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. At 7 p.m. except Jan 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. Adults \$2.50-\$3.50, children \$1.50.

EVENTS

America's Pop Collector, Scott Theater (738-9215). Movie about 1973 auction of Robert and Ethel Scull's collection of famous contemporary pop and rock records. Dec 18 & 19. 8 p.m. Dec 18. Free. Fort Worth Art Museum members \$1.50.

Century of Fashion, Six Flags Mall, Arlington (261-3848). Antique clothing and accessories. In the Mall. Dec 18 thru 19. 10-5.

Hanukkah Torch Run, Beth-El Congregation, Broadway & Calverton (292-3111). Dec 2. Begins at 6, ends about 8 at the Danciger Community Center, where there will be refreshments and a party. Free.

REVELATION

American Issues Forum Discussion Groups, all branch libraries (335-4781). A More Perfect Union, the 1977-78 program. Dec 18, 7-8, followed by a discussion. Library has prepared a related book list. At 6-6:45. Free.

Jack Anderson, TCJC S. Campus Gym (334-4861). The investigative reporter and Pulitzer Prize winner talks about Washington Merry-Go-Round. Dec 8 & 11. At 7. Free.

Chicano Educational Series, Human Resource

Center, UT Arlington (737-1607). David Mulderhouse discusses social and cultural aspects of the Chicano experience in the Southwest. Dec 3 thru 5, 9-4. \$33.

Modern Dance, Fort Worth Art Museum (738-9215). John McDonough, New York Times reviewer, discusses the rise and fall and rise of modern dance. Dec 10. Call for time and price.

Leonardo and Michelangelo, Kimbell Art Museum (332-8451). The Fort Worth curator of Italian Renaissance painting at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, speaker. Dec 4 at 7:30. Free.

FOR CHILDREN

Babes in Toyland, Casa Matana Children's Theater (132-7692). Dolls, toys, and animals come to life in Victor Herbert's 1910 Christmas "musical." Every Sat at 2. Adults \$2.50, children \$1.50.

Christmas International, Six Flags Mall 3848A. Elementary school children will decorate Christmas trees in styles from other lands. Begins Dec 3. Call for time. Free.

Granbury Open House, Granbury (572-9191). Children's Christmas Show. Dec 5 & 6, 12 & 13. At 2. Call for prices and reservations.

Log Cabin Village, University Dr at Colonial Pkwy (926-5881). Little White Christmas. A Christmas Eve celebration with an old-fashioned tree, ornaments, gifts. Mon thru Sat 9-5, Sun 1-5, 2-5.

Planetarium Show, Museum of Science and History (132-1631). Little White Christmas. A Christmas Eve celebration with an old-fashioned tree, ornaments, gifts. Mon thru Sat 9-5, Sun 1-5, 2-5.

Solitaire Two Play, Riverside & Vickery (335-7401). Two programs by and for children. Drama, Dec 7. Drama, Dec 14. Both at 3 & 7. Free.

The Littlest White Man, Scott Theater (738-6509). Christmas extravaganza. Dec 11 & 12 at 8:15. Dec 13 at 3:15 & 8:15. Dec 14 at 3:15. Free tickets available by writing to: Dallas, Free Ticket First National Bank, 76102.

MUSEUMS

Botanic Garden, University Dr & W. Fwy (737-1321). Christmas Idea Show in the Fort Worth Garden Center. Dec 6, 10-4; Dec 7, 1-4. Free. Not much is blooming outside, but you can see the plants in the greenhouse. In the greenhouse. Mon thru Sat 8-4, Sun 1-4. Pleasant paths and gardens are free, except admission to Japanese Garden is \$1 (open Tue thru Fri 10-4, Sat 10-5). Mon 1-5. 11 p.m. curfew in the park.

Forest Park Zoo, University Dr & Colonial Pkwy (923-6537). A good snake collection, children's petting zoo, Reptile House, and a bird house. Open 7 days till dusk. Adults \$1, children under 12 free. Mail price first Sun of month.

Fort Worth Museum of Science and History, 1501 Montgomery (732-1631). Exhibits on Texas, medicine, and man. Nice collection of pre-Columbian pots. Mon thru Sat 9-5, Sun 2-5. Free.

Fort Worth Nature Center and **Recreation**, 2 mi past Fort Worth Bridge on Hwy 19 (235-1111). 3400 acres with three major trails, including the only natural trail in Texas for the mobile handicapped. Picnic facilities, lotus marsh, community, and museum with naturalist on duty. Open 7 days 8-5.

Log Cabin Village, University Dr & Colonial Pkwy (926-5881). Frontier life-styles are re-created in a rustic setting, with domestic animals, a primitive program demonstrating old-fashioned crafts. Mon thru Sat 9-5, Sun 1-5, 2-5.

Pale Museum of Transportation, Hwy 377, 14 mi from Weatherford Traffic Circle (332-1161). Newest museum in the power-generating area. Open for launching from the bomb bay of B-52. Tue thru Sun 9-5. Free.

Winfield Scott Home Tours, 1509 Pennsylvania (332-1161). Save the Scotts' open house. A historic house to awaken public interest in saving it. Each Sun 1-5. Adults \$1.50, children \$1.

Water Gardens, IH 20 & Main St. Three pools offer a relaxing day. At the Fort Worth Quartermaster's tower for the stroller. Always open, but water often turned off at 9 p.m. Free.

ART

Institutions

Amor Carter Museum of Western Art, 3501 Camp Bowie (738-1933). Thu Dec 14: Image of America in Caricature and Cartoon. Closed Dec 15 thru 16. Dec 17: The Fort Worth Art Museum presents portraits of famous painters. New hours: Mon thru Sat 10-9, Sun 1-5. Closed holidays (including Dec 8 & 14). Free.

Fort Worth Art Museum, 3505 W. Lancaster (738-9215). Thu Dec 14: From Flavin—Installations in Fluorescent Light. Also graphics from the permanent collection. Tue thru Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Free.

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Kimball Art Museum, Will Rogers Rd. W. (332-8451). Recent acquisitions: carved Mayan vase and a Muisca rain-carrying vessel. On indefinite exhibit are Alan Gould's Road with Peasant Shouldering a Spade and two very large paintings by Edouard Vuillard: Lady Reading in a Garden and Lady Sitting in a Garden. Tue thru Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Free.

Tour Coordination, Art Museum Docent Council (738-6811). Free.

Galleries

Carlin Galleries, Montgomery & W. 7th (738-6921). Tue Dec. 17th: Christmas. Christmas Annual. Mon thru Fri 10-5, Sun 2-5:30.

Chisholm Trail Gallery, Neiman-Marcus Square (731-2781). Holiday exhibition includes Genie Gaudin's new addition to the stable. Mon thru Sat 10-noon & 1-5:30.

Danciger Community Center, 6001 Granbury Rd (292-3131). Dec 14 thru Jan 18: paintings by Virginia Stroher. Mon thru Thur 9-9, Fri 9-5.

Gallery One, 4715 Camp Bowie (737-9546). Opens Dec. 1: work by Dean Schneider, Mark Ship, and Alan Klinkenberg. Thur Dec 31, Mon thru Fri 10-4.

Gailings Collection, 212 S. Mesquite, Arlington (469-6241). Opens Dec 1: Candy Caldwell, scratch board. Ken Bonos, metal sculpture. Tue thru Sat 10-6.

Latchelinge, 4719 Camp Bowie (738-5041). Thur Dec: Christmas show with pre-Columbian and other primitive art. Mon thru Sat 10-4.

Patio Gallery, 3415 Camp Bowie (336-1604). Opens Dec 7: Christmas Show with paintings, pottery, graphics, engravings, sculpture. Thur Dec: New hours: Tue thru Sat 11-5.

The Studio, 4723 Camp Bowie (732-1231). Thur Dec: showware pottery, hand-dipped candles, batik pillows, jewelry, as well as paintings by gallery stable. Tue thru Sat 11-4.

Van Zandt Gallery, 7841 Jacksboro Hwy (337-3175). Lots of nostalgia in drawings and watercolors of turn-of-the-century subject matter. Tue thru Sat 10-6.

Fine Crafts

Handcrafters, 3017 Lubbock (921-4441). Festive gifts for all faiths. From mezuzah to Christmas ornaments—and a gusle for music (a gusle is a one-stringed instrument from the Balkans). Tue thru Sat 10-5.

ON THE TOWN

Casa del Sol, 500 W. Summit (336-2823). Popular night spot for dancing or listening. Talent music and vocal and keyboard artists. Mon thru Sat 11 a.m.-midnight, Sat 11 a.m. Cover on weekends.

Charlie's Place, Sheraton Hotel lower level, 815 Main (338-0101). Super club plus entertainment. Show is fast paced and energetic. Music 4-7. Mon & Tues. Thur thru Thur 9-11, show at 9. Fri & Sat dinner at 6 & 9:30, shows at 8 & 11. Sun dinner at 6, show at 8. Reservations.

Daddy's, 706 Commerce (332-0752). Sandwiches, beer, and jazz in former opera house keep this downtown club jumping. Mon thru Fri 11-2 a.m., Sat noon-2, Sun 8-2. Cover for live music.

A Great Notion, 2120 Ridgeway Blvd (731-0491). Friendly, neighborhood spot deep in Sunland. Exotic drinks a specialty. Be prepared to share tiny dance floor with juke box. Mon thru Sat 11:30-2 a.m., Sun 1-2.

Nutcracker Club, 6500 Camp Bowie (731-0746). FW's most popular club. Toplight live bands are the secret to success. Crowd is 80% mix of young and old. Piano bar 5-9, bands from 9 on. All the latest dances (bustle, bump, etc.) in evidence. Mon thru Sat noon-2 a.m., Sun 2-2. Cover.

Old San Francisco Saloon, 6773 Camp Bowie (731-0511). Two floors, live sounds, good bar, and the gal in the red velvet wig. Music daily 4-7. Mon thru Sat 11:30-2, Sun 1-2.

Penthouse Lounge, DFW Airport Marina Hotel (433-8400). Live music, nightly with show. 11:30-2 and 11:30-2. Fascinating view of Big D and FW city lights from center of airport. Mon thru Sat 5:30-2 a.m., Sun 11:30-2.

Quick Draw, 5401-A Camp Bowie (731-8058). Very popular beer and sandwich saloon. Silent flicks and ballpools on second floor. Mon thru Sat 11-2 a.m., Sun noon-2.

Seabeaver, 6399 Camp Bowie at rear (731-3543). Disco with lighted dance floor. Mobbed on weekends by young crowd. Tue thru Sat 8-2. Closed Sun & Mon.

Three Stags, Kahler Green Oaks Inn, 4900 Calhoun off IH 20W (738-7311). Above average hotel club draws steady local crowd. Very danceable music in sophisticated atmosphere. Mon thru Sat 11:30-1 a.m., Fri & Sat 11-2. Guest card \$2.

Town Pump, 1015 University (335-2514). Super club with loyal fan club, despite rather ragged decor. Live bands keep dance floor busy. Mon thru Sat 10:30-2 a.m. Closed Sun. Cover on weekends.

Two Missies, Ramada Inn Central, Beach St exit off Turnpike (534-4801). Early Fort Worth decor in this club overlooking downtown. Music varies but emphasis is on keyboard. Mon thru Sat 11-2 a.m., Sun 4-midnight.

Waterworks, Hilton Inn Downtown at IH 20 & Commerce (335-7000). English Edwardian pub with cushy sofas and wing chairs. Live entertainment and dance floor. Mon thru Thur 11-1 a.m., Fri & Sat 11-2, Sun noon-midnight.

RESTAURANTS

Restaurants are classified according to the following price scale, which represents the cost of a typical meal for one person exclusive of drinks, tax, and tip:

Inexpensive under \$3
Moderate \$3 to \$7
Expensive over \$7

Establishments which serve mixed drinks are indicated by the word "bar." Under Texas law a customer is not permitted to bring his own wine onto the premises of a restaurant which serves mixed drinks.

* A star designates Texas Monthly's "Best-in-the-City" recommendations.

Angelo's, 2553 White Settlement Rd (332-6357). An oasis in Auto Row. Barbecue and beer plus quick service even at rush hour. Relaxed, sophisticated atmosphere. Mon thru Sat 11-10, inexpensive to moderate, N.

The Balcony, 6100 Camp Bowie (731-3719). Lip-stairs in old Ridgela. Attractive garden-like atmosphere. Very popular for lunch. Evenings feature continental cuisine, with the chef's specialty providing added interest. Bar, Mon thru Fri lunch 11-10, Mon thru Thur dinner 5:30-10, Fri and Sat 11-10. Closed Sun, Moderate to expensive. AE, BA, MC.

Bill Martin's Second Edition, 4004 White Settlement (737-4004) and **Bill Martin's Third Edition**, 5425 E. Lancaster (451-7220). Seafood specials galore featuring fresh fish, oysters, and live lobsters. Pleasant surroundings make both restaurants popular spots. Fast service despite occasional lines. Bar, Mon thru Fri lunch 11-2:30, Sun, Fri dinner 5-10, Sat 11-11. Moderate. AE, BA, MC.

Dr. Jekyll's and Mr. Hyde's, 600 Houston in Fort Worth (335-7711) and 200 Forum 303 Mall in Arlington (441-2246). Both spots very popular for lunch or dinner. Sandwiches stressed for lunch; steak and lobster at dinner. Mon night all the spaghetti you can eat for 75¢, washed down with 10¢ beer. Live music weekends. Bar, Mon, Thur, Fri & Sat 11-2 a.m., Tue & Wed 11-9. Closed Sun, inexpensive. AE, BA, DC, MC.

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FORT WORTH

***Carriage House**, 5136 Camp Bowie (732-2873). Consistently well-prepared beef and seafood entrees delight the palate. Try sautéed spatchcock oysters from Chesapeake for a real treat. Posh surroundings. Sunday brunch features a variety of egg dishes. Sady, lunch is mainly steam table items. (15¢ gratuity added for large groups.) Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2, moderate. Dinner Mon thru Sat 6-11, expensive. Sun brunch 11-2. AE, BA, MC.

Carshor's Delicatessen, 3133 Cleburne Rd (923-1907). Kosher-style New York deli. Everything homemade and delicious. Try blintzes, wurst, lox and bagels, pastrami, and corned beef for starters. Large carry-out section. Mon thru Sat 9-3:30, Sun 9-2, except closed Wed. Inexpensive, N.

Casa Linda Restaurant, 1625 8th Ave (527-9633). Mexican fare brings in loyal clientele. Try chicken enchiladas and meat nachos. Imported beers (Coors on tap) and Sangria. Occasional wars but service is swift and pleasant. Mon thru Thur 11-9:30, Fri & Sat 11-10. Closed Sun, Moderate, BA, MC.

Cattlemen's, 2458 N. Main (624-3945). A South-west tradition for beef and trimmings. The Rose o' Texas steak is outstanding and potatoes are actually baked without foil. Service professional and friendly. Bar, Mon thru Fri 11-1, Sat 4-11. Closed Sun, Moderate, AE, BA, CB, MC.

Cross Keys, 900 W. Summit (333-4510). Lunch specials at the house salad draw brisk noontime business. Atmosphere is more leisurely after 5 for a pleasurable evening. dine here and afterward enjoy drinks and dancing at adjoining Casa del Sol. Mon thru Sat 11:30-2, 5-10, Moderate, Cr.

Dos Gringos, 3419 W. 7th St. (338-9393). Huge servings of Arizona-style Mexican food (lots of cheese and sour cream) and fast, friendly service. Super frozen margaritas are Arizona's answer to the slurpee. Adjoining cantina has live music but noisier decor. Mon thru Thur 11-10, Fri & Sat 11-11, Sun 11-10. Inexpensive to moderate, AE, BA, MC.

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HOUSTON

Symphony Chorus in Handel's universally beloved oratorio. Dec 21 at 7:30. Dec 22 at 8. \$3-\$8.

DEC 31: Arthur Fiedler's New Year's Eve Gala. Jones Hall, 615 Louisiana (224-4240). Program of light classical selections. You can avoid a New Year's Day hangover—unless you want to stay for the party afterward. J At 8. \$3-\$15.

Pop, Rock, Jazz, Etc.

DEC 1 thru 30: Lone Cantrell, Crystal Forest, Hyatt Regency (224-2222). Popular Australian vocalist. See On the Town.

DEC 2 thru 20: Wildwood, Steamboat Springs, 9919 W. Alameda (626-9571). Popular bluegrass boogie band perks in the younger set. See On the Town.

DEC 3: Fleetwood Mac, Music Hall, 810 Bagby (941-5449). Well-established original British rock and roll. At 8. Call for prices.

DEC 6: Berenshop Harmony Spectacular, Music Hall, 810 Bagby (622-6500). At 8. \$5.

DEC 6: LaBelle and guests, Jones Hall, 615 Louisiana (223-4022). Former Motown singers put on glitter-rock costumes and a spectacular show. At 8. \$4.75-\$7.75.

DEC 7: Loggins and Messina, Sam Houston Coliseum, 810 Bagby (941-5449). Highly professional California rock version of easy listening music. At 8. Call for prices.

DEC 18 & 19: Sounds of Christmas, Jones Hall, 615 Louisiana (224-4022). Sing along with Richard Haymen conducting the Houston Symphony, and the Houston Symphony Chorus, Donald Stroud, Director. Two evenings of Christmas carols and folk tunes from around the world. At 8. \$3-\$8.

DANCE

DEC 20 thru 25: Houston Ballet, Jones Hall, 615 Louisiana (225-0275). Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker, the traditional Christmas ballet. Dec 20 thru 26 at 8. Metinee Dec 21 & 26 thru 28 at 2. \$2.50-\$11.50.

FILM

Art Films, Museum of Fine Arts, Brown Aud. 1001 Bissonnet (526-1361). Dec 6 & 20: Silvermith of Williamsburg. In conjunction with the Pearl River Silver Exhibition. At 3. Free. Houston Audubon Society Wildlife Film, Music Hall, 810 Bagby (222-3487). Land of the Rio Grande. The unique river viewed from mouth to source. Dec 4 at 8, \$2.50.

Rice Media Center Fall Film Series, Rice Media Center, Rice University (528-4141). Dec 4: Un Chen Andou (Deli and Bonelli). Le Song of Poets (Cortez). Dec 5: It Happened One Night (Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert). Dec 6: Experimental Retrospective (American avant-garde). Dec 7: Nirashime Mon Amour (Renais). Dec 4 at 7:30. Dec 5 thru 7 at 7:30 & 10. All films \$1.

University of Houston Program Council Films (749-1435). Dec 2: Five Day Pieces. O. B. Ballroom at 7:30 & 10 (756). Dec 5: Alexander Nevsky (Eisenstein). Agnes Arnold Aud 1 at 8 (\$1).

SPORTS

Basketball

Houston Rockets, The Summit, 10 Greenway Plaza (528-1111). At 7:30. \$2, \$4-\$30. \$6.

Dec 3 Seattle
Dec 6 Detroit
Dec 10 Phoenix
Dec 13 Boston
Dec 19 Atlanta
Dec 23 Chicago

University of Houston Cougars, Harteis Pavilion (749-2372). At 7:30. \$3 & \$4.

Dec 1 Athletics in Action (West)
Dec 6 California State Poly
Dec 13 St. Mary's
Dec 20 Louisiana Tech

Rice Owls, Rice Gym, Rice University (526-1161). At 7:30. \$2.50 & \$3.

Dec 6 Texas Lutheran
Dec 8 Missouri
Dec 13 UT Arlington

Football

Houston Oilers, Astrodome (797-9111). At 1. End zone \$5, reserved seats \$9.

Dec 21 Cleveland

Astro Bluebonnet Bowl Game, Astrodome (797-9111). Post-season football clinic. Dec 27 at 2:30. \$6.

Hockey

Houston Aeros, The Summit, 10 Greenway Plaza (228-8971). At 7:30. \$5-\$10.

Dec 2 New England
Dec 5 Winnipeg
Dec 9 Cincinnati
Dec 12 Indianapolis

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Dec 16 San Diego
Dec 26 Denver
Dec 27 Minnesota
Dec 30 Winnipeg

Volleyball

U.S. Women's Volleyball Team, Phillips Gym, 2900 Burke (427-4141). Next U.S. Olympics team will hold exhibition matches thru Dec. Call for information.

Wrestling

Professional Wrestling, Sam Houston Coliseum, 810 Bagby (659-7793). Each Fri at 8:30. \$3.50-\$5.

EVENTS

Hot Rod and Custom Show, Albert Thomas Convention Center (322-4991 or 222-3595). Dec 5 thru 7, 10-8. Adults \$3, children under 12, \$1. Joy to the World, The Strand, Galveston (765-7921). Christmas-Hanukkah-dicentennial Holiday Celebration. Art, music, and theatrical events, highlighted by Dickens Evening on the Strand (Dec 18, 7-11 p.m.), which brings the vivid world of a Dickens' Christmas to life with jugglers, puppeteers, theater, English bobbies, and Old English refreshments. Come in your favorite Victorian costume. Dec 6 thru 18. Call for details.

KENR Big Country Fair, Astroarena (621-1550). Chili cook-offs, exhibits, arts and crafts, Indian dancers. Continuous music by major country and progressive country stars. Dec 6 & 7, noon-midnight. Gen adm \$2.

Student Art Sale, Museum School of Art, 3815 Garrett (529-7659). Fantastic bargains in sculpture, prints, paintings, and fine crafts. Dec 13, 9:30-5 & Dec 14, noon-6. Free.

REVELATION

Arts in Public Places, Museum of Fine Arts, Brown Ave. 1001 Blissonnet (526-1361). In conjunction with the Anthony Carro exhibit, the artist and a panel of experts will discuss the national and local public art scene. Dec 12 at B. Nonmembers \$15.50, members \$2.50, students \$1.

Bicentennial Radio News Broadcasts, K127-FM, 94.5 MHz (522-5533). Hear Gen. Washington reassure his troops at Valley Forge. Three-minute simulated news broadcasts of the American Revolution, researched and produced by the Bicentennial Radio Network in cooperation with the BBC. Mon thru Sat at 8, noon, 5 & 10. Sun at 8:15, noon, 5 & 8. Free (ol course).

Black Arts Center Theater Workshops, 2735 Lyons Ave (226-0711 or 226-1685 extn). Conducted by Linda Piper and consultants. Registration for Jan workshops through Dec 12. Mon: Acting Technique. Tue: Play Reading and Research. Thur: Physical Training for Actors. Fri: Directing. Sat: Technical Theater, Costuming, and Make-up. Call for times. Free.

La Leche League, various locations (498-4666 or 444-3593). Experienced nurses discuss and answer questions on the advantages of breastfeeding, overcoming difficulties, the family and the breast-fed baby, nutrition and weaning. Call for times and locations. Free.

The Painted Books of Kenneth Patchen, Brazos Bookstore, 2114 Brunsome (533-0701). 25 works by the late American artist/poet illustrating how he used painting to lend words a formal and expressive dimension unrequited since William Blake. Thru Dec. Mon thru Fri 10-6, Sat 10-5. Free.

Skylog, KLYX-FM (102 MHz) and Burke Baker Planetarium (526-4273). Nightly one-minute depiction of some easily found astronomical object. A corresponding "Astronomy (Just for Fun) Kit" is available from the planetarium. Shows 7 days at 8:10 & 9:10 p.m. Free.

Star of the East, see Planetarium, Museums.

Yoga Intensives, School of Yoga, 517 Lovett (522-8938). Give yourself a door to nirvana for Christmas. Weekend classes for beginners and advanced yoga students. Taught by Billie Boyell Gollnick, founder and director of the school. Dec 20 & 21, 27 & 28, Jan 3 & 4. Sat 9-4, Sun 11-3, 530 each weekend. Call for registration.

FOR CHILDREN

Charles Dickens' Films for Children, Museum of Fine Arts, Brown Ave. 1001 Blissonnet (526-1361). Dec 6 A Christmas Carol. Dec 13: David Copperfield. Dec 20: Oliver. At 1. Call for price.

The Light Company's Mr. Wizard, Houston Light-Bright and Power Co. 611 Walker (528-9211, ext 3341). Electrical demonstrations in the Mr. Wizard fashion. By appointment for groups of children aged 6 and older. Free.

New Texas Theater, 1821 Lamar (224-6700). Dramatizations of favorite tales for children of all

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ages. Dickens' A Christmas Carol will be performed Dec 19 thru 24 at 6. The Gas Works, a band of strolling players, presents musical versions of Cinderella, 20 & 21 at 2, and Fanny and the Singing City, Dec 13, 22 & 24 at 2. Donations suggested. (A Christmas Carol will also play at the Wharf Street Theater, Galveston, Dec 18 at 8 & 10.)

Santa's Breakfast, Foley's stores (223-4822). Breakfast, carols, and a visit with Santa. Dec 6, 12 & 13, 19 & 20, 22 & 23. At 9:30. \$1.50 call for locations.

Skylog, see Revelation.

MUSEUMS

Bayou Bend Collection Museum, 1 Westcott off Memorial (529-8773). The former home and gardens of Melina Irma Haywood, the decorative arts wing of the Museum of Fine Arts. Eighteen-room house features collection of Americans from late 17th, 18th, and early 19th centuries. Open second Sun of each month, 1-5 p.m. Tours by reservation only. Dec 14: Christmas Open House. Carol singers, manger scene, and a puppet show. Free.

Burke Baker Planetarium, Hermann Park (526-4273). Explore the universe from a comfortable chair. Thru Dec 21: "Andromeda," shown Tue thru Fri at 2 & 4, Sat & Sun at 2, 3, & 4, Fri & Sat at 8. Dec 22 thru 31: Star of the East, a look at the labeled Christmas phenomenon. Call for times.

Rusch Bird Park, 9660 E. Hwy at Gelhorn (675-9131). Botanical gardens and large aviary with rare specimens of flora and fauna. Trained bad shows several times daily. Self-guided tours through the brewery. Mon thru Fri 10-4:30, Sat 10-8:30, Sun noon-4:30. Free.

Harris County Heritage Society, Sam Houston Park, 1100 Bagby (222-3367). Major restored historic buildings and various minor structures. Open Mon thru Fri 10-4, Sat 11-3, Sun 2-5. One-hour tours and free films on the hour daily, giving introduction to early Houston and the restored buildings to the park. Final hour and film one hour before closing time. Tours: adults \$1, students 50¢, children 25¢. Dec 13, 20, 27 & 28 from 7 to 9 there will be free candle-light tour. Cabins, houses, and churches will be arranged in period Christmas decorations and carolers will sing.

Houston Arboretum and Botanical Gardens, Memorial Park, 4301 Woodway (681-8433). Nature trails plus exhibits. Alene Jackson-Barnes Science Hall. Two-hour guided tours for groups available by appointment only. Children's classes in nature studies. Mon thru Sat 8-5:30, Sun 1-5:30. Free.

Museum of Medical Science, 5800 Caroline, Hermann Park (523-1766). On the second floor of the Natural Science Museum. Exhibits of many bodily functions. See the transport anatomy of the human quinn with blinking kidneys, flashing lungs, and a neon digestive tract. Guided tours for 10 to 30 people by reservation. Films by the American Heart Association and the American Cancer Society shown on request. Tue thru Sat 9-4:45, Sun & Mon noon-4:45. Free.

Museum of Natural Science, 5800 Caroline, Hermann Park (526-4273). Dinosaurs to space capsules. Thru Dec: Christmas tree exhibit by the Houston Garden Club. Tue thru Sat 9-5, Sun noon-5. Free.

ART

Institutions

Contemporary Arts Museum, 5216 Montrose (526-3129). Dec 12 thru month in the Upper Gallery: plaster sculpture by Houston artist Stan Spector. Many of her works have been commissioned by the city. Dec 12 thru month in the Lower Gallery: Forest Bess, works based on the philosophy behind the early Christian religion. Tue thru Sat 10-5, Sun noon-6. Free.

Museum of Fine Arts, 1001 Blissonnet (526-1361). Thru Jan 4 in the Andrews Galleries: Paul Brever Silver from the Bortman-Larus Foundation Collection. (See Film for concurrent showings of Silverman of Williamsburg.) Thru Jan 11 in the Romanek Galleries: Works on Paper—Recent Acquisitions. Thru Jan 11 in the Library Gallery: The Printed Book of the Baroque Period. Dec 3 thru Jan 4 in the Masterpiece Junior Gallery: Two Hundred Years of Christmas in America. Dec 12 thru Feb 8: sculpture by British artist Anthony Caro. Continuing exhibits: Impressionist and post-impressionist paintings from the Beck Collection, in the Jones and Masterpiece Galleries. Guided gallery tours Wed thru Fri at 1, Sun at 2. Tue thru Sat 9:30-5, til 9 first Wed of each month. Sun noon-6. Free.

Museum of Modern Art, 610 W. Alabama (529-6324). Once a very contemporary gallery, now a full-fledged museum with many exciting and distinctive shows in the works. Dec 12 until the enthusiasm wanes: a festival of erotic art, select

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pieces by artists around the country. The Beard, a play by Michael McClure, will be performed. (See Theater.) Open Tue thru Sat 1-5. Free.

Rice Institute for the Arts, Rice Museum, University Blvd & Stockton (528-4141). thru Jan 25: For and Freedom for Northwest Coast Indian art. Tue thru Sat 10-5, Sun noon-6. Free.

Rothko Chapel, 1401 Sol Ross & Yupon (524-9839). Tucked away in the Montrose area, this small building is an aesthetic delight and a fine spot for spiritual regeneration. It houses 14 of the late Mark Rothko's powerful, monochromatic paintings. Outside a Barnett Newman's Broken Obelisk. Jan 2-5, 10-6.

Galleries

Art Longa Galleries, 3133 Buffalo Spwy (622-1361). Thru Dec: Christmas show of gallery artists. Mon thru Fri 9-10-6, Sat 10-4. Closed Sun.

Cusack Gallery, 5120 Bayard (523-9187). Thru Dec: Douglas Huebler—Texas Works. Tue thru Sat noon-4 and by appt. Closed Sun & Mon.

Dubose Gallery, 2905 Kirby (526-4916). Dec 11 thru Jan 15: Gallery artists. Mon thru Fri 9-5-30, Sat 11-4-30. Closed Sun.

The Great Hang-up, 2936 Wesleyan at Alabama (626-7762). Posters from antique to contemporary, including works by New York School artists, Paul Markey, Dali, Picasso, Glaser, Peter Max, and others. Thru Dec: international circus posters. Mon thru Sat 10-6, Thur 10-6. Evenings by appt. Closed Sun.

Hooks-Epstein Galleries, 1200 Bissonnet (522-6874). Dec 7 thru Jan 10: Posters and 3-D Multiple—Tava, D'Arcangelo, Moro, Picaso, Caudier, and others. Tue thru Sat 10-5-30. Closed Sun & Mon.

Ianle C. Lee Gallery, 2304 Bissonnet (523-7306). Thru Dec: Heinrich Frankenthal paintings on paper. Tue thru Sat 10-6. Closed Sun & Mon.

Marjorie Kaufman Graphics, Galleria, 3rd level, Westheimer & Post Oak (623-6001). Nov 12 thru Dec: Great and the Surrealist. Mon thru Sat 10-6, Sun 11-4. Closed Sun.

Meredith Fine Galleries, 2323 San Felipe (523-6642). Dec 4 thru month: Christmas selections by gallery artists. Tue thru Sat 10-6. Closed Sun & Mon.

Moody Gallery, 2015 J. W. Gray (526-9911). Dec 6 thru month: Lamar Briggs Mesa Series—abstract color-field paintings. Tue thru Sat 10-5-30. Closed Sun & Mon.

Robert Rice Galleries, No. 3 Brownstone Court, 2734 Virginia (526-3076). Uplists from the elegant brownstone restaurant, small gallery offers older, traditional works in its permanent collection; also one man shows of a more contemporary nature. Thru Dec 4: Martha Walter, Impressionist paintings. Thru Dec 5: Robert Rice, abstracts, collages, paintings. Mon thru Thur 10-4, Fri & Sat 11-9. Closed Sun.

Robinson Galleries, 1100 Bissonnet (528-6286). Dec 7 thru month: Annual Christmas Exhibition—unique items by artists around the country. Tue thru Fri 10-6, Sat 11-5. Closed Sun & Mon.

Speedy's Old Prints, 5017 Montrose (521-9632). Thru Dec 24: Victorian Christmas and New Year's greeting cards and other old prints on the topic of Christmas. Tue thru Sat 10-2-5. Closed Sun & Mon.

Texas Gallery, 2439 Bissonnet (526-1593). Dec 1 thru 20: Alan Shelys—painted canvas. Dec 22 thru mid-Jan: Tony Berlant—sculpture. Tue thru Sat 11-5. Closed Sun 11-6.

Watson/Dre Nagy & Co., 1106 Berthes (526-9833). Nov 20 thru Dec 13: Robert Goodnooth—abstract paintings. Dec 18 thru Jan 10: Robert Mottelwell—recent paintings and collages. Tue thru Sat 10-6. Closed Sun & Mon.

Fine Crafts

Cypse Markel, 2347 University (665-1617). After browsing through the shops offering plants, rocks, clothes, wine, embroidery, Swedish imports, antiques and fine arts, stop at the downtown restaurant for a light lunch or dinner with live musical accompaniment. Shops open Mon thru Sat 10-6, Thur 10-6 & Restaurant open Mon thru Sat 11-30-11-30. Sun 5:30-11:30.

Mimi Mall, 1, 520 Westheimer (822-7869). Exotic import extravaganza. Assorted stores carry clothing, jewelry, and handicrafts from Egypt, Peru, Greece, India, Pakistan, Israel, Morocco and elsewhere. Also good old American culture—souvenirs. Mon thru Thur 10-5, Fri & Sat 10-8.

Westbury Square, Bellfort & Chimney Rock (723-2550). Built around an Italian-style piazza, the Square houses a variety of restaurants, galleries, and shops selling leather works, crafted jewelry, Mexican, Indian, and Oriental arts and crafts, candles, photography, woodwork, and glass art; also a doll hospital and other interesting stores and services. Mon thru Sat 10-10. Closed Sun.

ON THE TOWN

Anderson Fair Tatt Restaurant, 2007 Grant (528-8576). Extremely relaxed small town-type club. Let your hair down and wear your pants. Excellent acoustic entertainment nightly, and you'll probably hear a guitar or two. Open 7-11. Free. Thru Sat 11-30-2. Dinner thru Sat 5:30-8. Open Tue, Wed & Sun 8:30-11:30. Thru Sat 5:30-midnight, Fri & Sat 5:30-2. Cover varies.

Athena Bar and Grill, 8037 Clinton Dr (675-1644). A long drive unless you have the misfortune to leave the Ship Channel, but a trip to this lively, loud cafe is well worth the trip, especially when Greek ships are in port. Drink retsina, dine on souvlaki, Greek food, but above all, sing and sing to live authentic Greek music. Good therapy for the inhibited; you can scarcely resist the buoyant rhythms. Mon thru Sat 10 a.m.-2 a.m., Sun 6 p.m.-2. No cover.

Bavarian Gardens and Restaurant, 3926 Feagan (861-5300). Spacious old German hall with traditional Bavarian atmosphere. German music and dancing nightly. The beer gardens will be closed through the winter but there is still plenty of room inside. German and American food served 10 midnight, bar is open till 2. Mon thru Fri 10 a.m.-2 a.m., Sat & Sun 4-2. No cover.

The Cafe, Mandell & Fairview (528-9471). Upstairs area club and restaurant. Cafe downstairs serves country breakfasts and light sandwiches all night amid beautiful woodwork and stained glass. The food is usually very good. The place fills up at the bars close. Mon thru Sat midnight-noon. No cover.

Daddy's Money, 5250 W. Alabama (626-3331). A lively area club and restaurant. One of the best bars in town, noted for its attention to detail. Food and live entertainment offered nightly at a young crowd in a refined atmosphere. Open Mon thru Sat 11-2, Sun 10-2.

Galleria Roof, 21st floor, Houston Oaks Hotel, Galleria, Westheimer & Post Oak (623-4300). Posh bar and luncheon restaurant (reservations please) catering to the Galleria crowd. Nice place to lunch, chat, or have a post-work or shopping drink. Fine panorama of Houston. Sun thru Fri 11:30-2. Sun brunch 10:30-2. Open for cocktails with live entertainment 7 days 5-2. No cover.

Gilley's Club, 4500 Spencer Hwy (946-5842). Houston hot spot for a little disco dancing and gettin' down. Country music show/dance hall/bar/restaurant features the tops in old style and progressive country entertainment. Large dance floor, big name stars, and bear bush Tu. Robert and Sun. Call for Dec entertainment. Open 7 days 4-2. Shows start at 9:15. Cover varies.

The Greenroom, 509 Louisiana (235-5492). Comfortable white linen tablecloth restaurant, a separate dark wood and leather pub, and a livelier cocktail lounge upstairs, with good live music, acoustic entertainment. Across from the Alley Theater and Jones Hall, it's a good after-theater stopover. Restaurant open for lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2, dinner Mon thru Sat 6:30-midnight. Club open Mon thru Fri 11-2, Sat 6:30-2. Pub Mon thru Sat 11-2. Club entertainment Wed thru Sat 9-2. No cover.

Griff's Shillelagh Inn, 3416 Roseland (528-9881). Casual and sometimes raucous sports-oriented club, great for continuous after-sun atmosphere. Beer, wine, deli sandwiches, jukebox music, and lots of football. Open 7 days 11-2. No cover.

Hobnobbers, No. 2, 1218 Westheimer (528-1835). Funky addition to the gloomy Westheimer Strip. Grab an old-time drugstore hamburger and lounge on the patio sidewalk terrace, open air porch, or (for this time of year) indoor music room. The best Montrose-style acoustic entertainment nightly at 8. Mon thru Sat 11-2, Sun noon-2. No cover.

Hyatt Regency Hotel, 1200 Louisiana (224-2222). This elaborate downtown edifice offers a variety of atmospheric clubs. Spindling room for a bird's-eye view of the Space City skyline. Back Room offers piano music and rock, romantic corners. Crystal Forest, one of several restaurants, features middle-of-the-road live entertainment weeknights at 9:15 & 11:45, Fri & Sat at 9:45 & 11:45. Dec 1-20: Lane Carroll, popular Australian vocalist.

Joseph's Wine Shop and Tasting Room, 1408 Westheimer (527-8613). Casual place to buy a bottle of imported or domestic wine, relax afternoons and evening sipping with friends over a cheese plate or sandwich. Mon thru Sat 11-11. Closed Sun. No cover.

La Bastille, 736 Franklin (227-2036). Best jazz in town. High-quality national acts perform in basement, styled after Paris' La Bastille. Live jazz, cocktails and light food. Shows around 9 & 11 weeknights, plus an extra postmidnight show weekends. Cover varies. Call for this month's shows.

La Edega Wine Cellar, Mandell at Fairview (528-9471). Gorgeous woodwork and beautiful stained

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glass windows. Refined games like backgammon, chess, and dominoes, but La Bodega patrons generally show more interest in the good selection of wine and beer. Sandwiches and salads served. Mon thru Fri 11-5. Bar open Mon thru Fri 11-2 a.m. Sat & Sun 4-2.

La Carle, 813 Congress (226-9630). Tucked away on the outskirts of Market Square, tiny but offers candlelit corners, friendly conversation, and French Quarter atmosphere. Beer and wine. Mon thru Fri 4-2 a.m., Sat & Sun 4-2.

Les Quatre Saisons, 316 Millam (226-7843). European decor sets the stage for light and grand opera, which is performed in a small, low-ceilinged room. No entertainment Thur; continuous show Fri & Sat. No cover Thur, \$2 Fri & Sat. Open Mon thru 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

Liberty Hall, 1610 Chestnut (252-6218). Clubs come and clubs go, but the Hall seems to stay forever, probably because it consistently offers the best and latest in national and Texas rock and roll, country, folk, blues, and ethnic acts. Beer, wine, and light food. Fri & Sat shows at 8 & 11. Thur & Sun show at 8. Advance tickets recommended.

Marblehead, 4618 Feagan (861-4030). This quiet bar in the residential Heights is not your usual neighborhood beer joint. It has a few booths and chairs, dim lights, and mixed drinks accompanied by a fine selection of classical music tapes make this a very romantic spot. Mon thru Fri 4-2, Sat 8-2. No cover.

Old Quarter, 1402 Congress (226-7902). Once Houston's premier folk music emporium, the Old Quarter continues to offer a variety of acts in local acoustic entertainment. Beer, wine, set-ups, free popcorn, and lots of atmosphere. Catch Frank Davis and his ensemble musical instruments on Sun nights. Open 7 nights 7:30-2 a.m. Cover \$6-\$12.50.

The Pouting Shrimp, 1399 South Voss at Woodway (781-3232). Nuthin' addition to Jeremiah's Greenhouse Restaurant offers lunch, entertainment, and lots of atmosphere. Catch Better Homes and Gardens. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-3:30. Cocktails Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Sat & Sun 11:30-2 a.m. No cover.

Purple's, 423 Westheimer (528-8360). Elit's poem is inscribed around the walls of this converted Westheimer house. Homey atmosphere with an intellectual twist—here the popular beer. No food, just beer, ale, and wine, plus comfortable old chairs and couches, smoke-filled rooms, and intense rap. Open 7 days 4-2. No cover.

Railhead, 6405 Richmond (784-2441). Club addition to the Steakhouse (see Restaurants). One of the many Westheimer clubs, Railhead is popular and affluent. Best feature is the entertainment. Blues and progressive country showbands pack the house. Show Mon thru Sat 8-2. Sat & Sun 8-2 at 8:30. No cover. Open Mon thru Thur 10:45 a.m.-11:30 p.m., Fri & Sat 10:30-11 p.m., Sun 11:30-2.

Slick Willie's Family Pool Hall, 6467 Westheimer (781-2215) and 5924 Guffin (667-4506). "Today's comfort, yesterday's excitement" is the motto of this high-class pool hall. Cheese, wine, and beer along with soda fountain treats and espresso coffee set Willie's family pool hall apart from the usual sleazy pool joint. Turn-of-the-century decor, pool, full-sized Brunswick pool tables. Pool players charged \$1.50 each per hour. Entertainment provided. Both locations open 7 days. Westheimer hall: Mon thru Sat 11:30 a.m.-2, Sun 1 p.m.-2; Guffin hall: weekdays & Sun 1 p.m.-2, all night Fri & Sat. No cover.

Steambot Springs, 4919 W Alabama (626-9571). A low-budget tony to Vail, Rath, quasi skys lodge atmosphere. Dances and live music. In the Galleria business folk. Erotic, sometimes very good, live music attracts the dressy blue jeans crowd. Dur 2 thru 28. Wednesdays. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2:30. Cocktails Tue thru Sat 3-2, Sun 7-2. Cover varies.

Texas Open House, 1416 Richmond (524-5667). New club covering the progressive country scene. Mixed drinks, beer, wine, and the tops in local and national acts. Look for Willie, Jerry Jeff, and others in the future. Mon thru Sat 8-2. Sat & Sun live entertainment Tue thru Sat. Call for this month's acts.

T.G.I. Friday's, 5010 Richmond (627-1810). Popular singles scene. All drinks half price at midnight Thur because, of course, it's Friday. Unreserved women eat drinks at 50 percent off. The lunch Luncheon relatively steady, evenings take on more of a "meat market" atmosphere in the swinging singles tradition. Sun brunch with a special egg breakfast and all the champagne you can drink. Rock and roll show Sun nights. Open 7 days 11:30-2.

Theodore's 19th Century Club, 104 Avenida (522-9797). Located right off the Westheimer strip, club is both an antique and people-watching showcase. Popular with area residents during happy hour. Weeknights are relatively steady; even with the addition of a patio and terrace,

weekends are usually SRO. Excellent acoustic entertainment by some of Houston's most creative local performers. Mon thru Fri 4:30-2, Sat 2-2, Sun 7-2. No cover.

RESTAURANTS

Restaurants are classified according to the following price scale, which represents the cost of a typical meal for one person exclusive of drinks, tax, and tip:

Inexpensive under \$3
Moderate\$3 to \$7
Expensive over \$7
Establishments which serve mixed drinks are indicated by the word "mixed." No cover. No customer is not permitted to bring his own wine on to the premises of a restaurant which serves mixed drinks. (See 1984-85.)

* A star designates Texas Monthly's "Best-in-the-city" recommendations.

The Anchorage, 2584 North Loop W. (688-4411). Anchorage seafood, like many Houston residents, comes from the Atlantic and Pacific coastlines. Try abalone, periwinkle, scrod, or scallops when you're fed up with redfish and gumbo. Bar open Mon thru Sat 11 a.m.-1 a.m., Sun noon-1. Restaurant open 7 days 6:30 a.m.-11 p.m. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC.

Benihana's, 1318 Louisiana (223-4687). Choice beef, large shrimp, and boneless chicken breasts are flamboyantly grilled atop your table (teppan) by the chef. Wash down your Lingonberry, fresh vegetables, and hot tea accompany the main course. It's crowded, so be prepared to eat with strangers. Try take your party to the main dining room Sat 11:30-2:30, dinner Sun thru Sat 5:30-11. Sat 5:30-midnight. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC.

Big Mouth Frog, 2727 Crossview (784-5090). Good late—heavy on seafood—in attractive redwood surroundings. At lunch you can sit at a cocktail table. The gumbo, a seafood medley, is especially tasty. Bar, Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2, Dinner Mon thru Thur 5:30-11, Fri & Sat 5:30-midnight, Sun till 10:30. Moderate. AE, MC.

The Blarney, 719 Franklin (227-8168). March down to Market Square for veal, seafood, and chicken served in Irish-British elegance. High ceilings and stained glass, with heel-clicking service. Bar, Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2, Dinner Mon thru Sat 6-10, Fri & Sat till midnight, Sun 5:30-10. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

Bowery, 500 Louisiana (228-5577). Downtown! Drop into the Bowery for New York deli style fixings, sandwiches, and tap liquor. The menu offers more than 25 sandwich combinations, and some hot specials like corned beef and cabbage. Don't mind the noise and the crowds on a bun with a cup of natural juice, for dipping. The bread pudding topped with hot brandy sauce is excellent. Bar, Lunch Mon thru Sat 11-1, inexpensive to moderate. Cr.

Brennan's, 512 Quarter (522-8711). The New Orleans Old Quarter decor is always an attraction, but the food has been uneven. Try New Orleans in burgundy sauce with creamed is excellent, however, as are the flaming desserts. Breakfasts, these specialties are always a good bet. Bar, Open 7 days 9:30-6 & 11-1. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

Charley's, 517 Louisiana (224-4448). Directly behind the Allev Theater, it is sophisticated and expensive. The menu is continental; the service is superb. Try the fried chicken and the broiled redfish comes in a pleasant bistro. House dressing is on the vinegary side. Bar, Lunch Mon thru Sat 11-2, Dinner 11-2:30. Sat 6-11. Sat till 11:30. Expensive. AE, MC.

China Cottage, 648 Westbury Sq. (749-4474). Although they pioneered Szechuan dishes in Houston, this spot prepares Cantonese and Thai specialties. The simple decor is tasteful. Mon thru Sat 11:30-2 & 5-10. Inexpensive to moderate. AE, MC.

Confederate House, 4007 Westheimer (522-1936). Now that the South has risen again, except for Confederate, you can take a Yankee friend for a Confederate. Try a steak, fried onion rings, and a guacamole salad atop tomato slices. Open Mon thru Sat 11-1, Sat 4-midnight. Reservations weekends. Moderate to expensive. MC.

Courtyard, 1220 Louisiana (526-1247). Perhaps the best French restaurant in Houston. Sit in French splendor while you try a delicate and rich asparagus soup, huge mushroom cream stuffed with scallops, and a crown roast of pork with excellent wine. Bar open Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m.-midnight, Sat 6-11, Sun 6-midnight, with entertainment. Bar, Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-3:30, Dinner 7 days 11-1. Reservations recommended. Expensive. BA, MC, DC.

Fat Emile's, One Allen Center (217-3331). Cool weather may bring an end to sidewalk dining at Emile's. New Orleans-style Cajun fare served at the Bowery, brings the businessmen at noon and the out-on-the-towners at night. Bar open

Mon thru Sat 11-1 a.m. Inexpensive to moderate. Cr.

* **Foulard's, 3901 Westheimer (622-7891).** Chef Foulard (butcher, baker, famous sauce maker) does it all. The service is as good as the food at the door, helps with selections, and then prepares the entrees. Although the staff aren't all that special, the food is. The service is as good as the food with saucers, are memorable. Bar Tue thru Sat 11-1. Reservations. Expensive. Cr.

Guido's, 5200 S. (568-4444). The giant plastic crab overlooking the parking lot is out of season in winter, but how would a giant plastic ovary from the Gulf of Mexico be served at Guido's in 1911. Try the au gratin potatoes served in a ramekin. Bar, Tue thru Fri 11:30-10, Sat 5-10, Sun 11-2. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

Happy Buddha, 516 Westheimer (527-8494). Relax at the trepan is table-ridiculous combination with several other while your chef prepares duck-cut aged beef, chicken, and bean sprouts on a floor show with the cutlery and the salt and pepper shakers. Served vegetables including mushrooms, zucchini, and bean sprouts accompany the entrees, and a timed rain storm inundates the back yard periodically. Open Mon thru Fri 11-2, Dinner 6-11, Sat till midnight, Sun 5-10:30. Moderate to expensive. Graciously added to the list.

Hyatt Regency, Window Box, 1200 Louisiana (224-2222). Order from the la carte, continental, and expensive menu. Salads of Kentucky lime-basted chicken, or beef or lamb, and a pungent quail eggs. Steak Diane, two fillets with extremely rich mushroom sauce, is prepared at the table. The wine list—apparently drawn up out of state at Hyatt headquarters—lists no vintages for many imported wines and is therefore useless. Small carved (venis) lamb on each table and heavenly hair mass are part of the ambience. Bar, Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2, Dinner 6-11, Sun 6-11. Occasionally open 6-11. Expensive. Cr.

Joe Matrangola's, 3700 Irvington (228-7548). South-east Houstonians have beaten a 25-mile trek to Joe's for the rich and garlicky red sauce dishes. A sign proclaims that anyone who can eat one of Matrangola's dishes is a real man. Call Joe. Alia Seltzer costs extra. Mon thru Sat 11-10. Inexpensive to moderate. N.

The Mahanaja, 2534 Amherst (522-5559). Cowboys and cowgirls, the Mahanaja is the only Indian restaurant. At lunch \$1.95 pays for chicken, beef, or vegetable curry, a salad, and a drink. Open Mon thru Sun 11:30-2 & 5:30-8:30. Moderate. AE, MC.

Mandarin Garden, 3330 Richmond (523-4111). Don't let the garish orange facade put you off. The food is excellent. Try the duck and beef in new dishes such as Clippy duck and kangaroo chicken (with peanuts) are heavy on the meat and the sauce. Open Mon thru Sat 11:30-2 & 5-10, Fri 11:30-2 & 5-10, Sun 11:30-2 & 5-10. Moderate. AE, MC.

Marie's Tame House, 712 Chimney Rock (668-6282). Oaxaca-style tamales are worth a regular trip to Marie's. Run-of-the-mill Tex-Mex food is good too. Take the auto and wear your huachuques. Tue thru Fri 5-10:30, Sat 11:30-10:30. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

* **Maxim's, 802 Lamar (227-9555).** Maximum quality and consistency account for the number of rich Houstonians who won't eat anywhere but Maxim's. Continental dishes are superb, but so are the fresh Gulf seafood and the beef; there isn't a better prime rib in town. Bar, Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-11, Sun thru Fri 6-11, Sat till midnight. Expensive. Cr.

* **Neiman-Marcus, The Mariposa Room, 2600 S. Post Oak (621-7100).** A tiny world of culinary delights which provide a sophisticated and justly famous luncheon. The mélange of vegetables and desserts are notable. Lunch Mon thru Sat 11-2:30, Tue 11:30-11, Sun 11-2 & 5:30-8. Moderate to expensive. N-M credit card.

Pier 21, 2001 Fannin (795-5533). Tie up for Gulf Coast seafood prepared in dozens of ways. Try the fish served in a tomato or corn-based sauce. \$13.95 will get you a lobster for the tank to be boiled, broiled, or thermomanded. Bar, Mon thru Sat 11:30-11, Sun 11-10. Expensive. Cr.

PTI, 6213 Richmond (782-3480). This West Coast-style operation features subdued mood decor and an interesting menu. Try the cioppino to hearty seafood, fish served in a tomato or corn-based sauce, abalone, lobster, or steak. A heap of cold boiled shrimp and an excellent salad accompany the entrees. Open Mon thru Fri 11:30-2, Dinner Sun thru Thu 11-1, Fri & Sat till 11:30. Moderate to expensive. AE, MC.

The Red Lion, 7715 S. Main (666-7080). If you're a fan of English cuisine, you'll appreciate the prime rib in various sizes, the Welsh rarebit, and the London broil. Open Mon thru Fri 5-10:30, Sat 5-midnight. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

HOUSTON

Rudl's, 1728 S. Post Oak (622-4100). Dark walls, heavy drapes, classy paintings, and tuxedoed waiters create the setting for rich continental food. Feast upon white veal, rack of lamb, foie gras, beef, roast duck, and Gulf fish. Accompany your entree with a heart of palm salad or a fresh vegetable bar. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Closed Sun. Moderate to expensive. AE, BA, MC.

Ruggles, 903 Westheimer (524-3839). One of the original old-fashioned Westheimer houses to be converted into a restaurant with the addition of stained glass, antiques, and antiques. The simple menu includes—besides meat, fish, and chicken entrees—a good burger. The star of the meal is Judy's Mud Pie: a graham cracker crust filled with coffee ice cream and topped with chocolate sauce. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Sun 11-2. Dinner Mon thru Thu 5-9. Fri & Sat 6-3. Sun 10-2. Moderate. AE, BA, DC, MC.

San Jacinto Inn, San Jacinto battlefield (479-2828). Eat up on Gulf seafood at this all-you-can-tankery. Oysters on the half shell and live oysters are the winter specialty along with boiled shrimp, fried red fish, and fried chicken. Bar. Lunch Fri 6-10, Sat 5:30-10, Sun 1-9. Expensive. AE, BA, DC, MC.

Swiss Chateau, 511 S. Post Oak (621-3333). Sit in an Alpengast setting for beef or cheese fondue and continental dishes. Luncheon specialties are often French. Bar. Open Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30. 2 a.m. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Sat 5:30-11:30. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

Tokyo Gardens, 4701 Westheimer (622-7886). For a crash course in Japanese cuisine, treat yourself to the Kaneki Dinner. This nine-course Oriental extravaganza (\$17.50) includes hors d'oeuvre selections (three dishes) including a yummy pickled fish, ashiabone with cucumbers, kashimi or broiled fish, select the raw sliced fish and octopus with green tea, palate for dipping, clear broth with scallops and mushrooms, tempura (flaky battered shrimp, egg custard soup, broiled lobster, sliced steak), sauce for dipping, and fresh fruit (honeydew melon, watermelon, grapefruit, and cherries). Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2. Dinner Tue thru Fri 6-11, Sat 5:30-midnight, Sun 5:30-10:30. Expensive. Cr.

Uchi's, 1801 S. Post Oak (622-6778). Stark, fresh flowers, contemporary paintings, and black tie service set the scene for haute cuisine at haute prices. The escargot is excellent, the veal mullata flawless, and the beef tenderloin a fitting finale. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-3:30. Dinner Mon thru Fri 6-11, Sat 11 midnight-late. Cr.

Trader Vic's, Shamrock-Hilton Hotel, 6900 S. Main at Holcombe (664-9211). At the sign of the flaming flag, torches, enter Polynesian-Oriental fare. Served by Gulf Scout looking people, menus with spiked fruit punch combinations, and then washed with a staggering assemblage of tropical dishes, the luncheon buffet serves Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Sun thru Fri 5:30-10:45, Sat 5:30-11. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

Vargo's, 2401 Fondren (782-3888). Favorite hangout for garden clubbers, birders, nature walkers, but not necessarily gourmets. Vargo's goes all out with Christmas season with twinkling white lights among the greenery and wildlife. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2, dinner Mon thru Sat 5-11. Closed Sun. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

Steak Houses

Every day a new steak house opens in Houston. In most cases, thousands are spent on wallpaper, stained glass, and objects of art. In some cases, the food is important. You can recommend the following, and are still looking.

Brenner's, 10911 Katy Fwy (461-2901). Brenner's is for the serious meat eater because dining there is not an economy measure. The best steaks in Houston come with German fried potatoes, salads, and individual pitchers of roquefort dressing. Bar. Lunch Tue thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Tue thru Sat 5:30-11 & Sun 11:30-11. Closed Mon. Reservations. Expensive. AE, BA, DC, MC.

Butt, 7919 Westheimer (782-0430). Unique steak house decor: no tables, water wheels, mines, palm trees, medieval armor, or ducks. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Sat 5:30-11, Sun 4-10. Expensive. AE, BA, DC, MC.

Great Mine Company, 2026 Tanglewilde (783-7833). Boudgiasse dining experience. Rush for steaks and the mother lode in peanut butter and jelly sandwiches (a \$12.95 value at a negotiable price) opens Mon thru Fri 5:30-8:30 p.m., Sat 11 midnight. Dinner Sun thru Thu 5:30-11, Fri & Sat 11 midnight. Moderate to expensive. AE, BA, MC.

Jamli's, 9403 Buffalo Spwy (666-0361). Jamli's is ensconced in what used to be Bert Wheeler's home, so Bert's collection of 32 varieties of palm trees, a sarranum, white orchids, and some ducks are the unlikely setting for Lebanese hors d'oeuvres and Texas steaks. The barbecued ribs and parsley-chick labooni are worth the trip.

Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Dinner Mon thru Sat 5-11 a.m., Sun 11 midnight. Moderate to expensive. Cr.

Mason Jar, 9005 Katy Fwy (461-9905). There is always a wait, so step up front to the bar (sweetest for a drink served in a Mason jar). Mason Jar. (Do not go if you have a headache coming on.) At lunch, get the hamburger with mushrooms; at dinner order one of the reasonably priced steaks. A basket of bread with accompaniments the meat. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Sat 11:45-2:30. Dinner Mon thru Fri 5:30-11, Fri 9:30-midnight, Sat 5-midnight, Sun 5:30-10. Moderate. AE, BA, MC.

Railhead, 4409 Richmond (784-5400). Train memorabilia raised to a new platform. Open 7 days 11-2. Dinner Mon thru Thu 5:30-11, Fri & Sat 11-11:30, Sun 11:30-10. Moderate to expensive. BA, MC.

Sonny Looks, several locations. Decor is (Olden) and sometimes Sonny in a spangled jacket. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2. Dinner Mon thru Fri 5-11, Sat 5-midnight, Sun 5-10. Expensive. Cr.

Steak and Ale, multitudinous locations. 'Ave an early piece of beef in surroundings from the Dark Ages. Bar. Lunch most locations Mon thru Fri 11-3. Dinner Mon thru Thu 5:30-11, Fri & Sat 11 midnight. Sun 5-10. Moderate to expensive. AE, BA, DC, MC.

Victoria Station, 3015 S. Post Oak Rd (621-7781) and 7807 Kirby (661-8043). Get your lunch station for steak and trimmings. Even though a franchise, the Post Oak location comes off better than the Kirby location. Bar. Mon thru 11, Fri & Sat 5-midnight, Sun 5-10. Moderate to expensive. AE, BA, MC.

Lunch, Mostly

Andre's, 2515 River Oaks Blvd (524-3563). This tiny tea room never ticks luncheon patrons, and you may have to wait a few minutes at high noon. Fare is delicious and simple. Get a choice of entrees—quiche, sausage plate, or cheese cretonne, for example—a small salad, and a spectacular pastry, all for only \$2.99. Mon 8:30-5, Tue thru Fri 8:30-5:45, Sat 8-5. Inexpensive. N.

The Brownstone, 2736 Virginia (528-2844). Where River Oaks ladies meet Southampton ladies to discuss good work. Pass through the antique/decorator shop to the dining room where artistic and tasty food (recent luncheon choices included red snapper, pineapple boats, beef bourguignon, and chicken salad) is the day-to-day dining card. We have had little luck with the diners. Bar. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11:30-2:30. Dinner Tue thru Sat 6:30-10. Reservations. Moderate. AE, BA, MC.

Elusive Butterfly Tea Room, Batefield's River Oaks store, 2018 S. Shepherd (228-8822). A light touch of an afternoon tea room, the menu, or quiche is enhanced by fresh baked flowers, homemade rolls, and the presence of the managers. Your white gloves would not be out of place. Mon thru Sat 11-3. Inexpensive to moderate. Batefield's credit card only.

Glennville's Seakod Market, 416 Travis (223-3333). This fishmarket with tables serves seafood to a steadily growing school of downtowners, who snap up fresh fried scalars with gusto. Mon thru Thu & Sat 10-4:30, Fri 10:30-5. Moderate. N.

Hobbit Hole, 1715 S. Shepherd (228-3418). Probably still the best buy in fat natural sandwiches. Avocados, tomatoes, bean sprouts, nuts, and seeds are laced with cheeses and stacked atop homemade bread. The fresh fruit salads are generous and have not seen a can. Tacos are now on the menu and there's a fine natural foods store directly upstairs. Tue thru Fri 11:30-10:45, Fri & Sat 11 midnight. Sun 9-3. Closed Mon. Inexpensive. N.

Jefferson Room, 601 Jefferson (236-0363). Catering to downtown Houston fat cats, the Jefferson serves fresh and plentiful man-plainers like lamb chops, shrimp with herb butter, and—occasionally—fried catfish. Plump complementary cigars and yummy petit fours accompany dinner. Bar. Open Mon thru Fri 11-9. Lunch Mon thru Fri 11-2. Moderate to expensive. AE, BA, DC, MC.

Museum of Fine Arts, 1001 Bissonnet (526-1461). One of the Museum masterpieces is the luncheon entrée—a daily menu that includes one hot entrée (like generous chunks of white meat of chicken adobo "dirt" rice—a Cajun dish), salad, homemade desserts (like a scrumptious apple crunch). Open Tue thru Fri 11-4. Lunch noon-2.

Old Europe, 5418 W. Bellfort (721-0345). Westbury Square shoppers refresh the daily soup, German pastry of the day, open face sandwiches (cucumber with sour cream dressing and a favorite), 11 varieties of tea and coffee combinations. The tiny town house cafe seats only two dozen, and the Cook is the waiters, cashiers, and saleslady. Mon thru Sat 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Moderate. N.

HOUSTON

"Dinnertime is the most wonderful period of the day."

And perhaps its goal—the blossoming of the day."

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The Poetry of French Food

1801 S. Post Oak
622-6778
Houston

Asian Arts

1712-B So. Post Oak
Post Oak & San Felipe
Houston
713/629-9797
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Major Credit Cards Honored

HOUSTON

Quisile's Table and the Traveling Brown Bag Lunch Company, 1708 Sunset (528-2244). Brown bag lunches (\$3 to \$5). Mom's used to make, maybe better. If you eat in, get one of the sandwiches, hot or cold homemade soup, and salad. Quisile now prepares hot suppers: chicken on Wednesday, crepes on Friday, Mexican food on Saturday, and has a guest chef in for culinary spectaculars on Thursdays. Open Mon thru Sat 10-5. Dinner Wed thru Sat 7-midnight. Moderate. N.

YMCA Health Club, 600 Louisiana (224-9501) ext. 34. Businesspersons who tire of steak, lobster and Weight Watchers who dream of their expanded, but not successful, downtown luncheon spot, the health bar of the Y. A bowl of gum, ripe, perfect strawberries (\$1), a homemade tuna sandwich (\$1), and fresh fruit salad with honey and granola (\$1) will fill you up without filling you out. Hard-boiled eggs, wedges of cheese, and a chicken sandwich round out the menu. Tall mixed drinks are made with fruit, not alcohol. Mon thru Fri 6 a.m.-9 p.m., Sat 9-3. Inexpensive.

This Month

Special, new, or offbeat places to try

The Coquetry, 1110 Galleria (626-1279). The only place in the Galleria that offers food in a hurry, the Coquetry is a glorified cafeteria. Features sandwiches, salads, barbecues, fried fish, desserts. Prices are reasonable, food is palatable, and you can eat and be done with it—rare phenomenon in the mall of fame. Mon thru Fri 6 a.m.-8:30 p.m., Sat 7-9:45. Inexpensive. N.

Kyle's Pastry Shop, 6415 San Felipe (783-1632). A pastry shop cum lunch counter. Kyle's offers Greek specialties: dolmades, moussaka, or Greek salad. If you are hungry or indecisive, try the generous combination plate for \$2.25. Finish off with a piece of pastry and a cup of espresso. Avoid the cappuccino. Mon thru Sat 6 a.m.-8:30 p.m., Sun 8 a.m.-1 a.m. Inexpensive. N.

Nikita's, 1100 Richmond (526-1174). This renovated old house on Yakoma specializes in Russian dishes (blini—pancakes) and continental fare (veal medallions in lemon butter with Russian farfalle, garnish). Vegetables, fried zucchini, are fresh and interesting, while the salad dressing is absolutely tasteless. Bar, lunch Mon thru Sat 10-5. Dinner Mon thru Sat 6-11. Moderate. AE, BA, MC.

Udder Delight Ice Cream Factory, 1521 Westheimer. Good homemade ice cream. Top off an evening on the town with 15c for a fresh mint or mysterious flavor like the Green Surprise or the Lotus. All cream is made in-house at the store. Tue thru Fri 11-11, Fri & Sat 11-midnight. Sun 1-9. Inexpensive. N.

SAN ANTONIO

THEATER

Legitimate

Celebration, Courtnevade Theater, 1122 N. St. Mary's (223-8271). Musical comedy. Dec 12 thru 16, 21 thru 23. At 8:15. \$3.50.

A Christmas Carol, Mediorama Theater, HemisFair Plaza (224-4464). Ghosts to scare. Dickens out of you in a seasonal spoof. Dec 5 thru 7, 12 thru 14, 19 thru 21, 26 thru 28. Beer, wine, soft drinks available with salads. Dec 5 & Sat at 8:15, \$3.50. Sun at 6:15, adults, \$2, children \$1.50.

Community Theater

The Killer, Trinity Theater One (736-8515 or 736-8516). Tonino's melodrama about murder. Dec 3 thru 6 at 8:15, \$2.50-4.50.

Little Women, Incarnate Word College Downstage Theater (826-1261). Classic tale of pre-liberation women. Dec 4 thru 7. At 8:15. \$1-5.

Mrs. Elvira, Little Theater, San Antonio Best Cellar, San Pedro Park (736-6922). Absurd comedy. Dec 5 thru 7. At 8:15 except Sun at 2:30. \$1-5.

The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail, Fort Sam Houston Playhouse (623-9951). Thurbur Carnival, a review based on James Thurbur's humor. Dec 3, 6 thru 7, 10 thru 13. Opens at 8:30, buffet at 7, 8:15 at 8:15. Soft drinks, beer, food, wine; no mixed drinks. \$5-55.50. Reservations.

Dinner Theater

Harlequin Dinner Theater, Bldg 2652, Harney Rd., Fort Sam Houston (213-9951). Thurbur Carnival, a review based on James Thurbur's humor. Dec 3, 6 thru 7, 10 thru 13. Opens at 8:30, buffet at 7, 8:15 at 8:15. Soft drinks, beer, food, wine; no mixed drinks. \$5-55.50. Reservations.

MUSIC

Classical

NOV 29 & DEC 1, San Antonio Symphony (223-3591). Wagner, Barber, DeFalla, Brahms. Enrique

Batic, guest conductor. Theater for the Performing Arts Nov 29 at 8:30. Laurie Aud Dec 1 at 7:30. \$15-60. Moderate.

DEC 6 & 8, San Antonio Symphony (223-3591). Prokofiev: War and Peace. Sarah Caldwell, guest conductor. Theater for the Performing Arts Dec 6 at 8:30. Laurie Aud Dec 8 at 7:30. \$15-60.50.

DEC 10, Hillier Trio, Incarnate Word College Aud (696-6271). Viola, oboe and piano trio sponsored by Chamber Music Society. At 8:15. \$5.

DEC 11, Trinity University Community Orchestra, Laurie Aud (736-4406). Martha Finto, guest pianist. At 8:00-5:15.

DEC 14, Trinity University Chamber Singers, Chaparral Graduate Center Great Hall (736-4406). Christmas program. At 8: Free.

DEC 14, Chamber Arts Ensemble, Incarnate Word College Aud (826-1261). At 7: Free.

DEC 28 & 29, San Antonio Symphony (223-3591). Christmas program: Dmitri Shostakovich, guest violinist; Victor Alessandro conducting. Theater for the Performing Arts Dec 20 at 8:30. Laurie Aud Dec 21 at 7:30. \$15-60.50.

Pop, Rock, Jazz, Etc.

DEC 8, SAC Music Department, McAllister Aud (736-4406). Christmas program. At 7:30. \$5-8.

DEC 17, San Antonio Symphony Pops Concert, Convention Center Banquet Hall (223-5591). Diabolo Christmas music with Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band. At 8. \$4.50-55.50.

DANCE

DEC 19 & 21, Festival Ballet of San Antonio, Fiesta, pas de deux from the Nutcracker, and The Blessed Night. Fri at 8:30. Sun at 2:30. \$5.

DEC 12 & 14, Houston Ballet, Theater for the Performing Arts (223-5591). The Nutcracker Suite. At 1. \$3-56.50.

FILM

Main Library Film Series, 201 N. St. Mary's (223-6611). Dec 2: Think Like a Mountain: Caravaggio: Discovering the Music of Africa: Olympic World Cup Gymnastics. Dec 9: And There Was Light: Christmas: Europe: Africa East and West; Journey North. Dec 16: Brethren; Feliz Navidad; Christmas: Dear; Savanah Village. Dec 23: The Night Before Christmas: The Nutcracker. Dec 30: Pelican Island: Natural Wonders: England of Elizabeth: Toronto. At 12:15 & 7: Free.

SAC Film Series, Loft Student Center Plaza (223-6611). Dec 1 at 1 & 7:10 and Dec 4 at 12:15 & 7:30. Blind Hearts and Coronets. Free.

San Antonio Travelers, Alamo Heights High School Aud (224-5010). Dec 7: Southlands U.S.A. At 3. \$2.50.

Trinity University Film Series, Coates Center Multi-purpose Room (736-8525). Dec 1 & 2 at 7 & 9:30. Day for Night. Dec 4 at 3, 7, 9:30 & Dec 5 at 8. That's Entertainment. Dec 11 at 7: Monkey Business. Dec 11 at 3:30 & 9:30: Duck Soup. Dec 12 at 1 & 7: A Day at the Races. Dec 12 at 3:30 & 9:30: Animal Crackers. \$1.25.

SPORTS

Basketball

San Antonio Spurs, Convention Center Arena (224-4611). At 7:30. \$2-57.

Dec 6 Baltimore
Dec 7 Kentucky
Dec 20 Denver
Dec 23 Indiana

St. Mary's University, Conv. 2790 Cincinnati (433-2311). Call for prices.

Dec 8 Texas A&I
Trinity University, Sams Center, 715 Stadium Dr (736-7221). At 7:30. Call for prices.

Dec 6 Fairleigh State
Dec 8 Texas Lutheran

Wrestling

Professional Wrestling, Municipal Aud (223-6151). Each Wed at 8:30. \$2-53.50.

EVENTS

Fiesta de las Luminarias, San Antonio River Walk (227-4262). Lighting of condoleing Paseo del Rio. Dec 12 thru 14 at sundown. Free.

La Posada Pageant, San Antonio River Walk (227-4262). Re-enactment of Nativity procession. Dec 4 at sundown. Free.

Ted Mack's Original Amale Hour, San Antonio Convention, 1122 N. St. Mary's (223-8273). Variety entertainment. Dec 17 at 8:15. \$2-50.

REVELATION

Woman Alive: Emotions and Attitudes in Film,

SAN ANTONIO

UT Health Science Center Aud, 7703 Floyd Curl Dr (696-6327). Films, lectures and discussions about women's problems. Dec 5 at 7:30 p.m. Dec 6 at 9 a.m. \$5 for both days.

International Relations Institute, St. Mary's University, Moody Bldg 101 (433-2311). Dec 5: The Meaning of Economic Reform in the Soviet Union, by Dr. Svetozar Jelovitch. At 7: Free.

FOR CHILDREN

Peter Pan, Unicorn Playhouse, San Pedro Park (735-6922). Children's play. Dec 5 at 2:30, Dec 6 at 4 & 7:30. Dec 10 at 2:30 & 7:30, Dec 13 at 7:30, Dec 14 at 2:30, Dec 18 at 4:30, Dec 19 at 2:30, Dec 20 at 2 & 2:51; groups of 20 or more children. \$2-6. Moderate.

Hertzberg Circus Collection, S. Presa & Market (223-6871). World's largest collection of circuses, including a complete miniature circus and Tom Thumb's carnival. Mon thru Sat 9-5:30, Sun 12:30-5:30. Free.

San Antonio Zoo, 3903 N. St. Mary's (734-7183). Close-to-nature habitats with 180 of the finest. Open every day of the year 9:30-6. Adults \$1, children under 17, 25¢. Group rates on request.

Little Red Riding Hood, Little People Puppet Company, Jewish Community Center, 1025 W. Bampton (344-3453). Puppet show. Dec 14 at 2:30. \$2-25.5.

MUSEUMS

Alamo Plaza, (222-1691). Of course it's the Shrine of Texas Freedom, but it's also an interesting museum with a good gift shop and fine collections. Shouldn't be missed, really. Mon thru Sat 10-5, Sun 10-4. Free.

Backhorn Hall of Hons, Furs, and Feathers, 600 Lone Star Blvd (226-8301). The historic Backhorn Saloon has been re-created here with the saloon's famous collection of taxidermied animals and a museum where O. Henry lived. Open 7 days 10-5:30. Beer and root beer bar Mon thru Fri. Closed holidays. Free.

Institute of Texas Cultures, southeast corner, HemisFair Plaza (226-7551). Multimedia exhibition, covering nearly 50,000 square feet. History of Texas of 26 nationalities, races, and cultures. Tue thru Fri 10-4, Sat & Sun 1-6. Free.

Jersey Lily Hospitality Center, 312 Pearl Pkwy (222-0211). Exhibits of rare beer steins and artifacts from Texas history. Free beer. Mon thru Fri 10-5. Free.

La Villita, S. Presa & Villita. Completely restored old San Antonio settlement now outfitted with many fine arts and crafts shops, fascinating, beautiful spot in the middle of the city. Open 7 days 8-6.

Lone Star Hall of Texas History, HemisFair Plaza (225-2266). Was museum. Mon thru Thur 10-7, Fri thru Sun 10-10. Gen adm 75¢, children & military 35¢.

San Antonio Missions. These 18th-century Franciscan structures were churches, fortifications, schools, granaries, military barracks, and Indian living quarters during the Spanish colonial period. They have now been partially or fully restored to their original state. Admission: adults 50¢, children 25¢. Ticket for all four missions \$1, available at any of the missions.

Mission Concepcion, 827 Mission Rd (532-3158). Containing rare frescos, this is the best preserved of the missions. Open 7 days 9-6.

Mission San Jose, 6339 San Jose (922-2771). The famous Rose Window is just one of many fine stone carvings. Large grounds well restored. Open 7 days 9-6.

Mission San Francisco de la Espada, Espada Rd (827-2664). This mission, built in 1720, is still used as a church. It has a mile-long aqueduct nearby that still carries water. Open 7 days 10-6.

Mission San Juan Capistrano, Grati Rd (532-3154). Indian-made figures of Christ and the Virgin, of cornals girth, are on display. Open 7 days 10-6.

Spanish Governor's Palace, 105 Military Plaza (224-6151). Spanish Colonial home with period furnishings and paintings. Mon thru Sat 9-5, Sun 10-5. Adults 25¢, children 10¢.

St. Ignace, 609 King William (225-9202). One of the city's best-restored Victorian mansions, with period furnishings. Open 7 days 1-5. Adults 10¢, children 5¢.

Ranger Museum, Brackenridge Park (822-9011). Many rangers, one museum. Tue thru Fri 10-4, Sat & Sun 11-6. Gen adm 25¢.

Witte Memorial Museum, 1801 Broadway (826-9611). 13:15-7:30. The first 100 years of a presentation of slides, music, folk art, and photography. Thu Dec 14: Folk Baroque Art in Mexico, photographs, a Conquistador exhibit. Thurburmaker John, a Texas Cabinet Maker. Also Texas artifacts, and wildlife and natural history

SAN ANTONIO

exhibits. Mon thru Fri 9-5, Sun & holidays 10-6. Suggested voluntary contribution, adults \$50, children 25¢.

ART

Institutions

McNay Art Institute, 6000 N. New Braunfels (223-5368). Thru Dec 25: Collections Gallery IX, 300 works from New York galleries. Permanent collection of Medieval and post-impressionist works, and late 19th- and early 20th-century American and French art. Tue thru Sat 9-5, Sun 2-5. Closed Mon. Free.

Main Library, 203 S. St. Mary's (223-0851). Impressionistic, abstract and nonobjective works by Norman Miller. Mon thru Fri 9-5, Sat 10-6. Free.

UT Health Science Center, Aud Foyer, 7703 Floyd Curl Dr (896-6327). Thru Jan 3: sculpture by Luis Guzman, drawings by Jean Lanier, tie-dye hangings by May Dyer. Mon thru Fri 8-5, Sat & Sun noon-5. Free.

Galleries

Evett Studio Gallery, 407 Eighth St (226-6018 or 736-7217). Sculpture and drawings by Philip John Evett. Paintings by Cecil Lang Casabier. By appointment.

Odyssey Gallery, 2222 Breeswood (828-0167). Paintings by Drusilla Plannett, watercolor by George Finca, pastel paintings by Kent Bowerman. Sculpture by Lonnie Edwards and David Sacks. Mon thru Sat 11-5.

Robert's Art Gallery, 2520 N. Main (736-2851). Permanent home of the San Antonio Contemporary Artist Group, 35 excellent artists who provide South Texas artists can paint something besides yucca plants. Thru Sat 11-5.

Sol del Rio Gallery, 1020 Townsend (828-4856). Watercolors by Caroline Shelton and a Christmas exhibit of ceramics, weavings, sculpture, and art from the gallery collection. Mon thru Sat 10-5:30.

The Village Bookstore, 5942 Broadway (826-0647). Broadway show, concert, and dance posters. Wed thru Sat and Dec 29 & 30 noon-5:30. Thru Fri 7:30. Closed first week in January.

Fine Crafts

Southwest Craft Center Gallery, 420 Paseo del Rio (222-0926). Annual invitational live show. Toy canoes by James Haverstick and authentic leather toys by Jeannie Dietz. Mon thru Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5.

Witte Memorial Museum Shop, 3801 Broadway (826-0647). A great place for Christmas gifts for those who have everything—except a shell from Texas, a hand-carved duck decoy, or a bird from China. Mon thru Fri 9-5, Sat & holidays 10-6.

ON THE TOWN

Bombay Bicycle Club, 3506 N. St. Mary's (732-0011). A good place for quiet conversations. A lot of plants and low music. Youth and college crowd. Open 7 days 11:30-2 a.m.

Bwana Dik, 431 E. Commerce on the River Walk (223-7276). An Afro-Caribbean floor show lives up to the two elevated dance steps. Wild and loud. Open 7 days noon-2 a.m.

Darty Neddie's, Palaco del Rio Hotel, 200 S. Alamo (223-2481). A completely authentic English pub from the dark ale to the constant dart games. Open 7 days 11:30-12:30 a.m.

The Grand Hotel, 8786 Wurzburg (896-1030). A really classy simple restaurant and bar. Getting last reputation as a place for pick-ups. Open 7 days 11:30-1:30, for dinner 6-10, for discotheque 9-2. Cover Wed thru Sat, when there's a lunch show.

Hippo's Bubble Room, 1411 McCullough (223-0461). A San Antonio institution more interesting than the Alamo. Those Christmas tree lights aren't just there in December; they're permanent. Along with electric trains, frequent barbershop harmony, and some of the best wacky hamburgers in town. Mon thru Sat 11-midnight. Kitchens closes at 11:30 p.m. Closed Sun.

J. Alfred Profrock, 758 E. Mulberry (732-0932). Quiet, relaxed atmosphere for younger set. Customers choose tapes or records, with occasional live music or a sock hop. Friendly. Open 7 days noon-2 a.m.

The Landling, River Walk Square (223-7266). Known across the nation for Dillard and Jack's the Happy Jack band, which matches anything New Orleans has to offer. Music begins at 9 Tue thru Sat. Closing varies, but usually open till 2 a.m. weekends.

Las National Club, 2482 N.W. Loop 410 (653-1531). Old furnishings and artifacts make nostalgic surroundings for modern rock discotheque. Open 7 days noon-2 a.m., except opens at 3 on Sun.

Magic Time Machine, 902 NW Loop 410 (828-1478). Eclectic night spot sets you down in the

SAN ANTONIO

era of your choice. Spend the evening in a jail cell, mine shaft, Tarzian boudoir, or just about any place else imaginable. Discotheque with excellent sound system. Good liquor selection. No jeans or T-shirts. Open 7 days 5:30-2.

Mal Tai, 532 River Walk (223-0107). Quiet and dark with some cool jazz in the background. Special Polynesian fruit drinks served on a balcony overlooking the river. Mon thru Sat noon-2 a.m., Sun 1-2.

Me Tarzan, 425 E. Commerce (222-0411 or 225-1741). A jungle decor with animal skins and a rain-forest of plants contrasts with tropical music you hear when the natives aren't restless. Open 7 days noon-2 a.m.

Paseo del Rio, downtown. Not only for the tourist traffic, the downtown river is an attractive setting for restaurants, night spots, and shops. With its jungle of tropical plants and beautifully restored old buildings, it's a great place just for a walk.

Royal Street Crossing, 512 River Walk (226-6256). Discotheque with delightful decor—hanging plants, stained glass and polished brass. Good DJ and sound system. Desert crepes are OK. Open 7 days 11-2 a.m.

Union Jack Ale and Spirits, 1222 McCullough (732-0336). Good place to meet friends and talk in a stress-free atmosphere. Quiet folk music on weekends. Mon thru Sat 11-2 a.m., Sun noon-2 a.m.

RESTAURANTS

Restaurants are classified according to the following price scale, which represents the cost of a typical meal for one person exclusive of drinks, tax, and tip:

Inexpensive under \$3
Moderate\$3 to \$5
Expensive over \$7

Establishments which serve mixed drinks are indicated by the word "Bar." All Texas state customers is not permitted to bring his own wine onto the premises of a restaurant which serves mixed drinks.

A star designates Texas Monthly's "Best-in-the-City" recommendations.

Angelo's, 3525 Broadway (826-1037). This campy little villa has blossomed near its original roots, offering some very nice dishes: Sicilian-style spaghetti with anise-flavored sausage, a whitefish fillet with cheese, eggplant, and mushrooms. Dishes are not a success, even allowing for the management's honest admission that the meat is bally beef. Beer and wine. Sun 10-11:30, 10-30, 10-30, Fri & Sat 11-13:30. Lower moderate. AA, MC.

The Barn Door, 8400 N. New Braunfels (824-0116). Abundance is the keynote here, tables heaped with fixings, hearty steaks, cheerful and efficient service, country-cluttered decor. A big place, popular with families and groups. Tue thru Sat 5-10:30, 10-11:30. AE, BA, MC.

The Bayou, 2617 Wagonwheel, off Nacogdoches just north of Loop 410 (828-5726). At last, there seems to be a worthy seafood emporium in San Antonio. The basics are fine: fried fish, fresh Gulf oysters opened at the bar, fried shrimp in shells with a mustard remoulade, and hearty gumbo like the Swamp Chicken (frog legs is terrific, and there are some little surprises, like crab and pork toast and New Orleans "dirty rice"). Decor is simple and appropriate (with a touch of humor on the walls) and the young people here are on their toes. Bar. Mon thru Sat 11-11, Upper moderate. AE, BA, MC.

Budapest, 514 La Villita (223-2748). A cheerful shopping operation serving tasty, good-looking and palatable (crepes) both savory and sweet, to the accompaniment of some really nostalgic Hungarian music. Beer and wine. Tue thru Sun 11-11. Inexpensive to moderate. BA, MC.

Casey's John Charles, 16900 San Pedro (424-2051). This superb steakhouse has broadened its menu to include flambe dishes cooked in the kitchen, a king crab sautéed in herb butter. As always, no corners are cut here: prime KC steaks, fresh vegetables, real sour cream, and good quality cutlery of anything. The 26,000-bottle wine cellar is renowned in these parts. Bar. Mon thru Sat 6-10:30. (Dancing in the Ball Room till midnight.) Weekend reservations advised. Expensive. AE, BA, MC.

Don Alberto, 1808 Fredericksburg, at Zazamora (732-0888). A plain, family-type Mexican restaurant where the food is more Mexican (as opposed to "Texican") than anywhere we've been. Good and tasty caldo, good mole, and an unusually wide selection of Mexican beers. Mon thru Thu 11-8, Fri & Sat 11-3, Sun 1-3 a.m. Inexpensive. AA, MC.

Earl Abel's, 4200 Broadway (822-3358). A touch of middle class for late nighters and people watching (and a very sensible senior citizens menu, with smaller portions and prices, until 6 weeks). Best for homey favorites like chicken livers, chicken-fried steak, and especially the homemade pies. Bar. Open 7 days 24 hours. Inexpensive to moderate. N.



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Classified display advertisements, with special logo, art, etc., must be ordered by the inch and are available at \$95 per inch, one inch minimum. Send copy or call for information. Classified Manager, Texas Monthly, P.O. Box 1569, Austin, Texas 78767. (512) 476-7085. Reply to Texas Monthly (TM) Box Numbers at the above address.

Art

COLLECTORS SERIES™ LITHOGRAPHS wildlife, automobile, airplane, railroad, prints ready to frame. Send \$1.00 for catalog. Collectors Series™, Box 7919, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

AUTHENTIC ENGLISH BRASS RUBBINGS, Limited editions. Various sizes from Westminster Abbey and other historic churches. Historic information concerning over four dozen brasses available. Available for programs and showings. Mrs. Chuck Comfort, 7806 Walnut Hill Lane Dallas 75230. (214) 369-4584.

RARE PRINTS, Illuminated manuscript facsimiles executed in 1850. Lithographs, in color, gilt is hand-applied. Excellent condition. \$35 to \$60. Unicorn Gallery, Dobie Mall, Austin 78705. (512) 477-0343.

Books

ENJOY READING AGAIN, Texas Center for Writers Press announces: **FICTION AND POETRY BY TEXAS WOMEN AND NEW AND EXPERIMENTAL LITERATURE**. Plus the best-selling **BICENTENNIAL COLLECTION OF TEXAS SHORT STORIES**. Each \$5.95. Order from Art Terminal Station, Box 6281, Midland, Texas 79701.

TEXANA COLLECTORS: "Leaves from Family Album" (Jack T. Greer, Texan Press). Holcombe family of Marshall, Texas; Confederate General Ekanah Greer. Letters of Lucy Holcombe Pickens illustrated. \$7.35 postpaid. J. J. Greer, Box 3008, Tyler, Texas 75701.

SUPER BIOGRAPHY. CORTES by William Weber Johnson. Soldier-hero, beautiful native mistress; powerful rivals, brooding emperor, exotic setting, epic battles. Send \$8.95 (Texas add 5%) Book Stall 111 N. Colorado Midland, Texas 79701.

Antiques

UNIQUE MUSEUM PIECE, Walnut roulette wheel table, and chips (circa 1870). Once owned by noted Texas gambler and gunfighter Ben Thompson. Contact Philip Swenson, Box 14028, Austin 78761, (512) 454-7931.

Personal

CONGRATULATIONS Mollie and Ed. Look Sharpe, Feel Sherpe, Be Sharpe. "Love from your friends at TM."

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, with members in 48 states, gets cultured marriage-oriented persons acquainted. SBL Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

Bicentennial

BICENTENNIAL T-SHIRTS, Exclusive historic designs. \$3.50 each, set of 4-\$12.00. State sizes. P.O. Box 25333, Houston, Texas 77005.

Gift Ideas

1976 BICENTENNIAL Women in Texas History Calendar. 200 lost years recovered. Great for classrooms, office, parlour. An original collection of little-known Texas facts and graphics, old and new. Send \$2.10 to Vicki Reed, People's History in Texas, 4708 Evans, Austin, Texas 78751. Reduced rates for large orders.

SPORTSMEN'S GIFT, Note cards with beautiful fishing scenes by artist Bill Rider. \$2.50 per box plus 75¢ handling. P.O. Box 1485, Austin 78767.

HUMMEL FIGURINES, unusual gifts, gourmet items, Christmas ornaments, Vordenbaum's Hofmark Shop, Plaza del Rey Center, US 90-A at 123 By-Pass, Seguin.

AT LAST! A welcome gift for everyone on their own, and a great holiday gift. "You Don't Have to Take It Lying Down" is a simple handbook for stretching your dollar in day-to-day spending directed at graduates, singles, young marrieds, divorcees and those who simply want to get the most for their money. Visit your bookstore, or send \$2.50 plus 35¢ for postage and handling to DAVALL ENTERPRISES, Box 35323, Dallas, Texas 75235.

INVISIBLE SUSPEND any size potted plant up to 35 pounds indoors or outdoors. Send \$3.00 for one or \$8.00 for three to Invisible Hangers, P.O. Box 1599, Dept. P, Austin, Texas 78767.

1976 CONFEDERATE CALENDAR, twelve by thirteen inch calendar, listing military events, birthdays, etc. Top half of calendar has different illustration each month. This is a quality calendar printed on heavy wove stock in earth tone colors. \$3.50 Confederate Calendar Works, Box 1513, Greenville, Texas 75401.

"GREAT TEXANS IN SPORTS" by Thomas Milton Hopwood. Ideal Christmas gift! Over 400 pages pictures-text. Send \$9.95, plus 80¢ tax-postage to Hopwood Productions, Box 11142, Fort Worth, Texas 76109.

Travels & Tours

MERLIN BIRDING TOURS, specializing in the birds of Texas and Mexico. Scheduled 1976 trips: Western Mexico, Feb. 14-22, \$570 from Houston. Texas spring tour, Apr. 26-May 5, White T. B. Felner. Merlin Bird Tours, Box 19687, Houston 77024.

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Personal Improvement

INTENSIVE AND GROUP THERAPY, Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd., Austin 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute \$2000 for three-week intensive, subsequent groups are \$10 each.

Real Estate

SHOWPLACE RANCH On 141 acres with shop, barn, 25 head cattle included! Lovely 3-bedroom—2-bath home, fireplace. Lots of timber. \$79,900 complete NEW BIG SPRING '76 CATALOG. Free! Over 2,700 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 3026-TM McNeil Bldg., 5025 North Central Expressway, Dallas, Texas 75205. Ph. 214-522-6000.

Assignments Wanted

INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHY for any reason. Contact Bill Records, 1911 Cliff Street, Austin 78705. (512) 474-4157. See dolphin story on page 69 for examples of my work.

ASSIGNMENTS SOUGHT by working journalist-freelancer (Travel Editor experience) in Southwest area and Mexico. Also stock photos color, B&W. Camera International, P.O. Box 648, El Paso 79945.

Handicrafts

CUSTOM LEATHER & WOOD, handcrafted of finest materials available. Handbags, luggage, coats, jackets, vests, sandals, shoes, furniture and sculpture. Earth Works, Bruce Lund, 2010 Babcock, San Antonio, (512) 690-1336.

Winter Recreation

FOR RENT: Deluxe condominiums. Close to all lifts. Pool, whirlpool, saunas. Vail International, Box 877, Vail, Colorado 81657.

Recreation

EXCELLENT DEER HUNTING, Wild hogs, Barbados Sheep, wild turkey 4000 acres. Beautiful mountains and creeks. 2 or 3 day hunts \$50 and \$70. South Llano County Cabin or camping. (915) 247-5497.

Miscellany

the LONGHORN bar & restaurant "a change on exchange." 121 west exchange, fort worth, texas 76107.

BIO-RHYTHM CHART: Computerized, full year, explanations. Send \$4.95 and birthdate. Bio-Rhythm Institute, Dept. T11, Box 58383, Houston, Texas 77058.

PINBALL MACHINE—1940 "Sea Wolf" by Williams. Perfect working condition. \$975. Call Robert Vannoy (512) 444-8466.

HARRIS COUNTY PIPELINE MAPS, Set of 11 maps, 16" x 25" each. Crude, natural gas, product, petro-chemical pipeline maps. Houston Area Industrial map with Houston and Bayport Ship Channel plant sites. \$15 each, or \$125 per set. DeWitt and Company, Inc., 3650 Dressler Tower, Houston 77002. (713) 227-4276.



DECEMBER CONTEST

A good name has always been an asset. The qualities we're looking for this month are not trustworthiness and honor, however, but rhythm and suggestibility. "A good name is better than riches," Cervantes wrote. True. But one good name this month will be worth \$25.

Contestants should substitute appropriate names for ordinary words in titles of books, movies, or musical works. Examples:

J. S. Bach: Suites for the Unaccompanied Benvenuto Cellini
How Graham Greene Is My Valley?
William Gibbs McAdoo About Nothing

RESULTS OF OCTOBER CONTEST

Contestants were asked to submit appropriate nicknames for Texas high school athletic teams.

Hye Yawls. This was the most popular contest ever—it wasn't even close—with entries topping the one thousand mark for the first time. (Speaking of Marks, don't they play out of Jermy?) Almost every entry included a Happy Hooker somewhere, and other popular choices were Taylor Maids, Pharr Outs, Katy Dids, Argyle Sox, Comfort Stations, Buffalo Chips, Justin Times, and Mercedes Benz. Along the way we uncovered some new rivalries: the Hookers vs. the Temple Virgins, the Early Birds vs. the Earth Worms, and Lincoln Pennies vs. the Jefferson Nickels, the Paige Boys vs. the Pettus Girls, and the interleague warfare between the Holland A's, Eulex E's, Mesquite O's, and Booker and Quannah T's. We found a railroad district: the Orient Express, the Rock Island Lions, the Scotland Yards, the Victoria Stations, and the Katy Tracks. A large football-minded district includes the Evant Guards, the Center Snaps, the Telephone Linesmen, the Flatonia Bucks, and the West University Place Kickers in one division, and the Aransas Posers, Kyle Roles, Pep Rollies, Alma Muters, and Boerne Losers in the other. A heated political contest is in store when the Marfa Mitchells confront the Whitehouse Plumbers. And what will happen when the Weimar Republics take on the

Geneva Conventions? Weimar hasn't won in Geneva since 1930.

The lawyers will be busy when Blanket Indictments come up against Friona Balls. Of course the game is always played in Martindale, home of the Hubbells. The hardware store has its own league: the Franklin Stoves, Rankin Files, Bowie Knives, Crosscut Sows, Coleman Lanterns, McAllen and Cresson Wrenches, Phillips Screwdrivers, Tool Kits, Broome Sticks, Welcome Mats, and Leakey Faucets. And don't forget that every commercial league has those perennial entries, the Byers Markets, Dacosta Livings, and Price Fixers.

Music and literature each have their own leagues, too. The Loving Spoonfuls, Moody Blues, and Van Morrisons are the new musical powers, taking over from the Ames Brothers, Andrews Sisters, Guy Lombardos, and Goodnight Irenes. The literary rivals are the Somerset Maughams, Bronte Sisters, Dickens Novels, and Devine Comedies. In the entertainment world, some of the best teams are the Gregory Peckers, the Idalou Pinos, the Cisco Kids, the Mission Impossibles, and the Brady Bunch. And don't forget the Marshall Dillons, even though they dropped out of the league this year.

No one thought of matching the Charlie Finleys against the Vidor Blues, but it would be a grudge match to remember. The Burnet Downs are a fiery aggregation, but it is unlikely that they will ever see the Purley Gates. The same goes for the Dallas Bishop Lynch Mob, Dessau Folks.

First Prize

Harlingen Fizzes
Goldthwaite Watchers
College Station Wagons
Floydada Processors
—C. C. Michel, Odessa

Runners-Up

White Deer Abbeys
Rockport Follies
Reese Village Idiots
—Randy Brooks, Dallas
Altair Egos
El Campo Pleniques
Roaring Springs Newlyweds
Blewett Offs
—Scott and Waynell Gregory, Houston

Honorable Mention

Corpus Christi Stigmato
—Boone Doggelle, Little Rock, Ark.
La Reforma Tories
Poynor Graphics
—Joe Roudy, Houston
Hurst Bell Peppers
Fort Worth Wyatt Earps
Alcorn Cobs
La Marque IVs
—Randy Schaeffer, Houston
Dawn Juans
Brashear Straps
Butler Diddits
—Bob Weiner, Dallas
Dewalt Disneys
La Porte Holes
—John Bolen et al, Houston
Fort Worth Poly Graphs
—Steve Sprague, Fort Worth
Tom Bean Sprouts
—Sissy Hite, Austin
Tarzan Feathers
Enloe Geors
—W. Carey Johnson, Longview
Fairfurris Onslaughts
—James Rogers, Denton
Asa Spodes
—John Key, Galveston
Commerce Claws
—Tommy and Laverne Bullard, Austin
Forney Calissons
—Verner Law, Austin
Pierce Dears
—Eddie McSwain, Houston
La Pryor Engagements
—James Lott, Brownsville
Bellaire Planes
—Anne Carter, Childress
Electra Complexes
—Susan and David Darby, Houston;
Wendy Williams, Perryton
Acuff Lynx
—David George, Dallas
Van Horn Honkers
—Larry Keese, Humble
Munday Blahs
Port Morlems
Schertz Sleeves
—Everett Brown, Bellaire
Poth Toothieth
—Patrick Kuhl, Corpus Christi
Eureka Onions
—Dennis Petras, Austin

(Continued on page 146)

Address entries to TEXAS MONTHLY CONTEST, P.O. Box 1569, Austin, TX 78767. Entries must be received by the 22nd of this month. Winners will be announced in two months; first prize is \$25, and runners-up receive free subscriptions to Texas Monthly. All entries become the property of Texas Monthly and the decision of the editors is final.

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